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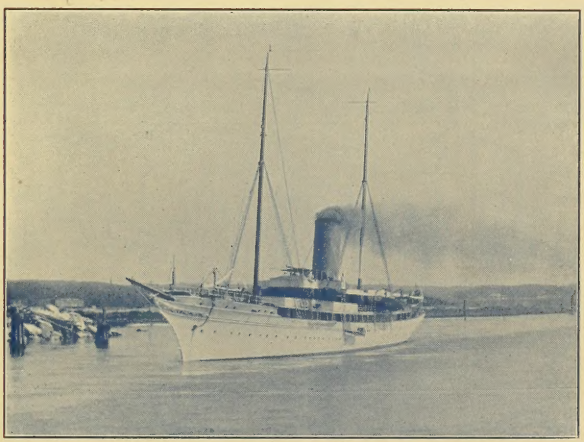
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CAPE Cod

CAPE COD MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



YACHT IN THE CAPE COD CANAL

MAY, 1915

THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.
WAREHAM, MASS.
SINGLE COPY, 10 cts. BY THE YEAR, $1.00

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HYANNIS, MASS.

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The Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 MAY, 1915 NO. 1

FOREWORD

IN beginning the publication of a magazine in the interest of Cape Cod we realize that we have launched a venture upon the sea of journalism that depends upon the support of the people of Cape Cod and of those interested in Cape Cod for its lasting success. Having made the plunge, however, we shall not allow ourselves to grow faint hearted if the success is not immediate. We realize that in order to win support we must publish a magazine that deserves to succeed and that it must justify its existence by being of service to the community in which it is intended to circulate. Cape Cod has a number of excellent newspapers, all of which are spreading the name and fame of the locality abroad over the land, but they are local papers and none of them can give time and space to the publication of matters which will come within the scope of the Cape Cod Magazine.

We feel that it is far better to let the Cape Cod Magazine speak for itself rather than to indulge in any elaborate discourse of our aim and purposes. Suffice it to say that the Cape Cod Magazine will aim to interest and instruct its readers in regard to the present, the past and future Cape Cod. We shall indorse the movement set on foot by the formation of the Cape Cod Board of Trade, to advertise and exploit in every possible way its possibilities and advantages. We shall endeavor not only to extend its fame as a summer resort, but shall try to make prominent of its business possibilities, not only with a view to interesting outside capital, but to instill into the minds of its residents the opportunities which lie at their doors in order that the opportunities which may develop from the "new Cape Cod movement" may be taken advantage of by its residents.

Within the scope of this magazine will come the publication of articles descriptive of the various communities, of unusual and interesting facts concerning its people, and of the numerous interesting personalities to be found upon the Cape. We shall write about the successful men in order that their example may be an inspiration for others. We solicit articles for the following departments, which we hope to make regular features of our magazine: "Local Historical Department," "Interesting Cape Cod Personalities"; "Local Developments"; "Interesting and Curious Items about Cape Cod"; in fact we are ready to receive articles of any nature that will prove interesting to our readers.



"THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE"

Photo by Small's

THE "SPIRIT OF THE CAPE"

A Fantasie by the Editor

"COME out and play!" The laughing, witching spirit of the Cape Cod land calls you. A strange uneasiness creeps into your mood, and fleeting pictures of sky and water and cloud flit before your eyes. You look hard at your desk.

"Pshaw," you reply, "I'm all right where I am. I'm getting the day's work done, and doing as other people do. That ought to satisfy me. And yet—"

A breeze stirs your papers, and you know the Spirit of the Cape is there again, waving her hand at you through the open window.

"Come," she sings, "I have mile on mile of ocean view, and silver gleaming sands, and wind-kissed summer nights flung full of stars—"

"And crowds," you interrupt, fretfully, "and noisy hotels—"

The Spirit shakes her head.

"The music of softly lapping waters," she breathes, "and the note of the whispering pines. It is a little thing that I have a country where your lips may laugh, and your soul may breathe, and your spirit find peace—a land of changing beauty, and sunlit joy, and bubbling health, and life—and life—and life."

This is the secret—the secret to be whispered with a finger on the lips.

Away and away, across the blue expanse of rippling waters in Cape Cod Bay, beside the still waters of Buzzards Bay, with gentle breezes, and sunlight touching the crest of the waves. Through shady roads with fragrant pines, along the smooth boulevards bordered with green, over the smooth macadam to that land of rest—Cape Cod. "Ah," you say, "this cannot be. Ours is a practical, common sense age. We have interlocking directorates, and an increased cost of living, and a tariff problem—but alas, no elves and dryads. The little people no longer play upon our hearths. This is a work-a-day world of struggle and strife. There is no such place as your fancy depicts."

Come and see. Close your desk-top, call the chauffeur, have him make ready the automobile. Off to the Cape for a Sunday away from toil and strife. Come! The Spirit of the Cape calls you. Give heed before your care-burdened head bends too low for you to enjoy the things that Cape Cod offers you.

Twenty years or so ago the Spirit of the Cape called in vain. She slept, undreaming that within a few years she would be flitting about the busy cities issuing her call to health and happiness to tired and worn humanity. The Spirit of the Cape appeared visably last summer on the banks of the new Canal. She was pretty to look upon and alluring to the eye. She danced her dance of gladness upon the green sward, beckoning all to follow her through the shades and sunlight and partake with her of the refreshing and invigorating charms that lie at her disposal. Perhaps you saw her. Her slogan is "Cape Cod Calls."

As the summer days approach and the schools prepare to close, thousands of people are preparing to spend the warm months upon the Cape. They will occupy the palatial "cottages," the more humble bungalow, the village homestead and the comfortable hotels. They will enjoy the drives through the woods, the ponds and lakes, and the wide expanse of ocean and bay. They will play all summer long. Out on the links with golfing paraphenalia, breathing the invigorating salt air and gaining health and strength by outdoor exercise. Out on the water, in the active motor launch and the Cape Cod cat boats,

cutting the water with a "bone in her teeth," lazily swing at anchor while casting a line for scup, tautog and squiteague, sea bass and even the gamey blues—this is the life.

"Cape Cod Calls." No truer phrase was ever spoken. The Spirit of the Cape is there to welcome you and make you glad. Come to the Cape Be one of us for awhile, enjoy with us the things that will make you strong and vigorous and better able to cope with the stern realities of life. Send your families that they may grow strong and vigorous in the ozone that nature has provided. Come when you can, tired business man, and find rest from cares and toil. The cars and steamers run for your accomodation, the automobile is your to go where you will.

THOSE LOW TAX RATES

Mr. G. C. Clark of East Brewster writes as follows to the Boston Post under date of April 4:

Brewster, the town adjoining Orleans, must this year assess from three to five dollars per thousand or call a special town meeting and appropriate for expenditures.

Did those speeding tax dodgers realize when their whizzing rubber was licking the last eight miles of beautiful oil highway which comprises Brewster's main street, that by throwing out the clutch they could have lingered in a town with exceedingly low rates, and not in the limelight? Why should not the Winslows, Rogers, Swifts and others return to the breezy hills of Cape Cod? Isn't it their native soil? Wasn't it from the Cape towns they started forth to win their way, and having successfully coped with the world and built up gigantic enterprises, in mature years, can't they again return to boyhood scenes and endeavor to help the poor towns that their vision first beheld? Let Orleans boom. Many years have the inhabitants groped their way in dark streets, and now the way looks brighter. Why should those cities with white lights, gleaming public buildings, beautiful curbed streets, envy poor old Orleans? Let those who feel the thing is wrong come to Orleans and investigate. Cape Cod should have more than it has had; it has produced great men, and it is time for some of them to do something for their home town or neighboring towns. Help the poor N. Y., N. H. & H. railroad; they want long hauls.

WORTHY OF HIGHEST RECOGNITION

Says the Boston Post editorially: "While the tally of deaths by wreck and drowning in the Easter hurricane is not yet complete as regards other sections of the coast, it is a matter of congratulation and pride that hereabouts there was no sacrifice of life. For this we may thank the valor and efficiency of the Coast Guard holding exposed stations in this and neighboring districts.

"The story of Highland Light has been told. For 12 hours the Cape Cod life-savers worked for the salvation of the men lashed to the masts of the barges driven ashore there, and brought them in pitifully exhausted. but with life remaining.

"It is a record of sturdy bravery on the part of the men engaged in this service of saving life, not less worthy of recognition than that of valor on the field of battle and yet more deserving of commendation."

Although the mildness of the winter resulted in less strenuous work than in former years for the coast guard cutters Woodbury. Gresham and Acushnet, the three cutters of the Boston district in the last four months rendered assistance to 16 distressed coasting vessels which had on board 167 persons and which, with their cargoes, were valued at $534,000. The Acushnet, which covered the ocean highway between Point Judith and Cape Cod, aided eight vessels, one of which, the six-masted schooner Alice M. Lawrence. was so fast aground in Nantaucket sound that she became a total loss.

People on the Cape live to a ripe old age. Down at Orleans there is a trio of spry old folk, "Uncle John Hopkins, aged 97, his wife, aged 94, and Samuel Mayo, aged 87. Some weeks ago Mrs. Hopkins papered a ceiling in her home and did a very creditable job. Mr. Hopkins, up to a very short time ago, walked to town and back very often, a distance of about two miles; while Mr. Mayo is now engaged in hauling wood, having gotten out 57 cords this winter.

The first political speech made by the late Curtis Guild was delivered at a Republican rally in the Exchange Theatre, Harwich, about twenty-five years ago, about the time he began his brilliant public career. Ex-Governor Guild had accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address at Orleans this year.

Barnstable county's share of the State tax this year is $60,000, the same as last year.

THE FAUNCE DEMONSTRATION FARM

Showing the Practical Side of Cape Cod Agriculture

Agriculture, as a money making industry, is certainly in its infancy on Cape Cod. This fact is brought home with force to any stranger who visits its delightful hamlets and summer resorts and sees the acres and acres of valuable land all over the Cape lying idle, or at least covered only by weeds and a growth of shrubbery. To show that this land is tillable and that good returns may be made for labor spent in its cultivation, has been the mission of the Faunce Farm to accomplish during the past five years.

The Faunce Farm at Sandwich was established in March, 1910 through a bequest of Mrs. Harriet M.



LAWN AND SHRUBBERY

Faunce, as a memorial to her son, Dr. Robert H. Faunce. In the will Mrs. Faunce stated that the property left in charge of the four trustees was to be used, at their discretion, for some educational or charitable purpose for the benefit of the people of Barnstable county. And these trustees, well knowing the need of stimulas to agricultural pursuits on the Cape, decided to convert the real estate into a farm to demonstrate what can be done by pluck and a scientific knowledge of what needs to be done.

The aim of this Farm is to demonstrate the possibility and profit of raising poultry, small fruits and vegetables on Cape Cod; to encourage the farmers to try better methods on their own land; to interest young people in agriculture as a vocation, and to assist in every way possible the widespread interest in community betterment now apparent on Cape Cod.

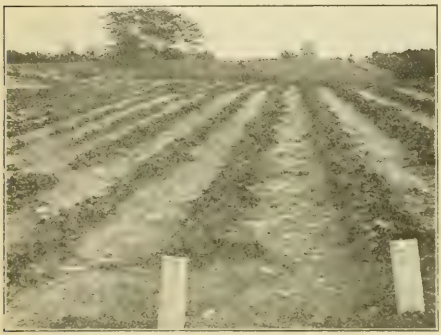
The Farm has been of peculiar value as a demonstration farm, because it has all the disadvantages of the average Cape Cod farm and is not so exceptionally equipped as to make the results obtained impossible for the duplication by any person of moderate means.

The Farm in the beginning consisted of about 8 acres of land which had never been cultivated and nearly two hundred acres of woodland. The large house on the place is rented, the proceeds going to swell the income from the Farm.

In the beginning a little of the principal had to be used for equipment. Poultry and small fruits were decided upon for a "starter," so an orchard of 150 apple, peach and plum trees, a vineyard on a steep hillside, consisting of 8 varieties of grapes, 3000 strawberry plants, 600 raspberry plants and 1600 asparagus roots were set out and a poultry plant consisting of two curtain front laying houses, capable of accommodating 200 birds, colony houses, capable of rearing 500 chickens, and an incubator cellar, equipped with six large machines, was established. This past year an up-to-date water system was added to the Farm's outfit, and the cost of this was also drawn from the principal.

Aside from these expenses the Farm is self supporting and for this reason has to be managed as any ordinary farm would be. Many seem to think that the Farm should have better equipment or should do this or that in a more artistic way, secure in their belief that the Farm has plenty of money to back it. This is not true, as the interest from the $20,000 endowment has to be used for paying taxes and the salary of the superintendent. For the past two years the Farm has employed, besides Supt. L. B. Boston, a regular man for $650 per year, this amount being earned from the Farm. Although the Farm must be managed in such a way as to pay running expenses, it has not seemed advisable to sell produce which will compete seriously with the neighboring farmers and thus defeat its very purpose. To avoid doing this necessitates the raising of two or more staple crops to be used on the Farm, such as mangel beets, field corn, hay and straw for the stock. When the Farm was first started a ready sale for vegetables was found right in Sandwich, but during the past two years more local growers have come into town with their produce until now the Faunce Farm does no "peddling" whatever from house to house.

Last year potatoes were the principal money crop raised and both early and late varieties were readily sold from the Farm without storage. Fifty-seven one-hundredth of an acre was planted and 229.25 bushels of three varieties were harvested in the Fall. This crop has been a source of satisfaction to the superintendent, as the skeptics had asserted time and again that potato growing on the Faunce Farm



A THRIFTY STRAWBERRY PLOT

would always prove a failure. However, the fact that these potatoes took four firsts and one second prize at the State potato show held in Amherst this past March, goes to show that good as well as large crops of tubers can be raised on "Sandy Cape Cod.'

But the manual labor of the superintendent to demonstrate these agricultural truths on the Farm is a small part of his work. From the start the Faunce Farm has endeavored to serve the public by welcoming visitors on the Farm, by supplying agricultural articles in the Cape papers, by answering all inquiries by mail, telephone, or personal visits, and by responding to call for talks before societies and clubs. It has sought to assist in every way, existing agencies for agricultural community betterment.

In October, 1912, the superintendent of the Farm was engaged by the Extension Service of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to act as their Field Agent for Barnstable County, devoting part of his time each week to visiting farms and communities upon invitation, learning what is being done and advising as to soil management, use of fertilizers, poultry raising, fruit growing, market gardening, and combating insects and plant diseases. He has established demonstration plots of grass and alfalfa at different places on the Cape and has given demonstrations of orchard renovation by pruning and spraying. He meets and consults with teachers, clergymen, librarians, social workers, village improvement societies and other organizations, and is always ready to secure, for residents of the Cape the best information on various subjects from the College, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the several other organizations within the State. These services are without charge to citizens of Barnstable County. On the 25th of last March one of the many successful meetings held under the auspices of the Faunce Farm was given in the form of a Farmer's Day at the Barnstable Town House. This meeting was attended by nearly 200 people from Barnstable and surrounding towns, and the close attention given to the lectures of Mr. Boston and Professors Waid and Rees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College on pertinent subjects and to the demonstrations of orchard renovation in a nearby orchard, testified to the success of these attempts to bring the people together for mutual benefit.

While we are eagerly scanning the present for manifest results from the work of the Faunce Farm, it remains for the future to determine just how far reaching these results may be. To assist in these future developments the superintendent uses what time he can spare from other exacting duties, in training the boys at the High School along practical lines of farming. The farmer of tomorrow, who is the boy of today, must know how to farm better than his father does. In order to do this he must acquire a more or less complete knowledge of the sciences on which agriculture is based. Although it is too early to speak of results in this line of work, it is



A SECTION OF THE FARM

to be hoped that the boys will see the actual possibilities on the home farms of Cape Cod and be content to till these farms rather than swell the always increasing tide of youth pressing toward the cities.

There is a widespread and increasing interest in agriculture on Cape Cod at this time, better fruits and vegetables are being raised and more up-to-date

methods used. For this the Farm considers itself indirectly, and in many cases directly responsible.

CAPE COD CALLS,—and in that Call we hear the voice of Opportunity calling for tillers of the soil, calling for men of will and strength, who will come to these now neglected lands and gather from the soil the benefits which Nature has so lavishly bestowed.

May Pointers for Farmers

Fruit trees will need spraying for the Codling Moth.

When blossoms show pink, three pounds of arsenate of lead to fifty gallons of water. One gallon of lime-sulphur added to the mixture will help in checking fungus and scab.

In all spraying work use a nozzle giving the fine misty spray. Be thorough, and cover all parts of the tree.

Spray without ceasing or you will cease without spraying.

Apply commercial fertilizer broadcast. Harrow or rake in. A lump of fertilizer will take effect slowly or not at all during the dry summer. Spread it out where it will be of use.

The fertilizer bill is the greatest of all. See that it pays good interest. Buy fertilizers by the plant food they contain, and not by Trade Names.

Nitrogen costs about 20 cents per pound. The most expensive element, also the most easily lost. Excellent for quick leaf growth. Hen manure rich in nitrogen.

Use lime liberally for seeding down. Clover and Timothy won't last long in an acid soil. Lime the garden. It is sure to grow better beets, carrots, turnips and cabbage. Corn doesn't care for lime. Potatoes never lime.

Potash and phosphoric acid costs about 5 cents per pound. Slower in action. Good for fruit and seed development.

This year a bag of fertilizer analyizing about 4 per cent nitrogen, 8 per cent phosphoric acid and 4 per cent potash is one of the highest grades. It is none too good for any crop.

If your soil is heavy use lime. It will work easier. If your soil is light use lime. It will hold together better.

Keep your garden level. Hilling up crops do not pay. You need to use the time spent in ridging in using the cultivator more.

Cultivation is the next most important item to fertilization in getting results.

Cultivation sometimes kills weeds, but it always conserves the moisture. Cultivate often. Once a week is none too often.

The "dust mulch" is Cape Cod's rain bucket. Make use of it.

Plant your garden with rows running the length of the piece. Short rows are time losers.

Only succession plantings will keep the table well supplied with fresh vegetables.

Nothing is gained by planting before the ground is ready. Everything is lost when the soil has to wait for you. Plan ahead and then you will be ready.

ALONG THE CAPE

Buzzards Bay is an ideal combination of beach and country. The bay is landlocked and free from sudden squalls and winds. The beaches of Buzzards Bay are great places for children. There is no surf, or undertow, a fact of which many take advantage to learn to swim and sail a boat. Cape Cod has some wonderful beaches. As a place for healthful, tan-coating bathing, there is no better spot in the world and few as good. The Cape, of late years has become a great gathering place for western visitors and cottagers. Many of the summer-cottage colonies are made up almost entirely of families from some single western cities. For example, there is one colony near Sandwich that numbers nearly a score of families from St. Louis, and another one, near Falmouth, that might well be called "New Kansas City." This is largely due to the kindly, democratic and hospitable character of the Cape Cod people. They live simple, kindly lives, void of all pretention. There is a closer intimacy between the visitor and the native on Cape Cod than will be found at other resorts. The vacation life on the Cape is very quiet and restful. No matter where you go, from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown, there is a welcome waiting you.

How do you like the first issue of the Cape Cod Magazine? Isn't it a lusty infant? If it appeals to you help the cause along by purchasing copies to send to your friends.

The cover for this issue was designed and drawn by George F. Wing of Wareham. Mr. Wing is an artist of ability and his drawings are appearing in a number of publications and his oil paintings have attracted favorable comment in the exhibitions.

If you want to bring a smile to our face and good cheer to our heart, send a dollar for a year's subscription.

OUR FOREST FIRES

The appeal of the State Forester is a warning that should be listened to and heeded. Forest fires are becoming more and more prevalent, and as they are the result of circumstances that are easily avoidable and that are almost invariably the outcome of negligence and carelessness that is almost criminal, the severest methods should be taken to bring them to an end or to reduce them to the smallest possible minimum. The State Forester has accordingly framed an appeal to the general public that is as urgent as it is practical, and it is addressed to everybody who has in himself or herself the slightest regard for the common good and the welfare of both individuals and the community. He calls attention to the fact that forest fires are increasing in numbers and in the amount of their damage, that many lives as well as much money are lost every week as their result, and that great tracts of land that should be productive of wealth are reduced to the condition of deserts from which they cannot recover in many years.

The matter is one that touches the responsibility of every citizen in Massachusetts. "What in the world is the use of being dead," he says, "to a proposition which, if properly understood, would not only guarantee, even at present prices of forest products, an annual income of $10,000,000 to $25,000,000 a year, but also re-clothe and reclaim thousands upon thousands of acres of land now the eyesores of the Commonwealth, and in time give us in our State forests equal to the renowned Black Forests of Germany." That these things may be brought about, the State forester advises, in addition to the eternal vigilance of the public, a better equipment for the fighting of such fires, a practical patrol system, and the helping hand of everybody extended to our town forest wardens. The moth problem in Massachusetts is serious enough and expensive enough, but it is slight indeed compared with the enormous losses caused by the burning of grass and woods. An arousal of public sentiment will do much towards bringing about the end sought by the State Forester.

It will be hard to find a town in any part of New England that exceeds Falmouth as an ideal spot for the summer vacationist. Its location, with Buzzards Bay on one side and Vineyard Sound on the other, opens up vistas of sunlit waters such as can be found nowhere else. Its streets are shady and clean, its business buildings neat and attractive, and its residences cannot be surpassed for comfort and beauty, even upon the famed North Shore. The opportunities for boating and bathing, fishing, automobiling and the various pastimes that delight the summer visitor are varied and satisfying and its hotels and cottages have a social life that is truly inviting.



Wrecked on the Shoals

Frank Chase, superintendent of Province Lands, Provincetown, is to receive fifty mallard ducks and a smaller number of pheasants for distribution.

The Cape Cod Boy

You're longing for the city, lad,
You're dreaming of it's glories;
I know the visions you have had
Since childhood's early stories—
The city seems a fairyland,
A land of milk and honey,
With someone waiting near at hand
To pay you easy money.

But we who know the city know
It's not a place of plenty,
A place where milk and honey flow
For Cape Cod boys of twenty;
It calls for blood and muscles new
(So willing now to hear it)
And when you come it seizes you
And crushes soul and spirit.

The city hooks the Cape Cod boy,
And like a bass it plays him;
It fascinates with tinsel joy,
But mighty little pays him.
For I have seen the Cape Cod youth,
Who left his home behind him;
And if you want to know the truth
I'll tell you where to find him:

A little bedroom up a hall,
That looks upon an alley,
A noisy street and chimney tall
In place of hill and valley,
A bed with dirty linen on,
A mirror which is cracking,
A dresser with a castor gone,
A frame with picture lacking.

And when he dines, he does not dine
Amid the glass and glitter
He saw in boyhood visions fine—
For now the cup is bitter:
A crowded place of smoke and smell
Where heavy dishes rattle,
Where it's really hard to tell
If men are men—or cattle.

Beside his elbow is a bum
A bum who scowls and mutters,
A daily contact with the scum
Of city streets and gutters.
The traffic deafens him with noise,
The people seem to hate him—
Yes, in the city these the joys
That everywhere await him.

Of course, it isn't always so:
Each race must have a winner;
And there are Cape Cod boys I know
Who get a decent dinner,
Who eat their chop and drink their tea
In quarters that are pleasant;
I take you only where you see
The most of them at present.



WAREHAM THE "GATEWAY TO CAPE COD"

BY L. C. HALL

IT is curious how the names of places, persons and things sometimes become prominent by reason of puns perpetrated against them. Ten years ago the name of Wareham was associated in many people's minds with the pun, "Is this the way to Ware 'em?" supposed to be a question asked the late veteran actor Joseph Jefferson by a young lady bicyclist clad in bloomers.

The "Way to Ware 'em is the way to Cape Cod. Through the town passes the volume of traffic that annually seeks the Cape for purposes of business and pleasure. To the traveller by train Wareham seems a collection of back yards and fences with here and there a glimpse of rivers and harbors. But if the traveller enters the town by means of an automobile, as thousands do, the first conception of the town begins at Tremont with a view of the steel plant of the Tremont Nail Company, with the smoke ascending from its tall chimney and perhaps the lurid glare of the furnaces. Then rolling swiftly over a hard winding road to South Wareham off to the right is seen the works of the Standard Horseshoe Company. The village of South Wareham is passed without special note being taken of it and at the top of Lincoln hill there may be a pause t enjoy the view of the Weweantit river unfolded from that point.

A mile or so beyond and Wareham Centre comes into view and the first object that attracts attention is the new Congregational church building, a splendid type of early English construction, and in front of it the tall shaft of the Soldiers' and Sailors' monument with the cannon and graven figures of grim fighting men at its base that tells the story of Wareham's part in the warfare which has befallen the nation.



Soldier's and Sailor's Monument

There is a shady main street lined with comfortable residences until the business section of the town is reached at "the Narrows." The stores attract attention for a moment and then after a sharp turn to the left and a crossing of a bridge the course is over splendid macadam to East Wareham, or Agawam, as it is locally called. Here, again, industry attracts the eye. The mill of the New Bedford and Agawam Finishing Works is on the right just below the dam and the wide mill pond.

Many pause here for a moment to view an ancient Colonial mansion that sits well back among the trees, where Daniel Webster and many other noted men were guests of long ago, and which is now an auto inn of more than local fame. The village of East Wareham lies slumbering by the roadside and beyond, Onset.

Here, if it be summer, the tourist will pause awhile, for it is one of Nature's beauty spots. It is a considerable city in the summer time with a population of thousands attracted there by its restful beauty and the opportunity it offers for boating bathing and fishing. It was once a famous resort for the Spiritualists, but now is a resort sought by vacationists of every sect and creed, who find enjoyment and pleasure there. A new bridge has been built across the river that separates Onset from Point Independence, and the structure is bound to cause comment on account of its solid beauty. It is built of concrete in three arches and is surmounted by square columns and substantial balustrades. The view of Onset Bay. Just stop and look. It is well worth while. Point Independence is delightfully located and its summer homes have an inviting appearance.

Still the smooth state highway leads Capeward, by gateways to fine estates on the shores concealed beyond the trees. One is allured by the occasional glimpses of the smiling bay through the green of the trees until the bridge over the railroad tracks is reached from which there opens up a vista that cannot be surpassed for its beauty even by the Bay of Naples. From this height the traveller looks down upon the green of the bay with its wooded shores and gleaming cottages beside. The entrance of the Cape Cod canal is in view. Monument Beach is in the distance and yachts and launches give motion to the otherwise placid scene.

Then comes the long bridge across Cohasset Narrows and Cape Cod proper—the Gateway is behind.

Wareham has a political and commercial history of which its residents are proud. It was settled only shortly after Plymouth and is a part of the Pilgrim history of New England. In the early days of infant industries its iron works played an important part. It was incorporated as a town in 1739 and today has a population of over four thousand, not including summer residents of whom there are thousands. The town was invaded by the British in 1814 when the frigate Nimrod came up the bay and set fire to its wharves and vessels and sent a cannon ball into the Parker Mills iron works. Following this its people seized their guns and hurried to Fairhaven which the Nimrod was threatening and succeeded in driving off the enemy before it wreaked its vengeance upon that place.

To many Wareham is merely a Cape Cod town, but to those who live in it, it is a busy, thriving country town, served by a fine street railway system that reaches to New Bedford and to Middleboro and beyond. Its streets are lighted by night with electricity and its homes and business places have all the modern conveniences found anywhere. Its water system is unsurpassed for purity of the water that is pumped through its pipes from deep artesian wells and it is far less dependent upon its summer advantages than the towns upon the Cape proper. It is thriving and prosperous and is growing rapidly. It has modern stores, fine school buildings and fine churches and homes.

Industrially it produces nails, finished cotton cloth, horseshoes, barrels, shovel and tack plate and steel castings, boats and box boards. Agriculturally the value of its cranberry crop is great and it is the recognized center of that important industry. Commercially it is the center of trade for the surrounding towns.

The Gateway to Cape Cod is always open.

"Cape Cod"

The blue of the heaven deeps above,
With the blue of the deep sea blent;
The moors that roll to the salt sea's verge,
Where the breakers wrath is spent;
The mingling scent of the rose and the sedge,
Borne by on the breath of the brine;
The drench of the sea in the smothering fog,
As it drips from the fragrant pine;
The moaning note on the shifting beach,
The ceaseless call of the deep;
The whispering winds o'er the grass-grown graves,
That sigh for the dead as they sleep;
Strange, mystic strand, the trysting-place
Of the spirits of land and sea—
From the uttermost parts of the rolling earth
Fond hearts yearn back to Thee.

—John Coleman Adams.

THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

LONG-HORNED COWS

AN old Cape Cod saying is, "cows a long way off have long horns." People sometimes tell the home merchant that he does not sell as cheaply as metropolitan stores or mail order houses in more or less distant cities.

Any person wishing to compare the two scales should make inquiries whether the distant stores are selling the same grade of goods. Second grade products can be made to look very handsome in a mail-order catalog illustration. But the home merchant cannot float that kind of goods. They come back to his store too easily.

It is amusing to see the bother that some people will take for trifling sums that they think they are saving. They will travel many miles, spend railroad fares, pay for luncheons, hotel bills and tips. They get tired and footsore tramping around overgrown stores separated by long distances. They wait for change, carry bundles and pay express. They pay a high price in money and energies for supposed economies.

The motto: "Buy at Home," is a good one to adopt. "Spend your money where you make it," is a good maxim. Support your home merchants if you want good service. Money that gets away from the home town is a long time getting back. Can you blame your storekeeper for getting discouraged by keeping him waiting six months for a bill, knowing that you have sent ready cash to a mail order house, when he needs the money to pay his own bills.

Your storekeeper is a mighty good friend of yours. He trusts you when you cannot afford to pay or when it is not convenient to do so. The mail order house demands cash or keeps the goods. Your storekeeper will deliver a yeast cake at your door and send a boy with a spool of thread to save you the exertion of carrying it home. If he doesn't have just what you want, exactly when you want it, he can get it for you in less time than it will take to send away for it yourself and he gets a little profit out of the transaction with which to pay his clerks and his rent.

CO-OPERATE WITH US

THIS magazine aims to give full scope to Cape Cod literary talent and we hope to receive manuscripts dealing with the various aspects of Cape Cod life. Character sketches, reminiscences, descriptions in fact and fancy, poetry, local fiction in the form of short stories, interesting photographs of scenes and people, and in fact any matter pertaining to Cape Cod subjects will gladly be received and is earnestly solicited.

In publishing a magazine of this kind we need the hearty co-operation and support of everyone interested in the Cape and its people. Our success will be measured by the amount of co-operation that is given and we will endeavor to merit any assistance that may be given us. In gathering the material for this, the first number, we are necessarily handicapped and this issue does not by any means represent our ideal of what a Cape Cod magazine should be. We expect to make each issue better than the one preceding it and trust that you will not be too critical of our maiden effort, but will consider the difficulties under which we have labored.

It is intended to make the subject of better agriculture for the Cape a prominent feature

of each issue. This department will probably be conducted by Mr. L. B. Boston, director of the Faunce Demonstration Farm at Sandwich. We hope to make this department practical.

We hope to be able to publish each month illustrated write-ups of Cape Cod towns, of people who have done unusual things, of churches, societies and local organizations. We need the help of our readers in this regard and will give them full opportunity to display their descriptive and literary talent,

All who think well of the idea which has inspired this magazine can be of assistance by co-operating with us to secure the material for its pages, by taking subscriptions, by purchasing it from the news-stands and by utilizing its advertising space.

Will YOU be a co-operator?

ENEMIES TO THE CAPE

AN eminent mind has said, "the greatest enemy that Cape Cod has is Cape Codders." Can this be true? Is there the slightest foundation of fact in the statement? Cape Cod, in years gone by furnished the men who carried the American flag in commerce upon the seven seas. They reached from the farthest Arctic region in pursuit of the leviathans of the sea to the Orient where they carried the trade of Boston and New York. When the American merchant marine was smothered by the failure to enact legislature for its advantage the men who sailed the ships and schooners on the sea sailed the prairie schooners west and helped to build the vast empire beyond the Mississippi. But what of Cape Cod in the meantime. With it's best blood drained to furnish population and enterprise for distant States, is it any wonder that those who remained were unable to make progress and develop the land of their ancestors? Wherever there grew a big city, there you find that Cape Cod men had a hand in it. You find Cape Cod men at the head of many of our great industries—away from Cape Cod. As they grew prosperous their minds turned to their home country and many of them returned to end their days upon its peaceful shores, content in its quaintness and quietude. These men were spent. Their philanthrophy was splendid—but Cape Cod does not need to depend upon philanthropy. The present generation is a revival of the past. They, instead of departing from the shore of old Cape Cod, are determined to seek their opportunities near at hand. Their attention has been turned from dreams to actualities. They are the men who must build the new Cape Cod, which is coming as sure as there is a sun in the sky. We of the younger generation will live to see Cape Cod better known. We shall live to see it full of industry. It will not only be known as the pleasure ground of the rich and the graveyard of the ineffective, but it will be recognized as a live section of the Old Bay State, fully awake to its commercial and agricultural advantages. If, in the past, there has been some grain of truth in the saying, "the greatest enemy with which Cape Cod has had to contend is Cape Codders," it can no longer be asserted without having the accusation thrown back into the teeth of the speaker.

DON'T BE A KICKER

IF you are a kicker and see the shadow of failure in everything that is proposed to help the community in which you live, for heaven's sake go into some secluded place and kick your own shadow on the clay bank and thus give men who are working to build up the place a chance. One long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drouths, short crops, cinch bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined. One of the best and brightest things that we can give is kind words. They have been well likened to the bright flowers of earth's existence. Have a kind word for the person who is seeking to help the community and do not let your pessimistic ideas as to the possibility of his accomplishing anything deter him from trying. Don't be a grouch. Don't

say "it can't be done." One never knows what can be done until a trial is made. Encourage effort and enterprise. Lend a hand

BOOST FOR CAPE COD

IF you are out of sympathy with the community in which you live, get out of it. If you can't say a good word for the people in it for goodness sake keep still. Too often have we heard people disparage the place in which they live to strangers. Cape Cod people have a penchant in that direction. Instead of being proud to be known as Cape Codders some of them almost apologize for living there. They don't seem to realize that Cape Cod is one of the best places to live in that God Almighty has yet made. Away from home they seem to think that they may be belittled by the fact of their residence there. Get the idea out of your head. To live on the Cape is a distinction in itself. Be proud of it and when you place your "John Hancock" on the city hotel register write Cape Cod boldly in the column showing your place of residence. You can't go so far away from home that you will find Cape Cod unknown. The chances are that you will find some lonesome Cape Codder anywhere you may go, ready and eager to grasp your hand and ask, "How's things back home."

THE advantage of having an inland waterway was demonstrated during the Easter storm when many vessels made excellent use of the Cape Cod canal in order to avoid the rough passage around the Cape. The usefulness of the canal will still further be demonstrated during the coming summer when the steamboat lines begin to use it extensively.

AN agricultural expert says that the idea that Cape Cod land is not good for raising crops is a fallacy. Some of the finest and most successful farms in the state are on the Cape and their products have been prize winners in the state fairs. With its excellent marketing facilities the Cape Cod farmer should be prosperous and happy.

SUPPOSE we consider our public schools as agencies which shall determine the destiny of our country, for that is precisely what they are. When viewed in that aspect they immediately become the bulwarks of liberty, and no true patriot can then deny them the moral and financial support needed to make them efficient.

PUBLIC spirit characterizes the modern successful man. He realizes that he is indebted to the community in which he has attained his success, and that the best and most practical method of meeting his obligation to the community is to take an active interest in community affairs.

MANY friends and admirers of the late Curtis Guild on the Cape are sorrowful at his death. He was a statesman of great ability and an example of manhood whose sterling qualities should be held before the eyes of our sons for their emulation .

REMEMBER that the biggest town isn't the best one. Any cook who has ever carved a squash can tell you that.

BUY AT HOME

Buy at home and try at home
To give the town a show;
Live at home and give at home
And help the town to grow.
Make your cot the nicest spot
That's under Heaven's dome;
Just try a bit to brighten it—
Buy, and buy at home.

If you'd like a town to strike
All comfort and content,
It will be the town, you see,
In which your money's spent.
If you'd find the finest kind
Of town, you needn't roam;
Just boost a bit—and live in it
And buy-and-buy at home.

DON'T let the stranger knocking at the door
Find those inside the town are Knocking More.

THE chicking-yard, you always know,
Is there—because the roosters crow.

HOW THE FOGS CAME TO THE CAPE

The Indian Legend of Chief Manshope's Smoke

For many, many years the lodges of the mighty Mattacheesits had nestled beneath the shelter of the great oaks which spread their arms out toward the blue waters of the Cummaquid, lying beyond the verdant stretches of the Great Marshes, near where the village of Barnstable now stands. And twice every year since time began, once in the Moon of Bright Nights and again in the Moon of Falling Leaves, the Great Devil Bird from over the South Sea had come to levy his awful toll on the tribe, by grappling in his terrible talons the half-grown papooses; sometimes even seizing young braves who were old enough to handle a tomahawk, and bearing them away to his lair in the Region of the South Wind.

One evening as the Great War Sachem Manshope was returning to his wigwam, swollen with pride from victories won over the Nausets far down the old war trail which leads over Scargo Hill and on down the Cape, and which may still be traced by the curious, he was startled by the heart-breaking wail of the death dirge echoing through the trees on the heavy air of sunset. Quickly his pride turned to rage when he found his faithful squaw, with face gashed and breast torn as a sign of sorrow, bemoaning the loss of her first born, a stalwart young brave of sixteen summers, whom the Great Bird had snatched up in his mighty talons and borne off to his lair, when the sun was within a hand's breath of its setting.

Pausing but an instant to raise his tomahawk in an attitude of defiance toward the South and asking the Great Spirit to see and aid him, Manshope started with giant strides across the Cape, splashing through creeks and watercourses, until ere night-fall he had reached the edge of the low swamp which then lay where the channel is now between Bishop and Clerk's Ledge, and the mainland, and could just discern in the failing light of the dust, the Great Bird and its human prey sinking below the horizon.

No man before had ever crossed the great South Sea, or discovered if land lay beyond, but the Sachem's eyes saw the waters as blood and his soul called out to Heaven to give him strength and cunning to trail this terrible enemy to his lair and slay him there. Unheeding the darkness of night falling over the turbulent waters, he waded boldly forth, and guided by the stars, soon came to the isle since called Capewack by the Indians, which we know as Martha's Vineyard, and striding on to the high cliffs which rise majestically on the western end of the island he found on the very edge of the land, a giant oak, around whose roots for many paces were strewn the white bones of children brought from the Cape tribes in countless former depredations.

Creeping softly under the deep shadow cast by the great tree, and peering through the branches overhead, he could see the dim outline of the Great Devil Bird, with his wicked head hidden beneath his wing, sleeping heavily after his gulttonous feast, without a thought of danger lurking underneath, for never before had man's foot trodden this island where he made his lair.

Manshope looked to his weapons, saw to it that his tomahawk was secure in the sinew which bound it to its handle, and then with all the cunning and craft inherited from a race of hunters, he swung himself, as stealthily as a panther, from limb to limb, until at last he stood on the top of the gnarled and twisted oak, so near the Bird that the night wind ruffling his feathers blew them against Manshope's cheek.

Slowly and noiselessly, the war axe of the Sachem was raised in air, poised for a moment, and then came down with a sickening swish on the bended neck that was curved so unsuspectingly toward him With a crash the Great Bird fell through the branches of the oak, and all its limbs quivered as it struck the earth, never to rise again.

Manshope waited patiently until he was certain his arch enemy was dead before he descended and slowly and sorrowfully wended his way to the north shore of the Island. His heart was heavy within him for although he had triumphed over this Great Evil One, his own young brave was gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his Fathers, and his soul cried out for his lost son. Pondering deeply over the eternal "why," he sat down to rest and refresh himself on the banks of the island overlooking the Sound, before endeavoring to return to the mainland and home.

From his quiver he drew forth a pipe, but his tobacco was so dampened by his passage through the waters on the previous evening that it would not burn, so gathering a quantity of pokeweed, which was commonly used by our Cape Indians when their tobacco ran short, and filling his pipe anew, Manshope was soon enveloped in eddying whirls and rings

of smoke that arose and spread on the morning air, swirling across the Sound on the freshening Southerly breezes, and curling over the moorlands of the Cape, until, so great were the clouds of smoke the Sachem blew from his nostrils, they were wafted even to the wigwam in the land of the Mattacheesits where his faithful squaw waited his return.

Great was the rejoicing in the Indian Village when the people saw this sign, for well they knew the Great Bird was slain, and that Manshope still lived, for was the Sachem ever known to linger on the trail of a living enemy even long enough to smoke?

The Great Devil Bird came no more to ravage the Tribes of the Cape; and forever after, when in summer the fog bank drifted in from across the Sound, enveloping the moorlands in its eddying whirls and curling around the wigwams in the Indian village, just as the smoke wreaths did from the Sachem's pipe on that morning when the Great Bird was slain, the Indian mothers would draw their children in nearer the camp fire and telling them this legend while the mists crept silently around them would say, "Here comes Old Manshope's Smoke!"

Yankee Days on Cape Cod

By CECIL T. BAGNELL in Turner's Falls Reporter

We do not see how in the world any newspaperman with a story to tell could ever hope to find better material than on Cape Cod. It is the one spot in the New England region from which to view the horizon of modern civilization and at the same time give occasion to send the mind back to the old Cape that the Pilgrims found shelter in, the Cape of great human interest and the Cape of the present day. The evolution of newspaper men, of newspapers, of the great business of publishing for the millions of humanity and the millions of dollars that are in it, is not any more wonderful than the recasting of a people, their industries, their habits of life and their trend of mind.

Not the oldest of us but can remember a Cape Cod and the roads leading thereto and the waters swishing nearby, different entirely from the Cape of today. It was once an axiom that a stranger could put a dollar in his pocket and travel by foot along the inner shore around the toe at Provincetown and up the Atlantic side to the heel without being able to get rid of his money, such being the hospitality of all the people. That was in the days when they were all Yankees, the men going down to the sea in ships to bring back fish for market and the women folks raised cranberries for amusement and pin money, before the summer boarder had come with his well-filled purse, his effusive manner, and his lack of breeding and the finer feelings of men who, by instinct are chums of nature, who may feast at the table without putting napkins a yard square at their necks. The hardy fisherman, that kindly soul who liked you because you knew his story and he knew yours although bound in different covers, had for generations learned the gentle art of catching suckers from the sea without a temptation to practice his art on land, and no better authority can be found than John H. Starbuck, who knew his Cape about as well as his Bible, for the general acknowledgement of truth that the custom has been established now, whereby a guard is stationed at the heel of the Cape to see that no man makes his escape with a dollar in his wallet, to be used to buy napkins to tuck under great double chins built up under the diet of clams, good fish, and other things dear to the heart of the double-chinner, the term to be used in more senses than one.

How different the old Cape was once and how different it always was to the other cape that had Ann for a godmother. Cape Cod kept faith and blood pretty close to the Puritan strain and there was little tendency to mix up the breeds or to affiliate with other breeds and peoples of other shades of thought and skin. The fishing schooners were manned by the native son of the sandy soil and he was a hardy fellow as all who know much of the sea are aware. Hundreds of sail of fishermen went to the mackerel grounds in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, that mild-mannered arm of the great ocean, and none but Yankees threw a line from a Cape craft. In the great storm of 1850 many of these hardy fishermen were cast on the north shore of Prince Edwards Island, and between two and three hundred lost their lives, most of them from the Truros. So marked was the makeup of these crews, that that appalling disaster was ever afterward known as the great Yankee storm. On the other Cape the fishermen have always been largely natives of the maritime provinces, with a large sprinkling of late years of Swedes, Norwegians and Portuguese. The first break in the mixing of different of peoples on the fishing craft was when the Portuguese, born fishermen, came in from the Azores. They came like the English sparrows after bread crumbs, first a few hardy pioneers, taking a crumb and flying back, to be followed by more, until now the whole Cape is dark with the dusty skins of the Portugese "white man," quite a shade blacker with the Portugese nigger who came with all his family, even to his handsome nigger babies, and they swarm where the cranberry grows, living in huts and in ignorance without skill of any kind, and without the inherent

vices of the southern darkies. The Portuguese "white people" have drifted into all sorts of occupations, into factories by the thousands, and New Bedford's prosperity is largely due to their efficient help. The women take hold well in the cotton mills, and there never was a better domestic than the Portuguese servant girl.

All this to show what is happening in the Cape region now. In the days when the Yankee was It—the whole show—you never heard of prohibition, the liquor business or anything of that sort. It was a question never thought of, as inconsequential as the canals of Mars when thinking of the one in Bourne. You went out in a cat-boat, and in a little while, without expressing a desire, you were handed a stem goblet half filled with New England rum, which went down and the same goblet carried an equal load to all the party as often as the necssities of the case demanded, the necessities being largely controlled by the desire of the fish to be with us. How different are the things when the "foreigners" or the niggers come in hordes. Liquor might be all right for him in his own country, but he doesn't know how to use it here, so the majority in town meeting assembled say he cannot have it. Today everything is dry—the tongue is as parched as the sands of the Cape. That is, the other fellow's tongue. If you come in an automobile, your young woman may enjoy at your four-dollar-a-day hotel, a glass of imported lager, the aged man, if his liver be good, a bottle of Bass, and the rounders may brush away the cobwebs with a Scotch high-ball. Possibly if your rating in Bradstreet is all right, step up to the captain's office, and single handed get a toothful of Canadian Club by depositing a quarter on the silver tray as security for your good behavior. And it's all well enough. That's the program that modern civilization has arranged and must be followed till another deal is on, or the curtain is rung down in the last act.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The writer of the above seems to have been accustomed to look on the "dark side of things." The "dark cloud" that he saw is not really of enough density to obscure the sun. The art of hospitality has not been lost and good value is always given to the stranger for his dollar—and drink, yes, 'tis true that "sich can be had" if you know where to look for it, but it doesn't come looking for you. There are some things about the new days that are better than the old, and not all is dark and dreary.



Ready to Go to the Rescue

Through the efforts of Congressman Thacher the West Chatham postoffice will, in the near future, receive two mails a day. For some time past only one mail, and that an evening, has been received, and this was very unsatisfactory.

John Savery of East Wareham, Wareham's oldest citizen, died at his home in that town April 4. Mr. Savery observed his 99th birthday last November. Up to the time of his death he remained practically in possession of all his faculties.

OLD SHIPMASTERS

OF CAPE COD

The following interesting communication, from the pen of Aurin B. Crocker of South Hyannis, is copied from the Barnstable Patriot:

In March, 1910, I wrote an article for the Patriot about coasting and deep water captains, of whom in the 40s and 50s there were some 200 from the Yarmouth line through Hyannis and the port. Mentioned at that time as living were Captains F. G. Lothrop, William J. Wyer, Myron R. Peak, Frank Lothrop, George H. Hallett, John H. Frost, Reuben Baker, Wendell L. Hinckley, Joseph Hinckley, Centerville; John A. Peak, George E. Eaton, J. P. H. Bassett, Willis L. Case, Allen Brown, Albert Bragg, Horace K. Hallett, Eleazer Baker, C. Howard Allyn.

Captain Frank Lothrop was a native of Hyannis; now in Texas. His father was John Lothrop, who lived near the Howard Crowell place. His other sons were Asa, John Atwood, Henry Allen, and Joshua, all ship and deep water captains.

Those captains now living are George H. Hallett, now in his 95th year, J. H. Frost, C. Howard Allyn, Reuben Baker, Wendell L. Hinckley, John A. Peak, George E. Eaton, J. P. H. Bassett, Willis L. Case, Allen Brown.

I would also mention Captain Elkanah Crowell, who was born and formerly lived in West Yarmouth, and his brother, Captain Sturgis Crowell, both of whom were deep water captains. Captain Crowell some years ago moved his house to Railroad avenue, Hyannis, and is one of the oldest ship-masters living in this vicinity. The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain Crowell to Mr. Francis W. Sprague and published in Mr. Sprague's book, "Barnstable and Yarmouth. Sea Captains and Owners":

"I started out quite young, for a short time hand line fishing, and later deep sea voyages. When in Boston I went into the ship chandlery store of J. Baker & Co., Commercial street. They told me the new clipper ship Spitfire was loading for San Francisco and the captain, John Arey, was a driver. He wants a mate who can jump over the foreyard every morning before breakfast. I said, "I am the man for him if it lies on deck."

At the age of 26 Captain Crowell was master of ship Boston Light, later of ships Fair Wind, Galatea, Carrie Reed, barques Gerard C. Tobey and George S. Homer, later an auxiliary sail and steam vessel owned by himself, W. H. Besse and others of Wareham, completing 29 years as master.

Captain John H. Frost went to sea quite young and was soon master of ships Agenor and Conqueror, and went to all parts of the globe. He retired some few years ago, and is now Pilot Commissioner in Boston.

I must not forget my genial friend, Captain C. Howard Allyn, formerly of West Barnstable, now a resident of Hyannis. I imagine he started out with a common school education quite young, and went in coasting vessels hailing from Cotuit and later was



High and Dry on Cape Cod Sands

master of the schooner Hattie Baker, a fine schooner of 335 tons, built in 1862 in East Boston for J. Baker & Co. and Captain Allen Crowell, as owner and captain. Captain Allyn went with him as mate for a few years, when William Allen, Captain Crowell's son, took charge and soon after was accidently killed in Mobile Bay on a gunning expedition.

Then Captain Allyn took charge for several years, later going on deep sea voyages when he was master of ships Gold Hunter, Importer and Titan. The latter was wrecked in a severe gale, but captain and crew were all saved. Captain Allyn was accompanied by his wife on this voyage. They then returned home and the captain retired from the sea. At that time (about 20 years ago) the foreign trade for sailing ships had seen its best days and steam took the place of sailing vessels.

Captain Andrew B. Chase, formerly of West Yarmouth and Hyannis, sends me notes in regard to vessels which went to Ireland in 1847 to carry grain.

Captain Chase now lives in Portland, Me. He was a deep water captain and followed the sea for 50 years and has been master of several vessels, schooners and barques. His last command was barque Normandy of Portland.

I am reminded of a young man, my neighbor, who went to New York to ship as a mate. He was there for some time and to his relatives here, who wrote to inquire what he was doing, he replied: "A man here now wants quite a number of influential friends to get a job before the mast."

Late in the 40s Captain Lemuel B. Simmons had the schooners Croton and Isis built. Captain Luke Chase, Jr., commanded the Croton, and Isis was built for Captain Anthony Chase, for the coasting trade. The Louisa was built at the same time by Captain Heman Chase for Captain Joshua, his son. At the time of the great famine in Ireland in 1847, Captain Jehiel Simmons of Hyannisport sailed in the Croton, as master, with a cargo of grain. When a few days out, in a rough sea, the jib boom was carried away and hung by the rigging and stays, swinging alongside and was in danger of doing much damage. No one seemed to want to go out and clear the wreckage, so Captain Simmons took a wood saw and went out and with one hand on the bobstays, sawed the boom off.

The schooner Cabot, a fine schooner, built for Captain John Nickerson of Chatham, sailed at the same time. Captain Nickerson was not in her. Both vessels went out and came back. The Cabot was in the New York line for a long time, and had several captains, among of whom was Captain Eli Phinney of Centerville, and later Captain William B. Parker of Osterville.

Captain Lemuel Simmons was master of ship War Hawk and several others, and in 1863 had the schooner Alice B. built on the lake at Cleveland for Captain Luke Chase.

Several other vessels were built at the same time. Captain Owen Bearse built the Owen Bearse for Captain Prince Bearse of Centerville, schooner Ira Laffrienier for Captain Fred Coleman, also of Centerville, and Captain George P. Bearse had the schooners Claribel and George P. Bearse, Captain Z. D. Bassett the schooner Paige.

Freights were very high at that time, and paid good dividends.

Captain Rodney Baxter, a pioneer sea captain was in the 40s commander of the topsail schooner Benjamin Bigelow, one of the several schooners in the New York line of packets and a very fast sailer. I remember these schooners well. Pequot, Joshua Baker; Renown, Zadock Crowell, West Yarmouth; Charles G. Baker, Frederick Lovell, Hyannisport; Excel, Gerry Bassett, Hyannis; Victor, J. P. Hallett; Friend. Alex. Lovell; William Roscoe, Albert Chase; Splendid, Orin Crowell; Red Rover, Sylvanus Bacon; Fancy, H. B. Chase, West Yarmouth; later H. B. Chase, Jr., West Yarmouth.

Captain Baxter purchased in the 40s the schooner American Belle, nearly new. She was a fine schooner of 160 tons. He loaded her in New York in 1847 with grain for Ireland and made a very quick passage. On her trip back in ballast she was only 17 days—a record breaker.

I have seen a painting of the Belle on her passage across the Atlantic under her four lower sails in a rough sea.

Later Captain Baxter was in the ship Flying Scud of some 2000 tons, and was in the steamer South Carolina, running from Boston to South Carolina The steamer Massachusetts was built at the same time, but was not successful, and was soon out of commission.

In the 40s and 50s in the little village of South Hyannis, there were 25 men, most of them very young, who left their homes and followed the sea, deep water and coasting.

I had two brothers, who when 21 years of age were masters of vessels, who later left foreign ports for home and neither ever heard from. Alex. Crocker, my nephew, when 12 years of age, left school and went up the Mediterranean, shipping as cabin boy with Captain Joseph H. Parker of Hyannis, in barque Wild Fire, and was master quite young of schooners New York and Bay State, packets of the Commercial line. Later he sailed on foreign voyages in barques Sarah Hobart Nash and Alice new, both hailing from Salem.

There have been many changes since that time. I am reminded of the good old times when coasting was at its best; many of the smaller vessels were built at Osterville by Oliver Hinckley and Deacon Samuel Crosby of Centerville and were built to last.

Vessels coming in here for a harbor had plenty of bunting displayed—American flag, burgee and pennant fore and aft, and the New York packets, which were many; the names of which I knew well. Some few were named for Presidents. The John C. Calhoon, Captain Philander Case of Centerville; Millard Filmore, Joshua Chase; Abraham Lincoln, Henry Davis, Centerville; John Quincy Adams, Captain John Norris, Hyannis. Now, for 25 years or more, I have seldom seen the American flag displayed.

In looking over the Bath Daily Times, an item appears regarding ship building. In the year 1914 the total merchant tonnage that has been launched from the shipyards of Bath has been 1137 tons,, the poorest year since 1813. The best year since was 1900, which had a record of 41,352 tons of merchant shipping.

The prospects for sailing vessels for the future are very poor. Some of the larger vessels, 5 and 6 masters, have been lying idle this past season, freights being so low.

The big steamers and barges that have been built of late are driving the sailing vessels to the wall

I can look from my lookout and see in fairly good weather, every day in the year, steamers and ocean tugs passing through the South channel with a string of barges in tow. The Crowley fleet of Tauntor have had many steamers built of late with a capacity of 7000 tons or more, also other parties, such as Crowell & Thurlow, Boston. Is it any wonder there is nothing for vessels?

There is also a big difference in the wages paid then and now. If I remember rightly the sailors wages in the 40s and 50s were $15 per month; now they are $30.

Then New York packets with vessels of any small tonnage carried four men before the mast and second mate with general cargoes, and two men to the fall, discharging cargoes by hand. Now barges require a very small crew to man them.

I might go on and tell of the changes in this village since the 40s, but will say but a few words. In my recent writings I have said that Hyannis is second to none in the country, with its churches, schools etc. The Normal School, for which much credit is due to the late Franklin Crocker, for the interest he manifested, being at the State House most of the time for one winter, and the interest the whole community showed in raising $11,000 for the location and the mansion occupied by Principal Baldwin.

In closing I would say that probably I have made some errors in my reminiscences. I have but given notes and have had to trust to my memory. In the words of an old song, "The mistakes of my life have been many." Who has not made mistakes?

Advertise in this Magazine.

HOW TO KILL FLIES

The following "health hint" from the Chicago Tribune is well worth preserving to be used later in the season when house flies are numerous:

"It is important that the agency used to kill flies that get into your home be non poisonous or not dangerous to human beings. Especially is this true in homes where there are children. A 7 per cent solution of bichromate of potassium made up with water and sweetened with sugar, and placed in shallow dishes throughout the house, will kill the flies and will not harm the children should they get hold of it. This is cheap and may be obtained at any drug store. A 2 per cent solution of cobalt chloride may be used. It is non poisonous, but is more expensive and hard to obtain.

"Spraying ponds of water with kerosene will destroy the larvae or mosquitoes, and used in the same way in garbage boxes will destroy the larvae of flies."



ALONG THE STATE HIGHWAY

SONG OF THE TREE-TOP

My love is the wind and his heart is mine,
Here under the midnight sky
We sleep and we dream in the starlit-gleam,
And we wake to the sea-bird's cry
When the day comes back, and the sails unfurl,
And the blue billows fluff into foam;
We laugh with delight when the ships take flight,
And we kiss when they're drifting home.

—Herbert Randall.

The U. S. fisheries steamer Phalarope, Capt. Robert N. Veeder, has left Woods Hole for Washington, D. C., for the purpose of collecting spawn in the Potomac river, for shad hatching.



The Low Dunes at Sandy Neck Photo by Small

These are the days of golden opportunity for hotel and real estate men interested in the develoment of Cape Cod. There are hundreds of beauty spots that have as yet been undeveloped, but it is safe to say that ten years from now there will be scarcely a foot of seacoast that can be bought for development purposes. The automobile has been the prime factor in the prosperity that has come to the Cape. The roads are of the best and are being improved constantly. It is easy to get about from place to place and the comparative isolation of many of the towns and villages that existed a few years ago is gone forever.

We are prepared to mail out as many copies of this magazine as you may order. Send us the list of names and ten cents for each copy and we will send them along free of postage.

The Orleans Universalist Society has extended a call to Rev. William Gaskin of Rumford, Me., to become its pastor.

NOT even the dogs desire to roam—
They hunt around and find a home.

Hotel "Terrace Gables" at Falmouth Heights will open on May 15. This is one of the most popular hotels upon the Cape and is noted for its unexcelled location, overlooking Vineyard Sound, for its excellent cuisine, and for its general comfort and attractiveness. It is a popular resort for dinner and supper parties, being the only hotel on the Cape which has a la carte service. The proprietor, Webster L. Draper, is one of Cape Cod's most progressive business men believes thoroughly in its future as a summer resort and is one of its most enthusiastic boosters.

"Stag" patrol, troop No. 1, Boy Scouts of East Wareham, is very busy at the present time erecting a log cabin in the woods just outside of East Wareham, near Muddy Pond.

Have you paid this year's dues to the Cape Cod Board of Trade? You know that the mill cannot run on the water that has passed.

Forms for the next issue will close about May 15. Please bear this in mind if sending matter for publication.

Flowers



Seeds, Plants,

Trees, Shrubs

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Falmouth, Mass.

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Bakers and Confectioners

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ADVERTISING SPACE

in this Magazine

FOR SALE

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Forms for June Number Close May 15

Address

CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.

Wareham, Mass.

The first reports of the catch of the Atlantic fleet of whalers reached Provincetown last week from Dominique. Five whalers have been reported in at Dominique to ship their oil home by schooner Richard W. Clark. The Clark made the passage from New Bedford to Dominique in 13 days. The following New Bedford whalers are reported with their catches—Bark Wanderer, Edwards, 1,000 barrels sperm oil; Brig Viola. Reed, 750 barrels sperm oil; Bark Greyhound, Carvelho. 550 barrels sperm oil; Schooner Arthur V. S. Woodruff, Louis, 550 barrels sperm oil; Schooner Bertha D. Nickerson, Joseph, 450 barrels sperm oil.

There was a great gathering of Odd Fellows from this part of the state on Monday, April 19, in Middleboro to celebrate the 96th anniversary of the establishment of the order, and there were many Daughters of Rebekah in the crowd also, to say nothing of the huge crowd of spectators. There were special trains from various places and the town was gay with decorations. There was a parade of the visiting lodges in the forenoon and various entertainments in the afternoon with a grand ball in the evening to conclude the affair.

Provincetown has a skunk farm just established with seven of the animals on it for a beginning. Black skunk pelts are quoted at from $4 to $6 each and according to some old Indian friends of the writer a skinned skunk makes a better stew or roast than a chicken—so there is almost no waste product to the business, and a skunk is more fussy about its food than a chicken is.

Miss Josephine MacC. Shaw of Boston has recently presented to the county of Barnstable a bust of her grandfather, Lemuel Shaw, who for thirty years was chief justice of the Supreme Judicial court of this commonwealth. The bust has been placed in the large court room by the side of the judge's bench.

A. E. Thomas, principal of the Provincetown High school, has resigned.

Who is the man who has done the most for your town? Send his photograph and tell us about him.

J. L. ELDREDGE

Real Estate and Insurance

Desirable Cottage Lots

WAREHAM, MASS.

MAYFLOWER TIME

When the first spring dawned upon the Pilgrims, scarcely had the snows disappeared, than they discovered fragrant pink flowers putting forth their buds amid the woods and they named the blossoms "Mayflowers," and by that name they have been known ever since. The botanical name is "trailing arbutus," but "Mayflower" it will remain to all who know it in its native haunts.

It grows on a low trailing vine in the woodlands and blooms in April, filling the air with its fragrance. It is a dainty flower and makes a beautiful corsage bouquet. At this time of year at every railroad station up and down the Cape, boys and girls offer them for sale to travellers and the demand far exceeds the supply. Mayflower parties are easily formed and the search for them is an entrancing occupation.

The Mayflower is dear to the heart of every native of Cape Cod, where it grows most profusely, although it can be found in other sections of New England. Spring would not be spring without it. Formerly on the Cape, May day was a holiday in the schools and was devoted to the search for Mayflowers, by the lads and lassies who made the woods ring with their gladsome cries as they called to each other in ecstacy to come and view their "finds."

CAPE COD JITNEY LINES

A "jitney" service between Buzzards Bay and Provincetown, on both shores of Cape Cod, is planned by a company now being formed. It will follow the state highways and will supply transportation not now covered by any trolley lines.

The system will be operated from Buzzards Bay through Falmouth, Hyannis, Chatham and Orleans to Provincetown and, returning, through the towns and villages on the bay side of the Cape. The name of the projected company is the "Electric Passenger Carriage Company." It will be operated with nickel fares, stated stopping places and regular schedules

Mr. John F. Nickerson, the well-known wholesale grocer in Boston for thirty years, and who had many customers in this vicinity and throughout the Cape died at his home in Somerville, April 13, in his 69th year. His death was from blood poisoning caused by a slight cut that he inflicted upon himself while shaving. Death came after an illness of six days He was a native of Provincetown, and since his retirement from active business fifteen years ago, has travelled extensively abroad.

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Boating, bathing, tennis, etc. Clams, oysters, little necks right out of the water. Milk, eggs, poultry and vegetables from our own farm.
NOW OPEN. Prices Reasonable
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GET OUR ESTIMATES BEFORE BUILDING ON
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The System that Absolutely Protects

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Stop on your way for the best Soda and the best line of Cigars in this part of the State

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Send Your Work to
BLUE RIBBON LAUNDRY
MIDDLEBORO, MASS.
For Quick Results on all kinds of Work

The Cape Cod Exchange

Advertising under this head cost FIVE CENTS per word. Minimum 50 cents Try it

FOR SALE

ESTATE comprising 4 acres land, 8-room house, barn; located in heart of Monument Beach; 3 minutes to shore; suitable for summer or year-round home. For particulars address William Blackburn, 4 Coombs street, Middleboro, Mass.

WANTED—Boys and girls to learn how they can increase their spending money by selling THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE to their friends and neighbors. For full particulars write to The Cape Cod Publishing Company, Wareham, Mass.

BOATS—To buy or sell, place an advertisement in this column and watch for results.

SUMMER COTTAGES—We can rent them for you. Cape Cod Publishing Company, Wareham, Mass.

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FOR SALE—One half-horsepower General Electric motor, single phaze. Address Drawer C, Wareham, Mass.

THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

Published Monthly

by

The Cape Cod Publishing Co.,

Wareham, Mass.

Subscription Price, $1.00 a Year, in Advance

Single Copies, Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES

One Page, per issue	$20.00
Half Page, per issue	10.00
Quarter Page, per issue	5.00
One Inch, per issue	1.25

Back Cover Page, 50 per cent advance.

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Checking accounts of summer residents are solicited.

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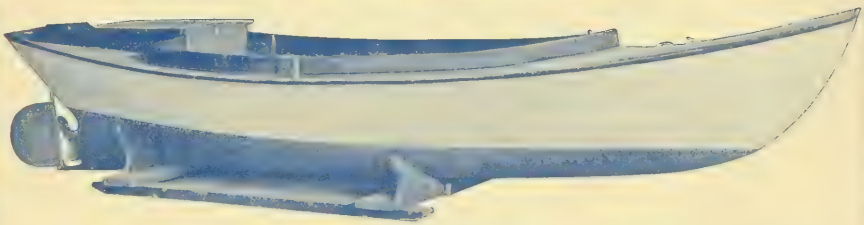
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WEBSTER L. DRAPER, Proprietor and Manager

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



PICTURESQUE CAPE COD HIGHWAY

JUNE, 1915

THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.
SANDWICH, MASS.

SINGLE COPY, 10 cts. BY THE YEAR, $1.00



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We have excellent banking facilities, and you are cordially invited to open an account with us.

Checking accounts of summer residents solicited.

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FINE RESIDENCE FOR SALE

This property overlooks a beautiful lake, three miles long, and is within easy distance of both shores of the Cape. Seven-room house, all in good order, finished in hard wood. Large barn, excellent water supply, modern plumbing. Near railroad station, post office and store. About six acres of land, mostly wooded with thrifty pines. Lawn, gardens and shrubbery have made the place famed for its beauty. It is ideally located as an all the year or summer residence. Pleasant Lake is one of the Cape's beauty spots. Good fishing, boating and bathing. A bargain if taken at once. Address,

JOSEPH L. BUTLER, Pleasant Lake, Mass.

BOY SCOUTS, Camp Fire Girls and members of other organizations of similar nature can fill the treasury by selling Cape Cod Magazine to their neighbors and friends. One boy last month made a dollar and a half in a few hours. Get in touch with the Business Manager, Sandwich, at once.

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Middleboro, Mass.

Stop on your way for the best Soda and the best line of Cigars in this part of the state

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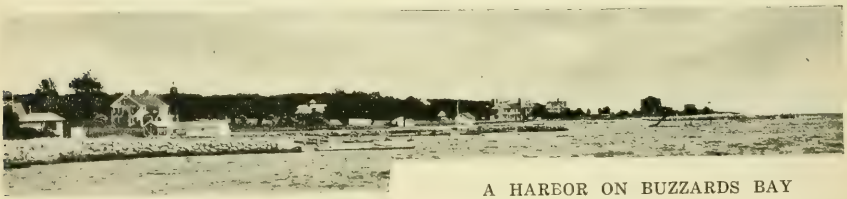
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A Nice Place for the Children for Boating and Bathing

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 JUNE, 1915 NO. 2

From the Publishers' Desk

AN important change in the management of this Magazine has taken place. It was quickly proved that its publication had struck a popular chord and that the editing and business management should be made two separate departments. Hence, Mr. Samuel B. Corr, Secretary of the Cape Cod Board of Trade, has become a member of the Cape Cod Publishing Company and will have charge of its business office, which is now located at Sandwich. All matters pertaining to advertising and subscriptions will be attended to by him. The seed has been sown—watch us grow!

Comments on the Cape Cod Magazine have been many and varied, ranging from warm praise and enthusiastic encouragement, to criticism. But two elements are noticeable in all the comment; one is that most of the comment is of a kindly nature; and the other is that not one criticism has so far been received against the idea in itself, all of whatever criticism so far received having been directed against various phases, rather than against the existence of the magazine itself. In fact, it seems to have met a long-felt want in the minds of many people.

Criticism we always have with us. Especially is this true in the case of people who do things. And perhaps it is a good thing for the world. At least we welcome it, personally, and shall consider it a favor of our readers will write us whenever the mood prompts. In this way we can produce a result that will suit the largest number of people.

To paraphrase Lincoln's famous saying, "You may suit some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't suit all of the people all of the time."

We want to remind our readers that articles for the pages of this magazine and photographs for illustrations are earnestly solicited. We want some original Cape Cod stories, descriptions of the various phases of life on the Cape, incidents and reminiscences from the lives of interesting people, bits of local history and legends, in fact we cannot possibly get too much material of a suitable nature.



TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER IN CAPE COD CANAL

CAPE CAMPS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Outdoor Life for Youngsters 'Round About Pleasant Bay and Orleans Shores

"Gasolene? Sure. Run out? There you are. Come around on the piazzas. This way. On the way to Chatham?

"Oh! hotels? five miles, about, to the new Chatham Bars Inn.

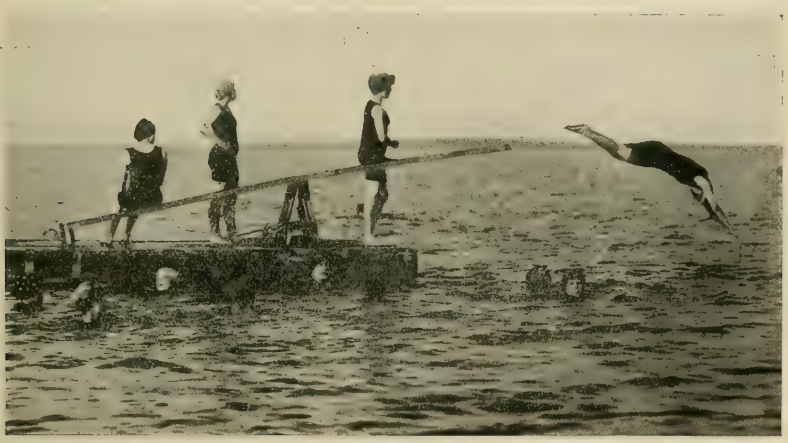
"Yes, It does smell appetizing: 'specially when it's mixed with the salt sea smell here on Pleasant Bay.'

"Full? Oh! Every room—long in advance.

"Chicken dinners? Oh, yes—always—any number. I'll see that the chef gets your number and reserves a table for you, sure.

"From the West? Never been here on the Cape before? Well, you've missed a lot.

"Oh—think about camp for the girl and boy? The little girl too? Why not, yes, the 'Quanset



OFF THE SPRING BOARD

"Yes, we raise our own. Took prizes last fall at the Harwich fair. Great down here in fall and winter.

"Lonesome? No, not much—a house full of gunners. Some lively time we have here, I can tell you.

"Pleasant Bay Yacht Club? Yes—it used to be that—Pleasant Bay Inn now. My father built it and we had a big celebration here when I was a little shaver. We had the Brownie cottage then, over there where Rice's concrete hunting lodge stands on that hill, over yonder beyond Winslow's. He's the United Shoe Machinery man, and that's his summer home. 'Twas Winstlow and Rice that came down and put the Orleans tax rate down to $3.00 per thousand, you know. Well! Rice sails the Thelma that pa bought before the bottom fell out of his gold mines.

"This? We wouldn't sell this for $10,000, no sir—nor more than that.

Children' over here—as they call it, little girls' department of The Cape Cod Camp. Yes, she does look kind 'o peaked, but, we don't send 'em home looking that way 'round here.

"Salt water? Yes, we think it's best, of course. The westerners like it all right, don't they? The Cape's the place for camps all right—it's a great place for children and a good time out doors. Sandy soil, you see—dries off quickly after rain, cool afternoons and nights always—nice cape breeze, especially on this south shore. Why it comes way up the Atlantic you know. Driven wells—no possibility of typhoid after the summer. Never any malaria. Then this warm water for swimming (in Pleasant Bay anyhow; the gulf stream touches us you see). And the pines, miles of them all around. And the shady horse-back trails and sandy beaches.

"No. No mountain climbs that break their backs and break down their arches and ruin their health.

"Mosquitoes, yes. Some, when the wind don't blow them off to sea. But there won't be any when the Cape towns oil their swamps as they have down in Jersey.

"Children? Me? No, I ain't a married man myself, but if I was, my children would stay on the Cape, and if they weren't born strong they'd get so with the right ones to feed them and take care of them.

"Camps, well there's all sorts, of course. I'd say now, wouldn't you, that it all depended on who runs 'em, and what sort of boys or girls they have, and whether they know how to give them fun.

"Why, real fun, the right kind, is just what they thrive on. Oh, I suppose plenty could feed 'em and take care of 'em, but it takes somebody born and trained to it to give em' just the time of their lives, so they 'cry for more.' Ain't so many can turn that trick.

"Why don't you look 'em all over—see the girls, and find out how long they've been coming and all about it. Parents too, they're always around over here to watch the fun.

"Here? Oh, yes. Orleans is the mother of Cape Camps, boys and girls. First Cape Camp ever was, started here on the bay some fifteen years ago. Boys' sailing camp, small one, good one, too. Man went to Colorado to open a school. Then the 'Cape Cod Camp' started over here eleven years ago. That's grown all right, sixty-five last year, I hear; full up.

"At the start? Six girls, just friends of theirs in for a good time.

"Do? What don't they do! There's somebody there that knows what fun is, all right. Everybody in town knows about the things they do, and folks come from all about to see their shows and their pageant, and this year I hear they are going to have a water carnival. We're all on the lookout to see what it will be like.

"A lot of westerners, yes. Good live girls, but ladies all right, and everything well chaperoned you can believe. Can't even ride horseback, or go to the store, or in a boat without a councillor.

"Councillors? College girls, yes. Bright young women to look after the girls. Have to give 'em a good time all the time, too.

Skipper? Oh, yes. Born and brought up in a boat down here to Chatham. Sailed the whole coast.

"Teach 'em? Why, everything in sports and a lot besides. Why, they teach those girls to sail a boat, sir. You should just see 'em run off a dory race. They're going to have one tomorrow I hear. They have to learn all the nautical terms, too.

"Why, unusual? Yes, I suppose it is.

"Other camps? Can't, I suppose. It's just because this girl who runs this camp with her mother has sailed the bay ever since she was a kid, and she doesn't see any reason why others can't learn too. Then boats cost a lot. Besides this is a good safe bay, made on purpose for sailing, so the fathers seem to think.

"Swim? Yes, first class instructor, one who teaches the Amherst College boys winters. Regular classes, dives, games, all sorts of stunts. Safe



OPEN AIR DINING ROOM AT GIRLS' CAMP

though; have to mind, wouldn't be safe if they didn't.

"Children? Oh, quite separate. Kindergartner in charge. Have their own good times. They say they blow a whistle and those kids all say their prayers together. Come from everywhere. The dearest little thing here last summr from a plantation down in Miss., nine years old. Got strong before she went home. Councillors never leave them out of their sight a minute. They wouldn't allow it.

"Why, the kids have a pageant all to themselves, out doors, natural amphitheater they call it.

"And music, orchestra, if you please, and dancing out doors and in. Indian games too. And they paddle those canoes (they teach 'em and watch 'em. Near shore? yes). And they make their own beds all help get the hot supper. Then they sing songs, play games and tell stories around the fire, and watch the stars and moon come out. Really, I could just see it all when Ma told me about it. It's a wonderful place out there, with the whole big Atlantic rolling up at your feet, and the lights of the steamers going past in the darkness. Then the life savers patrol their beat up the beach and change tickets with the man from the Old Harbor Station. Some of the big girls and a councillor walk the course with them and come back all excited over the tales of ship wrecks.

"Yes, Capt. Charles shows 'em all over the Life Saving Station, gives the young ones a ride in the breeches buoy, and launches the life boat for them.



THE TIOGA ON PLEASANT BAY

and keep their places in order. It teaches them responsibility and everybody don't have a chance to learn that at home.

"No, they are careful not to let them do too much.

"The big girls? They like long canoe trips, man and a chaperon along always. And they like to ride horseback. There's a Cliff Pond, the prettiest place, way up north in the woods where they go for all-night picnics. You ought to see them start out for a trip to the O. S. B. as they call it; that's the outside beach. That's the favorite of all trips. Each girl has a sleeping bag or a rubber blanket. My mother went once to help chaperone. They sail over and tramp across, she says, and they all scatter up and down that beach after drift wood for their fire. Then some one lights the fire and names it, and they They go every year, several parties, twenty at a time.

"On board the boat? Tioga, yes. Smaller parties sleep on board sometimes and cook their meals They think that's good sport. And handle that boat sir, like men. You should see 'em furl the sail, ship shape as you please. And make the mooring too. I've seen that myself. Quite some girls.

"Bloomers and middies, all camps do that they tell me. Tennis shoes. Skirts when they are going off where folks can see them. They hardly put on a dress while they're in camp all summer. Funny! My mother was over there to Quanset when one of the girls was putting on her dress to go home, and what do you think? Couldn't even hook it around her. Gained so much, and she needed it, too.

If you'd seen her when she came, a 'regular before and after.'

"They've got a game they play where they choose sides, and the revenue officers patrol the fields while the pirates try to bring in the treasure. They even capture them, bring 'em in and tie 'em up. Why, they have sentinels on those hills on horseback. Last summer they stopped an auto full of parents coming up to camp and searched it for fear it was smuggling in the treasure. The folks thought it a great joke. That's exciting I tell you.

"They're playing Portinimicut in basket ball this afternoon. Good camp, small, but all sorts of land sports and things. No, no sailing, but dancing and all those things and good care.

"The Cape Cod Camp? Why, they have a service in camp Sunday afternoons. Most of the camps do so, I understand.

"The boy? Well, I hear there's a good boys' camp up at Buzzards Bay, Wampanoag they call it. Young boys. Do all sorts of things.

"Other girls' camps? Yes, a new one just started down at Wellfleet. Two teachers, Cape Cod Bay side. More land sports I guess. She's a teacher of land sports, and he's a naturalist I hear. Small yet, beginning, you see.

"I understand there's a trained nurse over at Brewster who's had a little camp these two years for little children. Good care, I judge. I don't know how many. Not educational, I think, like this 'Quanset Children,' just home care. Lots can't afford to pay for the other, you see.

"There's a private school over in Brewster that has a short term summer camp. Must be pretty flourishing school, I guess. I wouldn't want to pay their advertising bills.

"Full, oh yes. And pretty strict with their girls. Not much boating, I imagine. Cape Cod side, you see. Tide goes out a mile, pretty near. Been going seven or eight years I believe. Good school camp.

"Then there's that camp for special girls. Great field there for work, I hear, and doing well, I guess Halifax.

"It's an awful responsibility, this camp business, if you do it right. Somebody wanted me to go into it with him here, but no thank you. Grown folks are good enough for me. Takes somebody born to it to turn the camp trick.

"My place? Well, you haven't given me a chance yet. You seem to be more interested in camps for the boys and girls. Boys and girls do seem to come first these days.

"But you just sit here a few minutes and look out over the bay. There! There's the Tioga, that's the Quanset knockabout, going down the channel now! See those girls in bloomers up bow? Here, take my glass. Pretty boat, ain't she? You just rest yourselves and look out. Then you just come in and eat one of my chicken dinners, and I shan't have to ask you to stop here again."



HOME FROM A CANOE TRIP

We want short pen sketches and pictures of interesting and historical Cape Cod places. Amateur photographers are requested to submit samples of their work.

CAPE COD BOAT TRIPS

The Story of a Vacation Voyage in the Wake of the Early Explorers

A party of us proved last year that one may spend day after day enjoying inexpensive boat excursions along Cape Cod and each day participate in a different branch of the pastime. You may have bluefishing one day, excellent fresh-water fishing and rowing the next, and you may mix in with these excursions to interesting places under widely different conditions.

On our first trip, we started out in a comfortable pleasure yacht from Provincetown—the "tip end of the Cape"—and went around Race Point up the coast line a bit to the famous Highland Light, which guards one of the most dangerous points on the United States coast. Our craft was a forty-foot yacht, capable of accommodating seventy-five persons.

Once off Race Point, we could see land in but one direction—to the south. Sailing gracefully up along the shore past Provincetown and the numerous sand dunes, we approached the Highland Light. This stands out very clearly, being situated on quite high land. The captain took us ashore in his dory tender, five at a time.

The light is a picturesque structure maintained by Uncle Sam. Everything there is neat and tidy. The keeper entertained us for nearly an hour relating interesting stories of wrecks during bad storms. He probably has seen more storms during his career than any other person engaged in his line of work. It is not an uncommon occurrence, he told us, for some sort of craft (either a barge, steamer or fishing schooner), to be cast up on the beach during a raging "nor'easter," with the resulting loss of the cargo and many lives. This is but one of the many beacons located along the Cape.

We then proceeded over to the high bluffs on the "outside" of the Cape. The sea is constantly cutting into the Cape and it is only a matter of time, many hundreds of years, of course, when this narrow neck of land, extending out into the Atlantic Ocean, will be swept away by the sea. Thousands of years ago a huge glacier rolled down from the North and cast up hundreds of tons of earth and rocks before it. Since that time, the waves have been constantly washing away, bit by bit, this narrow stretch of sandy land, until at present eighty-foot bluffs are left which extend down almost perpendicularly to the sea.

Another day we devoted to a trip to Hyannis. For bluefish, go to Hyannis! No one has fully enjoyed a real vacation until he has pulled in a few large specimens of bluefish or seabass. A crowd of us, men, women and children, with fishing outfits, packed ourselves aboard a small motor boat. Within five minutes we were bound out from shore toward the fishing grounds. About two miles from Hyannis shore our pilot anchored and then began to instruct us in the art of bluefishing. We baited our hooks, which, together with silk lines, had been hired from the skipper; the boat owner always carries a good stock of hooks, lines, sinkers, bait, reels, poles, and other paraphernalia.



THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Then there was much excitement to see who would be the first person to haul in a "beauty." Some one from New York (a woman) was the lucky person. She captured a fine specimen weighing about six pounds. Then a man from Boston told a

yarn about some gigantic fish he caught in the Caribbean Sea.

"Honestly," he said, "it was that big"—stretching his hands as far apart as he could. Every one listened eagerly. In the excitement several of our lines became entangled and it was necessary for the captain to come to our rescue and cut apart the mess of lines and hooks. Then we purchased more lines from our skipper and started anew.

A middle-aged man from Philadelphia hauled in a beauty; then he took out his pocket scales, fastened the fish upon it, and, presto! up flew the pointer to 11 pounds. Some one immediately doubted the accuracy of the scales. The fisherman protested and declared that his balances were accurate.

Finally the captain, wearing a broad smile, brought out from the cabin a set of reliable scales and tried the fish, and the exact weight was found to be 8 pounds and 12 ounces. Our friend from Philadelphia was the butt of a great number of jokes, which he took good-naturedly. Upon reckoning up we found that we had caught eighty-five bluefish, forty-seven tautog, thirty-five scup, and several seabass, the combined weight of which was 784 pounds, (weighed on the boat-owner's scales.)

The following day we sailed over to Nantucket which lies about 30 miles out to sea from the Cape in a southerly direction. There were about twoscore persons in our party. We started from Harwich Port in a fast motor boat, being obliged to leave early in the morning owing to the distance.

The water was exceedingly smooth all the way over and our boat did not feel the little surf. After sailing for four hours we came in sight of the island, which in winter is sometimes cut off from the outside world for a week or more at a time.

Upon arriving we found ourselves in the midst of the quaint town of Nantucket itself, a busy resort, as hundreds of summer visitors help to enliven the otherwise quiet sea village. We journeyed a mile to the old mill, built in 1746. It still turns in spite of its advanced age.

Further inland we came upon an old house built in 1686, known as the Coffin house. This is one of the chief landmarks of the island, as is also the old jail, built more than a century ago.



A VIEW OF HYANNIS HARBOR

Going down to the beach on one side we found several score people in bathing. Bathing here is excellent, as the water is warm, the surf fine. There is no undertow, making it safe for small children The water in summer averages about 60 degrees owing to its nearness to the Gulf Stream.

On our return from Nantucket to the mainland we had a beautiful four-hour sail by midnight.

Excellent fishing is found in nearly all the fresh water lakes which abound on Cape Cod. There are 174 ponds on the Cape containing more than ten acres each; no town has fewer than five bodies of fresh water. One village has nearly thirty.

A famous region is Pleasant Lake, where are found half a dozen large sheets of clear water heavily stocked with black bass, pickerel and red and

white perch—not to mention eels, hornpouts and sturgeons.

We hired a safe fifteen-foot row boat at Long Pond, one of the prettiest of the lakes, which accommodated six persons easily. The owner charged us only 20 cents per hour, or one dollar a day. We took our lunch and prepared for a day of rare sport.

Shrimp was used for bait, as we had been told that this is the best bait for bass (the fish we desired most to catch). We took along a few angle worms, dug in an orchard near the pond.

We took two pairs of oars and rowed out across the lake to a high sand bank. The bottom of the pond at this spot was rock-covered. Soon some one lily pads and grass. Our party was fortunate enough to capture five beautiful specimens. Later, being tired of fishing, we walked along the shore and came upon hundreds of pond lilies. Procuring a long, forked stick, we succeeded in getting several large bunches. Upon our arrival at the pier the owner of the boat satisfied our thirst with some of the best water we ever drank. Every one was well satisfied with the day's sport.

Next we made a trip to Monomoy Point in a retired Chatham sea captain's catboat. It is almost impossible to capsize a catboat, as it is nearly as wide as it is long, and possesses a large mainsail, with its mast set well toward the bow. It carries



THE FISHING PARTY ON PLEASANT LAKE

pulled in a small red perch; then we began hauling in larger ones, of both kinds, red and white.

All at once the little perch "struck off"— a sure sign that bass were in the immediate vicinity. And sure enough, within a moment, a bass grabbed one of the hooks. The fisherman had a reel and "played" the bass for several minutes, finally reeling it in near the boat and bringing it aboard in a landing net. Later we caught several more large perch, weighing nearly two pounds apiece, and also five more large bass.

After eating our lunch in a shady pine grove on shore we rowed a short distance, landed our boat, went over an isthmus a few yards away, and fished for pickerel. This was done from shore, with long bamboo poles and tin trails. Pickerel lurk in the

no jib; it is staunch and safe for scallop and oyster dredging and the like.

Monomoy Point is a narrow neck of land extending eight miles straight from Chatham. No part of it is more than half a mile in width. It has been made wholly by the sand which has been for hundreds of years shifting from Cape shores further out into the ocean toward Nantucket Island. It is lined with very dangerous sand bars and shoals making it a most treacherous spot. Mariners speak of it with dread.

Promptly at 8 o'clock the captain, who had previously hoisted the sail and fixed everything "shipshape," cast away from the pier. The boat headed its nose toward the open sea. A moderate breeze of perhaps fifteen miles per hour was sweeping

gently from the mainland. It was from the northwest and made the water in the bay very smooth. There were 30 persons in the party, all anxious to become sunburned, after coming from the cities with white complexions.

After settling down to the wheel, filling and lighting his clay pipe and remarking what a beautiful day it was, our skipper, at the request of one of the passengers, told us about his experiences during tempests many years ago. Cape Cod sea captains, be it known, have an endless supply of interesting stories with which they amuse visitors to the quaint sea villages.

The captain's yarns were so interesting that an hour passed before we were aware of it and we looked up to find our boat nearing the Point.

The first places we visited were the few small fish shanties. These are rude structures occupied a portion of each year by fishermen who make their living from the sea. Most of these people go back to Chatham on the mainland during the severe winter months and return to the Point when summer comes again. Except for these and life savers the territory is uninhabited.

Monomoy Point is swept by terrific storms and receives the full force of the winds, tides and waves. In the distance we discerned two ships, at anchor, which we learned were Government lightships. They are stationed at these danger spots throughout the year to warn craft of the treacherous passageways. The light boats sometimes drag their anchors during long storms, and are rolled and tossed about at the mercy of the ocean.

After eating lunch on the beach, we visited the life-saving station near the end of the Point, one of the most interesting places found in our trips. The men showed us the boats, wagons, gears, guns, etc., after which we were allowed to go up into the lookout, a cupola built on top of the building. Here some one is constantly on duty watching with a pair of powerful binoculars, trying to get sight of all ships passing within range, and looking for any craft that may be calling for aid. The men patrol the beach at night, walking three miles along the shore in a certain direction and meeting a man from another station located a few miles distant. The walkers carry torches, with which they can respond to craft signaling for help.

After looking about the Point to our content, thirty happy persons climbed into the dory tender and were conveyed to the catboat.

No vacation on Cape Cod would be quite complete without taking a voyage in a row boat from the Barnstable shore across to Sandy Neck and partaking of a real old-fashioned clambake. Sandy Neck is a stretch of sand two miles long running along the shore. Hiring several dories and flat-bottom boats, we rowed across and found that this place was named correctly, as there was practically nothing except sand there. Yet it is a favorite picnic ground, and also famous among gunners who shoot wild foul there—duck, geese, snipe, and widgeon. Beginning in the early Fall the birds fly across this neck, on their way to the marshes farther inland. There are here a great many gunning camps, which are also used extensively by fishermen who make the place their headquarters for weeks at a time.

We had a genuine clambake on the beach. This is one of the most delightful parts of an excursion on the Cape. We waded out on the flats and dug a hole in the sand and on the beach, lined it with stones, and made a fire of refuse stuff gathered along the shore.

Then taking a large boiler, we suspended it from the ground with a pole supported on a stick above the fire.

The clams were dumped in and began to steam at once, emitting an appetizing odor. Then the rest of our luncheon was prepared by spreading it out on the sand in paper napkins and newspapers.

The clams were served in small dishes and every one immediately set to work to appease his or her hunger. Every one had an enormous appetite. Who cared if a little sand did get mixed in with our sandwiches, pie, or cake? Besides, some one had read that a certain physician recommended sand as being an aid to the digestion.

The row back to the Barnstable shore completed our excursion.

SELF-ADJUSTING LIFE BELT

The ordinary life belt is a cumbersome thing to wear, and in order to provide protection for airmen or others who are likely to be thrown into the water a life belt has been invented that lies flat about the chest under normal conditions and becomes inflated when brought in contact with the water. This belt consists of a flexible tubular girdle, at one end of which are two receptacles, one containing water and the other a carbide which becomes a gas and inflates the tube when mixed with water. A valve permits the wearer to let the water into the carbide receptacle, while a wick that passes from the outside of the belt into this receptacle causes the water to enter and inflate the tube automatically in case the wearer is unconscious after being thrown into the water. Provision is made for preventing the entrance of water after inflation has taken place and for preventing overinflation of the tube.

Who is the most interesting personality in your town? Send us sketches and photos of "worthwhile folks."



The Foam Sprite

By Herbert Randall

Nymph of the wave—bride of my love,
O fairy dancer of the spray,
The sunshine on your dimpled cheeks,
Your song is calling me away!

Your heaving breast, your wilding lute,
The rainbow-bubbles in your train,
The cadence of your drowsy chimes,
Rung by the witches of the rain;

The fire-blue laughter in your eyes,
Your manners, all so debonaire,
O wandering, wandering, wandering one,
I hear you calling everywhere!

Sometimes I see your twinkling feet
Among the shells along the shores,
And as you chase the hours away,
Wreathed in the mist of Falmouth moors,
Your snow-white arms are beckoning
The whistling gulls; or do I hear
Your whisper in the fragrant pines,
Like music of some dead, sweet year.

I glimpse your brightness on the dark,
The weird lone moonbeams in your hair,
And all the daughters of the night
Kneel at your feet and worship there.

And be it that the storm shuts down,
You match its glory, wing to wing,
The east wind in your foamy path,
With battle-drum, and glooming string.

And ever wakes your haunting cry;
At morn, at noon, and when I sleep,
I hear the fog-bells ringing home
Your roving children of the deep.

And sometimes, in a changeling mood,
I see you drive your dolphin steed
In splashing madness down the tide,
Your valiant Tritons in the lead.

Again—your frothing hounds of death
Go leaping at their leash, and you
Press your warm lips to mine, and say,
"Love is a bitter thing"———ah, true!

O vagrant spirit, half divine,
What subtleties lie in your soul,
How mighty are your chariots
That thunder where the breakers roll!

And who shall understand your tears
When summer ripples down the land?
And who resist your impish charms
Amid the sea-weed on the sand?

There on your bosom let me rest,
Its healing minstrelsies to share,
The wide-arched solitudes above,
The weird lone moonbeams in your hair;

Your dolphins waiting for the dawn,
A path of gold across the deep,
And all your nameless multitudes
Of glittering pipers fast asleep.

Nymph of the wave, love of my love,
What jewels cluster on your brow,
What magic in your dream-filled heart;
I hear you calling—calling now.

HARWICH'S APPEAL TO THE VACATIONIST

R. H. CAHOON

If the tired business man in some distant, noisy city knew the attractions Harwich offers, he would close his roll-top desk with a bang, pack up his dress-suit case and take the first train for this Cape Cod town. Further than this, he would leave orders for his wife and children to follow, with their trunks and baggage.

Harwich, with its half dozen quaint villages—and 2115 people—offers more variety of diversion for the summer boarder than any other town in this part of the "right arm of Massachusetts." But if you can't come to Harwich, come to Cape Cod! "Cape Cod Calls"; don't you hear the appeal? The cry has extended hundreds of miles inland, and persons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere are asking one another: "Where is Cape Cod?" "What sort of a place is it?" "Is it a good, quiet, inexpensive resort?"

But to get back to Harwich—this town has the largest building to be found on the Cape. It is the Exchange Building, recently donated to the town by the late Col. Caleb Chase. It was built by Mr. Chester Snow. The new bank structure—containing both the Cape Cod Five Cents Savings Bank and the Cape Cod National—is a thing of beauty.

What are its advantages as a place for recreation and sport? There is golf, tennis, sailing, fresh and salt water fishing, motoring and motor boating, and excellent bathing. These are the summer sports. In the fall and winter one may enjoy golf, horseback riding, quail, ruffed grouse, plover, black duck, coot, goose and eider duck shooting, and cod and black bass fishing.

If you want to see a beautiful spot, go to Pleasant Lake, one of the small villages. There are ponds and still more ponds.

It is worth while to take a trip of many miles to see beautiful Long Pond, Hinkley's, Seymour's and Sheep Pond. He is a pretty poor fisherman who cannot land half a dozen large bass, eight or ten good-sized pickerel and a bushel or red and white perch in a day. Some days, of course, they do not catch so many. But ask Emulous Cahoon about the fishing. Cahoon has seen car-loads of fish taken out of the village.



A GOOD CATCH AT PLEASANT LAKE

A day's blue fishing off Harwich Port looks good to the weary business man. Anyone who has not been out in a Cape Cod "cat boat" and pulled in a big cod or bluefish has not experienced a real vacation. Fishing is one of the town's greatest attrac-

tions; in fact, no better fishing can be found in the whole state.

Wychmere Harbor at Harwichport is a beautiful place, whose shores are dotted with handsome summer residences. The old mill, standing on a bluff a few feet from the sea, is a quaint landmark which attracts much attention from visitors. It was built more than a century ago. "Snow Inn" is located on the harbor, overlooking the ocean. Fresh southwest breezes are refreshing to its guests.

Good roads (which, by the way, run the whole length of the Cape) make motoring a pleasure through the town's pretty shaded streets. The "Camp ground" at the Port is a little cluster of small cottages, where the summer vacationist may rest and enjoy life.

The herring fishery is by no means a small industry, and just now brings in an income of $1350 annually to the town. The right of seining these fish was sold at the town meeting last year to the late William Sears. The alewives pass from the ocean up through North Harwich to Long Pond at Pleasant Lake, where they spawn.

Cape Cod

Rolling on the sands with concord sweet,
The music waves all sparkle in the sun;
And for a moment, dreaming, I forget
The piles of work upon my desk undone.

Through all my open windows breezes blow.
There seems a touch of saltness in the air;
Clearly I see the marshes of the Cape,
So vivid is the dream that takes me there.

The yachts upon the bays, their bobbing rythm;
The sky and sea—the blue interminable;
Where else are visions such that mark in truth
The perfect symphony of the beautiful?

The quaint old towns, the fishers' cottages;
The sand dunes, like so many mimic mountains;
To Cape Cod folk are all a part of life—
To those who've been away the renewing fountains.

Oh, many, perhaps, may try, but none succeed:
The colors on the canvas speak not true;
One cannot make the unreal sense the real
Nor in still life the Cape's full joys imbue.

Ah! soon shall work be laid away—forgotten,
And all work's cares lost in the briny foam;
And I, with eyes alight, shall smile content,
And go where Cape Cod calls me back to home!

The Courthouse Bell

Has any New England community an older bell than the one that Barnstable County, Massachusetts, treasures in the office of its clerk of courts? asks the Youth's Companion.

The bell was cast in 1675, 240 years ago, and has been on Cape Cod since 1698. The story of the bell, as far as Barnstable County people know it, begins with a shipwreck on the Sandwich shore, on March 12, 1697. The captain, Peter Adolph of New York, and all his crew were lost, but their bodies came ashore and found a resting place in the burial ground of the First Parish church. The papers found on the body of the captain, together with a record of the wreck and the burial service, were sent to the captain's widow, who lived in New York. In return for the kindness and solicitude shown by the people of Sandwich, the captain's widow sent the town the bell in question.

Five years later, in 1703, the bell was taken to Barnstable for use on the courthouse. There it did duty regularly until 1827, when fire destroyed the courthouse. The belfry fell outside the radius of the flames, and the bell was uninjured, although almost nothing else was saved. The new courthouse was completed in 1833, and the bell took its place in the tower, and until 1874 was rung regularly at the opening of each session of court.

In 1872, on the night before the Fourth of July, some of the town boys used a heavy hammer on the bell, and cracked it. Two years later the county commissioners bought a new bell, and placed the old one in the office of the clerk of courts where it has since remained. The bell is fourteen inches high and fourteen inches in diameter at the bottom. Running round it is a scroll, which bears the date, 1675, and the motto in Latin: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"



Portuguese Selling Mayflowers

THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

OUR SPLENDID ROADS

THERE seems to be an idea still lingering in the minds of many not acquainted with the Cape that its roads are not all that they should be. This may have been true twenty years ago, but has no foundation today. In talking with a newcomer on the Cape recently we were told that he was advised by certain well-meaning, but mis-informed friends in the city where he came from, not to bring his motor-cycle with him, as the roads were not passable for that sort of vehicle. Imagine his surprise, upon reaching the Cape, to find roads better than those he had left at home.

Somehow or other some people do not grasp the idea that "Cape Cod Folks" does not typify the Cape today.

From Buzzards Bay to Provincetown is an uninterrupted stretch of smooth, macadimized and oiled roads. It is possible to travel from one end of the Cape to the other, on either shore, and not find a bit of road that is not in excellent condition. Not only that, but the roads connecting the villages on one shore with the villages on the other shore, are just as good.

Barnstable County probably has more miles of macadam road than any other section of like size in New England.

Hundreds of automobiles are owned by the permanent residents of the Cape and thousands by those who visit the Cape during the summer.

It is doubtful if there exists anywhere more favorable conditions for the motorist than upon the Cape. Garages, with expert repair men, are to be found every few miles along the road. Roadside gasoline tanks, ready to connect a hose direct to your car, are also so frequent as to cause comment. Sign boards give clear indication of the way you should go. Varied scenery delights the eye at every turn. What more can one expect?

A MISTAKEN IDEA

THERE seems to have been an impression given somehow that this magazine is in some way connected with the Cape Cod Canal and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The idea is entirely erroneous. We have no corporation backing of any kind. The magazine is an idea that has been developing in the mind of a native of the Cape, who is an experienced publisher, for some years. The time seemed to have come when the Cape should have a publication of this kind and, without any attempt to secure outside financial backing of any kind, it was launched.

Our interest is in the whole Cape, not in any particular portion of it. We are interested in promoting its interests not only as a summer resort, but also in every way that lies within our power.

We see a brilliant future in store for the section. We believe that the sons of Cape Cod today are just as red blooded, just as progressive and just as level headed as were our fathers who became so successful in mercantile, political and professional pursuits the country over. "Cape Cod for Cape Cod-

ders" is our motto, with a cordial welcome for those who come to reside among us. The true Cape Codder is an independent individual capable of working out his own destiny, but is not above receiving and acting upon advice from those who have proven their fitness to give it by being successful themselves.



CONSTANT PROGRESS

ONE has to visit the Cape with great frequency to keep pace with the improvements constantly taking place there.

Chatham, a few years ago was a sleepy sea-side village, but it is so no more. Astonishing changes have taken place there. In the Chatham Bars Inn it has the finest hotel on the Cape; it has a new brick business block in the center of the town in which the postoffice and stores find location, and its shores have been built up with the finest summer homes. The boulevard that leads from Chatham to Orleans around the shore of Pleasant Bay does not find an equal, even on the North Shore. The Marconi Wireless station, with its tall masts, its handsome brick buildings and its comfortable cottages, is another interesting development that has taken place in Chatham.

A trip down the Cape for the purpose of observing the yearly developments is well worth while.



THE BOARD OF TRADE

THE Cape Cod Board of Trade is bound to become more and more of a feature in the development of the Cape. It has this season placed advertisements in various papers exploiting the Cape as a summer vacation ground and the secretary is in constant receipt of inquiries in response to them.

Every person who believes in the work that it is doing should join it and help the cause along. Plans are in progress at the present time to bring its members together for the purpose of getting mutually acquainted, which as a social event, will perhaps be the gala day of the summer.

IT is said that traffic through the Cape Cod Canal is showing substantial gains. This was to be expected. The canal is far from the failure that some would try to make you believe. It is true that its waters are not yet crowded, but more and more vessels are using it every month, and this is bound to increase as time goes on. It is hard to learn an old dog new tricks, and sailing masters who have become accustomed to the passage around the Cape are slow to take up the new route, but one by one they are being forced to see its advantages, and having given the canal a trial, few will go back to the old route. The increase in traffic through the canal is slowly, but surely coming.

CAMP life on the Cape is an interesting feature of the summer months. Booklets advertising camps for boys and girls are coming to our desk and we are beginning to learn that the youngsters are well provided for in the healthful, educational and ideal conditions that have been made for those who are in a position to take advantage of them.

THE first political announcement of the season has been made. Charles S. Burgess of Falmouth has announced that he will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative from his district. Mr. Burgess is the editor of the Falmouth Enterprise and a member of the Falmouth school committee. He has always been a staunch republican.

THERE are signs of a strenuous political campaign upon the Cape this fall.

BUZZARDS BAY: A PLEASURE GROUND

Where Nature Has Done Its Best to Provide a Place for Recreation in Summer

Bartholomew Gosnold, with thirty-two colonists from Falmouth, England, bent upon exploitation and trade, put in at the mouth of the Bay in 1602, and established a settlement at Cuttyhunk Island, where an excavation upon an inlet in a fresh-water lake believed to have been the site of their block-house, was visible within recent years. Although this expedition returned to England after a brief stay, it left to the bay the name "Gosnold's Hope." The early settlers, however, conferred upon this lovely shore is a part of Cape Cod, and the residents consider themselves Cape Cod folk.

It is the delectable land of the vacationist, the yachtsman, the bather and the motor-boat enthusiast, with almost limitless opportunities for motoring, walking, driving and social pursuits. There is rarely a variation of ten degrees in the temperature of the water in any twenty-four hours. Summer is a season of a thousand enchantments about Buzzards Bay. You forget all your worries and the cares of



HARBOR SCENE

arm of the sea its present name, from the fish hawkes which were termed buzzards, there seen in myriads.

Opening out into the sea about twenty miles east of Newport, Buzzards Bay stretches its blue waters away to the northeast for thirty miles, varying in width from ten miles at its lower end to the veriest bow-shot from headland to headland. The eastern

business life. The fame of the inland sea as a fishing ground is wide. Its waters are protected against the seines and pounds of the market fishermen, and it is an ideal recreation spot. Squiteague, scup, tautog and sea bass are plentiful and bluefish have their seasons. The word, the "Blues" are running, bears a magic message to the ears of the sportsman.



A PLACE TO FORGET CARES



WATER SPORTS

Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson—boon companions—passed many happy days here, and they have been followed by many of a like nature, who have built up palatial residences around its shores and enjoy the natural and social life to the fullest extent.

All manner of things are seen afloat on Buzzards Bay, from the fisherman's thirteen-footer to the swim or sail a boat. There are many juvenile sailors along the shore.

The Bay, however, is not the only attraction. Bend your steps inland and there immediately comes into view a prospect of open fields, tree shaded roads, shimmering ponds and winding streams. New beauties burst on your eager sight, each turn of the road lures you on. You begin to realize why people



A YACHT RACE

palatial steam yacht of the millionaire sportsman. Saucy little motor boats run about from harbor to harbor with jolly parties. Sloops, schooners, catboats and knockabouts are forever darting in and out, riding at anchor or hoisting their canvas to the good southwest breeze which blows nearly every afternoon.

Sailing is a pastime that is popular with the women of the summer colony. Nearly every little



AN OLD WIND MILL

waterside village has its yacht club, and in nearly every one of these there are ladies who are as competent to handle their crafts as the men. Races in the various classes are weekly events, in which there are usually special classes for boats sailed by women.

Perhaps the most popular boat in these waters is the knockabout, which has moderate sail area, and is weatherly, safe and fast. The sonder type is much in vogue, as is the Cape "cat."

Children of the summer visitors practically live on—or in—the bay. It is a grand place to learn to

who live about Buzzards Bay are so enthusiastic concerning the place—why those who go there once are always glad to go again.

Drives inland offer a pleasant variation from the activities of the shore. Automobilists, too, find much pleasure here because of the splendid roads that the State, and a dozen towns maintain. There are miles of macadam as smooth as your floor, hard as asphalt, with the water always in sight. There are other stretches of roads where the wheels turn noiselessly on carpets of needles fallen from the pines that crowd close along the traveled way. The woodland nooks are cool and restful and the sylvan odors have the perfume of a subtle incense. These roads have a history. Long before the Englishmen had arrived at Plymouth they were the foot-trails of the Indians; over them the colonists drove their herds to pasture or water; then they became bridle paths, later cart roads, and eventually modern highways.

There are various ways of getting to Buzzards



LIGHTHOUSES

Bay. There is the train route from Boston, New York, the South, North and West; the steamer route via Fall River or New Bedford; and the automobile route from everywhere.

Journeying along the east side of the Bay, the town of Bourne comes first. This town is scattered into half-a-dozen villages of which Bourne itself is the centre. Buzzards Bay village is a railroad centre. On Buttermilk Bay is the former home of Joseph Jefferson, Crow's Nest, he called it, and nearby is the cottages belonging to General Taylor of the Boston Globe and his sons. Here is the entrance to the new ship canal that enters the mouth of the Monument river and cuts off the Cape from the mainland. There is a splendid boat anchorage here and just beyond at Monument Beach is a summer colony that enjoys life to its utmost advantage. Pocasset, Cataumet, Megansett, Quissett, North and West Falmouth, Falmouth and Woods Hole are along-shore resorts, each with its splendid harbor, its cottages, hotels and boarding places.

Gray Gables, the summer home of the late Grover Cleveland, is always pointed out to the visitor. It is on a jutting point on Monument Neck and is one of the notable places of the region.

A short walk along the Gray Gables road toward the sea from Buzzards Bay railroad station leads to Camp Wampanoag, a salt water camp, where boys of various ages can enjoy a free, wild life all summer, sleeping in the open air, and, by becoming for the time being, young frontiersmen, qualify themselves for the larger obligations of life.

Up the river a little ways is the site of the old trading post, established by the Pilgrims for their trade with the Dutch from New Amsterdam.

The scenery of Buzzards Bay is one of islands and inlets, woodland shaded slopes and green lawns extending down to the water. It does not pay to wax too enthusiastic over the scenery unless we be accused of drawing too freely on the imagination. But it is scarcely possible to be too enthusiastic over the scenery. Go where you will you will scarcely find its equal. In coloring it rivals the Bay of Naples, Casco Bay with its island for every day in the week is no more picturesque.

The summer colonies and the palatial cottages are situated beside smooth beaches. The water is clear, free from weeds, rocks and shells and bathing can be enjoyed without fear of harm. A morning and evening plunge is the order of the day.

Of social activities there is enough. There is a great neighborly feeling between the colonist in the various villages. They visit back and forth, join in dances, tennis, golf, and other pleasures. The motor boat is the jitney buss that takes them where they want to go.

"This is the life," exclaims those who come to Buzzards Bay. It is the life, indeed. Days full of pleasure and happiness crowd one upon the other. The summer is all too short to enjoy it all.



WATER SPORTS

The Cape Cod, Marth's Vinevard and Nantucket Hotel Association is growing steadily. Herbert M. Chase, manager of the Wesley House at Oak Bluffs, is president. It has an active publicity committee.

On a clear day the Pilgrim monument at Provincetown is plainly seen at Plymouth, reminding the residents of that place that the famous Pilgrim compact was signed there. There are more historic Cape Cod spots that should be fittingly marked.

REMINISCENCES OF DANIEL WEBSTER

Being an Authentic Account of His Mashpee Fishing Trips

The little Indian settlement of Mashpee, with its few houses scattered in the woods along the shores of the great Wakeby and Mashpee lakes, in the heart of Cape Cod, enjoys the distinction of having entertained the most famous of America's fishermen of this and former days.

Daniel Webster, Grover Cleveland, the late Gov. W. E. Russell, "Joe" Jefferson and others as enthusiastic, all have held it as their favorite trout fishing resort, and all have slept in the same bed in the Daniel Webster room of the quaint old hotel Attaquin, built by Webster's old Indian guide and companion, "Sol" Attaquin, who died but a few years ago, and who in turn directed Webster, Cleveland, Russell and Jefferson to secluded pools where a big string and fine sport was assured.

Even today Indians and their descendants, but few of the latter full-blooded, however, comprise most of the population of the town. Only two white families live within its borders.

The Indians are of the famous Mashpee, or South Sea, tribe, a branch of the Great Herring Pond Indians, the ones who supplied the starving pilgrim fathers at Plymouth with corn during the second year's famine, among whom was Samoset, whose greeting, "Welcome, Englishmen," has been preserved in the history of Plymouth colony.

At Mashpee it is difficult to secure anecdotes of Webster, or even of Cleveland and Jefferson, who were there as late as the summer of 1909 and both of whom had interest in lots or islands along and in the lakes of the town.

The honesty, simplicity and democracy of the inhabitants is shown by the fact that even such distinguished visitors can go there and fish or hunt or lounge to their heart's content and all the average citizen knows or cares about them is that they are "fishermen up at the Attaquin."

An example of the innocent, simplicity and manner of minding their own business that characterizes the residents is connected with President Cleveland's second election. Having been so frequent a visitor to Mashpee and the presence of such an eminent man being such an honor, everyone believed that he would surely receive every one of the votes of the 50 registered voters of the place. Instead he received a very small vote. Later this was explained by the surprise of the townspeople at learning that it was "the same Cleveland."

John Pompey, the oldest inhabitant of the settlement and one of the full-blooded Indians, who lived there when Daniel Webster was a frequent visitor, was asked, not by a stranger, but by one of his neighbors, a lifelong friend, if he remembered Webster or his visits.

"Well," replied the honest old man, "I never knew him or saw him to know him, although I afterward found out that the famous man was here often in my day. Once, it must be over 60 years ago, I was fishing at Amos' landing on the Mashpee river, a great place for trout, when "Sol" Attaquin and a fine dignified gentleman came along and dropped their lines in close beside me. We exchanged greetings, as I always did, no matter whether or not I knew the persons whom I met when fishing along the river, and pretty soon the visitor and myself began to talk about the catches that we had made. The trout were biting well, and we both landed a big one about the same time. We showed them to each other, compared their size, and talked more about fishing and the best places along the river for catching trout. Some years later, talking about the famous Daniel Webster after he had died, "Sol" Attaquin told me that it was Webster who talked with me and compared his catch with mine."

And so it is today, and consequently it is hard to lasso anecdotes of Cleveland's fishing from the townspeople. They say that Cleveland and a party will be there, and the first they know about it will be when they read it in the papers, after the fishermen have returned to their homes.

But at the "hotel," one of the quaintest, coziest and old fashioned in New England, "Sol" Attaquin faithfully preserved Daniel Webster's room intact up to the very day that he quit keeping the inn, and the late Oliver Holmes, his successor, religiously kept it in its simple splendor and showed it with great delight to all the guests who arrived for a fishing trip or for dinner.

Deacon Watson F. Hammond, generally known as the Indian representative to the general court of about 15 years ago, now conducts the house for Mrs. Holmes, and the room is unchanged. Deacon Hammond, who lived with "Sol" Attaquin as a boy, has no recollections of Daniel Webster's visits.

"Sol" Attaquin is remembered, however, as he died but 15 years ago, and in addition to being the most prominent resident and for years town treasurer and chairman of the board of selectmen, he was a relative of practically every one in the place. Mr. Attaquin erected the building which has since been known as the hotel Attaquin, in 1840. The hostelry

at once became the favorite resort of sportsmen. He was one of the first exploiters of the attractions of that section of Cape Cod.

A full-blooded Indian, magnificent in personal appearance, bluff, frank, naturally honest, with wide knowledge of the world, he having been a sailorman and whaler for years, he was a most delightful and entertaining companion for the legislators and prominent men whom he met as the selectman of his town and the representative of his people, who were then wards of the state. His native fishing and hunting instincts of course guaranteed good sport to all whom he induced to try a day with rod or gun at Mashpee. Webster sought his hotel often for quiet, rest, fish and game.

Webster's old guide and companion on trips about Sandwich, the late John "Trout" Denison, confirmed the stories that the godlike Daniel had heard of the good fishing that could be had at Mashpee, and both went there.

The great statesman had been up and down the brooks and streams that empty into Cape Cod bay, but he had never tried his luck in the waters that flowed into Vineyard Sound, on the south side of the Cape, and his first visit to the fishing grounds at Mashpee was an occasion that he likely never forgot.

"Trout" Denison, as Webster always called his guide, who made the famous old-fashioned sassafras rod now carefully preserved among the relics of the illustrious senator, had been to Mashpee before and knew some of the best lagoons along the river there. He carefully chose a spot near Amos landing. As they waded along Denison, like all fishermen, was relating stories of famous catches, and, as a recommendation of the locality where they had just cast, told of a monster trout that he had caught on the spot several years before. He assured Webster that there were others just as big lying in wait for him. Webster, almost up to his thighs in water, coolly replied: "Denison, you are an amphibious liar; you can lie as well in the water as on land." The nickname, "the amphibious liar," clung to the guide until his death.

One of the attachments of Webster's rod, quite common in those days, was a whale tooth spear butt end. Its purpose, the old fashioned fishermen frankly tell, was that the rod might be stuck into the marsh or bank whenever desired, permitting a sociable drink without worry about lines becoming tangled in the brush or grass along the shore.

When Mr. Cleveland, as guest of "Joe" Jefferson, first visited Cape Cod in quest of trout, his one great desire was to go to Mashpee, to see and talk with Webster's old guide, "Sol" Attaquin, not John, as the Ex-President calls him in his reminiscences.

While Mr. Jefferson had fished in the brooks and streams at Sandwich and along "Scusset marshes," made famous by Webster, he had never been to the favorite fishing grounds at Mashpee, neither had he enjoyed meeting Attaquin. He was as anxious as Mr. Cleveland to make the trip.

Arrangements were soon made, word was sent to the proprietor of the hotel, and when the guests arrived every provision had been made for their comfort and enjoyment and a hearty welcome was accorded them.

Arriving too late in the day for fishing, the time was most enjoyably spent listening to stories of the big fish that had been caught in the favorite pools and lagoons along the river and anecdotes of Webster, which proprietor Holmes had heard from "Sol" Attaquin.

Daniel Webster's room was shown to both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson, but that Mr. Cleveland was to occupy it while he remained at the hotel was kept secret. When it came time for the guests to retire they were shown to their apartments, and to the great surprise of Mr. Cleveland he found that he was to occupy the Daniel Webster room, to sleep in the same bed which that illustrious statesman had slept in and perhaps dream of the big trout which Webster had taken from the waters of the river which flows from the lakes to the sea within the very shadow of the old hotel. Mr. Cleveland often spoke in later years of his first visit to the hotel and of the many pleasant memories associated with the occasion.

"Sol" Attaquin, an old man, was then living with his wife in a little village on a hill overlooking the lake and the village. His health had been failing, and he suffered from attacks of rheumatism at times that crippled him so that he was unable to walk. He was a constant reader of the newspapers, however, and kept in close touch with the affairs of the world. He had read of the fishing trips that Mr. Cleveland had been making in different parts of the country, and when he was told that Mr. Cleveland was stopping at the hotel and had expressed a great desire to see him, he replied that he would consider it an honor to meet the gentleman. He expressed his regret at not being able to go down to the hotel to call upon Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland called upon Attaquin the day before he left for home. When he grasped the hand of the venerable old man, whose once stalwart frame was bent under the weight of fourscore years, and whose honest face was traced with deep furrows, both were visibly affected, and in silence looked into each other's faces.

Tears came to the eyes of the old guide and coursed down his pallid cheeks as he sat in his old armchair still holding Mr. Cleveland's hand and telling him in his plain and democratic manner, the great pleasure that the call afforded him. For nearly an hour the guide entertained his visitor, relating anec-

dotes of Webster and other famous fishermen whom he had entertained at his hotel in early days.

To have slept in the Daniel Webster bed at the old hotel, to have talked with Webster's companion and to have heard him tell, as no other person could, of the many fishing trips, was a rare treat, and Mr. Cleveland returned to his home, carrying with him the most pleasant memories of the town and of Attaquin.

The Ex-President made frequent visits to Mashpee after that before the death of the guide, and he never failed to call upon the aged gentleman and extend his heartiest greetings.

"Sol" Attaquin, as he had directed Webster, told Mr. Cleveland where the best fishing places along the river and in the lakes could be found and consequently he has always succeeded in making good catches.

Upon one occasion, while fishing for black bass in one of the Mashpee lakes, Mr. Cleveland, who was then President, was the only one of his party, in fact, the only fisherman of the dozen or more who were on the lake that day, who caught any of those gamy denizens of the water. He was high line, surely, and the members of his party, as they rowed ashore, were laughing and joking about his having all the luck.

When they neared the landing another boatload of fisherman, who had been out since daybreak, inquired as to the luck. The unlucky fishermen did not recognize that the person who answered was Mr. Cleveland. They were not aware that the President of the United States was anywhere in that region.

"We have had all the luck, I guess," replied Mr. Cleveland. "What kind of luck did you have?"

"None at all," they replied in chorus. "We have been out here since morning and we never saw such dull fishing. We don't believe that there is a black bass in the lake."

"Well, just pull alongside for a moment and take some of these fish and that will prove that the fish are here and make you feel better about the matter," replied Mr. Cleveland.

The fishermen pulled alongside and Mr. Cleveland threw a dozen or more big bass and an equal number of big perch into their boat. They thanked him and joyfully pulled for the shore.

At Sandwich, the nearest railroad station to Mashpee, Webster was better known, but there is but one person living there today who remembers him or who knows anecdotes about him.

Charles E. Pope, the veteran bell ringer, who is in his 89th year, knew Webster, and distinctly remembers him when he used to stop at the old Fessenden inn on Main street, now the Central house.

One day, Mr. Pope tells, Webster was on a gunning trip along the "great marshes" at West Barnstable and had been informed by a resident that a big flock of birds had been seen feeding in a certain locality a short time before. Webster at once started in pursuit, but had not gone very far when he met a young boy, who came from the direction in which the birds had been flying acoording to the description Webster asked the lad if he had seen any birds. The lad replied that he had not and asked Webster who told him that there were any birds in the vicinity.

"Enoch Shove told me," said Webster. Well, don't you believe all that Enoch Shove tells you," said the boy as he walked away.

Webster could hardly account for the remark, but it was afterward learned that Enoch Shove differed with Webster in politics and that the youngster knew it and believed that Shove told Webster of seeing a big flock of birds just to send him on a long tramp.

"Bill" Freeman, who was a well-known wit of Sandwich, always made it a point to find Webster as soon as the latter reached there. While Freeman was not a fisherman, he was a capital story teller and Webster and his friends took great delight in having him around after the day's fishing was over One night, while they were all sitting in Swift's tavern listening to Freeman, Webster suddenly arose and digging deep into his pockets, drew forth nine cents. Throwing the money on the table, he said: "Bill, there are nine cents; if you can make a rhyme on that the money is yours." Settling down in the big old-fashioned chair in which he was lounging, stretching his legs to their full length and extending his arms far above his head. "Bill," in his inimitable droll manner, said:

Six and three are nine—
You're a fool and the money is mine.

"Bill Freeman was rather an eccentric fellow, and it is told that he always wore two hats at the same time, one of them being a hat that Webster presented him and which was so large that he had to wear it over another hat.

During one day's fishing, on Great Marshes, at West Barnstable, Webster came across a youngster who was speculating on the best way to get over a creek without getting wet. Webster, ascertaining his dilemma, promptly took the boy "pig-a-back" across the little stream.

"What might I call you, sir?" inquired the boy after expressing his thanks.

"My name is Webster," replied the famous statesman.

"You're not the famous Daniel Webster?" questioned the boy, his eyes sticking out of his head in awe.

"Well, goodby; now run along home, and good day to you," was the only, but pleasant reply of Webster, as he returned to his rod.

MAKING MONEY IN CLAMS

(By Dr. Ephraim Cutter, A Cape Cod Summer Resident Since 1872)

"Money must be made on Cape Cod." These words were spoken lately by a member of the Falmouth Board of Trade, the son of one of the great whaling captains of Cape Cod.

Of the many ways to carry out this slogan one may be indicated by what was said at a hearing at the Massachusetts State House when the matter of seining in Buzzards Bay was brought up. I remember one native Cape Cod witness being asked, "What do Cape Cod folks live on?" Answer, "On the summer visitor."

As a summer visitor for forty-three years, and being eight-three years old, perhaps I might suggest another source of livelihood; that is the clam industry. I have been told that the cause of the clam scarcity is the summer visitors. Nine years ago I was given a half-barrel of clams and planted them myself on the south shore of my place on West Falmouth harbor where there had never been clams as far back as 1872. A Cape Codder said it was no use; they would be dug up in six weeks by the natives—and they were. (In about two weeks). The native witness at the aforesaid hearing might have added, "Cape Codders live on clams when they can be had."

In 1872 there were no United States Fish Commission and shell fish were plenty on the shores. Said commissioners have made pretty poor work as their business has left scarcity instead of abundance and it seems to me that the fish commission should be blamed rather than the summer visitors, to whom abundance of fish and shellfish is one of the greatest attractions of Cape Cod.

Of course, in the United States, fisheries are but a small item in the food supplying agencies of the country, amounting to about $50,000,000 annually. In 1893 the value of poultry in Missouri (that was not much of a hen state, anyhow) was reputed as $75,000,000 alone.

There is money in clams. The United States reports on fisheries have said that an income of $1,000 to $1,500 a year can be had from one acre of clams. A near approach to this is the report of a Portuguese family getting $600 an acre.

Mr. Daniel Hewes, my Yale, 1852 classmate, owns a citrus ranch in Orange, Cal. Two years ago he said his income was $75,000, or about $88 an acre. Compare this with the possibilities of Cape Cod—hundreds of thousands of acres of shore with a possibility of $1,000 per acre, as compared with El Dorado's $88 per acre.

Boom up Cape Cod now. You have $912 in its favor over California, where the gold was under men's feet, and over their heads the mountains.

BIGGER LIGHT AT WING'S NECK

The Bureau of Lighthouses has given notice that it will install a more powerful light at Wing's Neck in Buzzards Bay about June 1. A larger lens is to be used and the illuminant will be incandescent oil vapor, which will give a light of 2,900 candle power. It is expected that mariners navigating Buzzards Bay will be pleased with the change as the present light is only 150 candle power.

Edward Frazier, recently with the Elk's Club in Boston, is to be chef at the Santuit Hotel, Cotuit, the coming summer.



ON THE FLATS

CAPE COD FARMING

BY L. B. BOSTON

SOIL FERTILITY

The question of soil fertility is the one question about which any farmer need feel concerned, but it is very often the last question the farmer considers seriously. He will ponder over the advisability of growing potatoes or corn on a certain piece of ground, he will reflect over the location of a fruit plantation, and weigh the subject of liming his garden, but in the majority of cases he will overlook the fertility problem for any one or all of these projects.

A fertile soil is one which will grow crops successfully, and this fertility depends upon three or four things, namely: texture, ability to retain moisture, proper humus contend, and the amount of plant food available. A soil may be rich in humus and plant food, it may have plenty of moisture, but if it is in poor texture at time of seeding, or is left untilled, it will give disappointing returns. A soil may be in fine texture, it may have a good humus content and plenty of plant food, but without the capacity for holding water it will also be unproductive.

When we consider that it requires from 300 to 500 pounds of water to make one pound of dry matter in a crop, it will be seen that a soil capable of holding water is a necessity. But the best land will dry out if left to itself, so one must practice continuous shallow cultivation in order to break up the top soil and thus check capillary attraction of water to the surface. Water rises in a soil from particle to particle and the more compact the soil the faster it rises. By loosening the top two or three inches the capillary attraction is broken, and evaporation is lessened. By this continuous shallow cultivation one is not only retaining the moisture, but is at the same time improving the physical condition of the soil, aerating the land, and incidentally bringing soil agencies to work in restoring lost fertility.

Humus is decayed organic matter, and exceedingly necessary in increasing the power of soils for retaining moisture. Bacterial organisims thrive in humus, and have an extremely important part to play in making a soil fertile. Very few farms, especially on Cape Cod, have enough humus in their soils, and it is apparent that here is where the average farmer falls down. He takes loads of crops from off his land and puts back commercial fertilizer. It will never do. Commercial fertilizer is a necessary adjunct to present day farming, but it will never replace those bacterial agencies or help the soil retain its water. It may be possible to grow a successful crop now and then on commercial fertilizer alone, and many a farmer is doing it, but not after the humus content is depleted. How many remember that field that cut hay which grew higher than the horses' backs twenty years ago, but now is hardly worth cutting at all? Why it does not pay to cut now is no fault of the climate or of the season. A field seeded this spring should not be considered a permanent investment that will yield four tons per acre for an indefinite time. It may yield four tons next year, and with something put back yield four tons the year after, but it is absurd to expect top-dressings alone to put back to the soil what has been carted away. Wise are the farmers who practise a systematic rotation, and who realize the necessity of putting back something from the soil which gave them so much. It is the progressive farmers in all communities who are plowing in crops—good thrifty crops, and for it these farmers are getting value received.

There seems to be a quite general opinion that it is possible for a soil expert to analyize a sample of soil and be able to tell the owner just what plant foods to apply, how much of each, and how often. It may look easy—it surely appears attractive, but nevertheless, there is nothing to it. It is possible to test soils, and to find out of what they are composed but the link is broken where availability and unavailability of plant food enters. The average analysis of 49 samples of soil taken over typical areas of the United States showed that for a depth of eight inches there were 2600 pounds of Nitrogen, 4800 pounds of Phosphoric Acid and 13,400 pounds of Potash. Or enough nitrogen to last 90 years, phosphoric acid to last 500 years and potash to last 1000 in growing wheat averaging 14 bushels per acre, but how much of these plant foods were accessable to the crops and how much were not is where the chemists test fails. A soil is not "run out." It is, rather, exhausted of its available plant food.

Judged by results we are not one particle more efficient today than we were 50 years ago. For the seven year period closing in 1911 the average acre yield of corn was 26 bushels. Our fathers 50 years earlier in the seven year period closing 1872 averaged 26.6 bushels. Of course today we are securing much larger total returns, but on acreage scale alone—not on yield per acre.

We must keep the fertility up: we must annihilate the soil robber. Just go into any old section of the country—right here in New England—if you please. There you find many deserted homes and abandoned farms. Why? Because the fertility was sold and none replaced. It was sent away from the farms in bushel baskets, in baled bundles, in cotton sacks, by the bushel, by the pound, by the ton. Go

into the south—into that land blessed in every way beyond measure. You find impoverished soils; you see worn-out fields, gullied and wrinkled and cast aside. The fat of the land was gathered up and shipped away in cotton, in tobacco, in corn, and none was returned to take its place. The humus was used up, and burned by one-horse plows and shallow working tools and the land was bereft of its powers of high production.

Go into any of the older portions of the country—go even into the West, into the newest settlements. You find depleted soils, lands robbed of fertility, farms rendering their owners a bare existence. Why is all this so true? Because the soil robber in every instance had been present, and because of a compact with the fool the fertility has been taken away and the lands reduced to the lowest point of production.

But the brighter side of the picture is coming into view; we see the soil robber and the fool far in the distance, disappearing; we see the intelligent tiller of the soil in the foreground, already at work with vim and courage and determination, adding humus to the soil and restoring life to the land. And so every earnest husbandman can take courage, for the land is not lost to the wise farmer—either East or West, or North or South. For brains mixed with the soil and applied to intelligent culture will restore the land and save the nation.

L. B. BOSTON.

Many subscriptions to this magazine have been received and its success as a permanent Cape Cod institution seems assured.

CAPE COD CANAL CO. REDUCES ITS CHARGES

With a new schedule announcing that the Cape Cod Canal will now accommodate all kinds of shipping having a draught of 18 feet or less at rates materially lower than before, the company declares its purpose to dig the whole ditch to a uniform depth of 35 feet so that it will be able to transport any warship or almost any merchant vessel in existence.

In this connection application will probably be made for the fortification of the canal with land batteries to protect it from invasion in case of war.

The tolls for commercial vessels, including those carrying passengers or freight, or both, range from $5 a passage for those of less than 16 gross tons with a minimum of 30 feet in length, to $20 for the same tonnage and 65 feet or over; from $21 for craft of from 16 to 19 gross tons to $80 for those from 950 to 999 gross tons. For tugs and vessels having no passengers or cargo, but empty or in ballast, the single passage rate is $3 for the first class and $10.50 for those of less than 16 gross tons and 65 feet or more in length. For those from 450 to 499 gross tons the rate is $24. Commercial vessels of more than 1000 gross tons are to pay eight cents a gross ton for a single passage and tugs and vessels without passengers or cargo, when over 500 gross tons, five cents a gross ton for each passage.

The lake region of Cape Cod abounds in good fishing. Black bass, pickerel and perch are plentiful and land locked salmon have been installed in many of them.



AN OLD WRECK

BOARD OF TRADE

BY THE SECRETARY

That a Cape Cod Board of Trade can be made a useful, and, sometimes, an absolutely necessary organization, was recently demonstrated by a little incident. The secretary, while in the office of the general passenger agent of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. made some inquiries about the summer service, and was informed by the assistant general passenger agent of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. that the people of a small town half way between Boston and the Cape, had, through one of its citizens, petitioned that one of the very few express trains with which the Cape is favored, be stopped at that town. He immediately communicated with organizations and some of the representative citizens of the Cape, with the result that the Public Service Commission at the private hearing were presented with a number of letters from people on the Cape, strongly expressing themselves against any move on the part of the Commissioners to force the railroad officers to stop the train in question at the station mentioned. The Commissioners therefore decided to do nothing, allowing the people of Middleboro, the town in question, the privilege of petitioning for a public hearing.

The train was the 4.30 express to Buzzards Bay from Boston. The story centering around this train, is, briefly, this: Late in the year 1914 the railroad, in line with a general policy of retrenchment, decided to curtail the Cape service by taking off one up-train in the morning, and one down-train in the evening; thus putting several stops on the schedule of the morning express from Buzzards Bay up, and likewise on the evening express down from Boston. As a result of the general storm of protest that swept over the Cape on account of this decision, several of the railroad officers made a tour of the Cape, in an effort to explain the matter to the people personally; and made a definite promise, that during the summer season exactly the same service would be afforded as heretofore; and if possible, the service would even be improved.

Middleboro profited by the loss of the Cape, in that that was one of the stops placed on the schedule of the train that had hitherto been the Cape express. When the summer time table was in the course of preparation, one of the Middleboro citizens discovered, while talking with the assistant general passenger agent, that the officers of the railroad contemplated the discontinuance of the stop at Middleboro by the Cape express during the summer months.

The private hearing before the Public Service Commission resulted. When this was unproductive of results, the people of Middleboro petitioned for a public hearing. But this gave the people of the Cape plenty of opportunity to prepare their case; and as a result, when the hearing opened, on the morning of May 12th, there were present about 25 people from all parts of the Cape, a number making the trip to Boston for this especial purpose, several coming all the way from Provincetown. Among those from the Cape who were present and spoke, were: Senator Charles L. Gifford, of Cotuit; Representative Jerome S. Smith, Moses N. Gifford and James Burke of Provincetown; Rev. Thomas Bickford, principal of the Sea Pines School for girls, of Brewster; Walter and Charles Nickerson of Dennis; Francis K. Irwin and Willard Hill of Cataumet; M. C. Hallett of Barnstable; George Lewis of Hyannis; T. H. Nickerson of Harwichport, vice president of the Cape Cod Board of Trade; and S. B. Corr of Sandwich, secretary of the Cape Cod Board of Trade.

The people of Middleboro had made elaborate preparations, having no less a personage than James F. Casey, former chairman of the Public Service Commission, present to plead their cause. The Commissioners, however, decided the matter in favor of the people of the Cape.

The importance of this case hinges around the principle of the matter, rather than the intrinsic value of the case itself. While the single stop at Middleboro, in itself, perhaps, might not have seriously impaired the railroad service, nevertheless, it would have been a start, and there is no reason why Bridgewater, for instance, with a normal school, and with not nearly so good service as Middleboro, might not have asked for a stop by this train; as might very logically the other towns on the route.

There are few things so important to the Cape in its present stage of development as transportation. Good and unimpaired railroad service is as important to the development of the Cape as free and unimpeded blood circulation is to the human body, for the railroad might well be compared with the arteries and veins of the human body. And that is one way in which an organization of this kind may make itself invaluable, by always being on the watch for opportunities to improve the transportation service, not only in encouraging new methods, but in watching against unnecessary impairment of the service already established. As a result of the cranberry campaign carried on by the Cape Cod Board of Trade in conjunction with the cranberry growers, the name of Cape Cod, as well as one of its principle products, is better known throughout the country. As a result of this campaign, many favorable press notices were given in the columns of newspapers throughout the country; and the secretary received many communications, seeking for information of various kinds.

This was also the result of a small advertisement that was carried in a special issue of the Boston Transcript that went to the west and the south. One of the proudest achievements of which that organization has a right to boast, however, is the increasing spirit of co-operation that is spreading among the communities of the Cape. The people are beginning to realize, evidently, as never before, that much more may be accomplished in the way of development, by co-operating, than by pulling apart. This spirit of co-operation, which had its real inception in the Pageant of Cape Cod, has been growing in some sections of the Cape to a remarkable extent.

THE PACKET LINES

Before the coming of the railroad to the Cape almost the entire intercourse with Boston and the outside world was carried on by means of sailing packet lines. From every village of the inside shore of the Cape one or more of these lines were maintained, and passengers and merchandise were conveyed by them to and from Boston. These lines were also maintained between that city and Chatham, on the southeastern extreme of the Cape, but the usual custom was to notify the south shore dwellers of the time of the arrival and departure of these vessels, by signals hoisted on some eminence discernable to the residences of these villages. Speed and comfortable accmmodations were prime factors in these crafts, and a good deal of rivalry existed among the owners, sailors and agents of these vessels. One by one, as railroad communication was established, these packets were withdrawn. Provincetown, alone, is the only port in the country to have water communication with Boston, a daily steamer running between these two places.

A SNAKE STORY

The Cape Indians were always friendly to the whites and were early Christianized. History relates that Deacon Nauhaught, of the Yarmouth tribe, resident on Bass river, was once attacked by a large number of black snakes. Being at a considerable distance from any people, and having no weapon about him except what the God of Nature had given him, he knew not what to do. He found it impossible to escape them by any attempt to run. He experienced, however, very little of any fearful apprehensions on account of his personal safety. He was perfectly self-controlled, and thought he would stand firm on his feet and suffer the snakes to take their course. They soon began to wind themselves about his legs. Presently one of them got up to his neck and seemed to act as if he were attempting to get his head into Nauhaught's mouth. Nauhaught opened his jaws, which were furnished with a noble set of teeth. The snake immediately thrust in its head and the deacon bit it off, a fortunate circumstance as the result proved; for the blood streaming from the decapitated leader in the attack, so alarmed the rest of the invading enemy that Nauhaught was immediately left master of the field.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

The first English settlement on the Cape was affected in Sandwich. The patent was given on April 3, 1637. The actual settlement was not affected until the following year. The first settlers were Edmund Freeman, Heanry Feake, Thomas Dexter, Edward Dillingham, William Wood, John Carmen, Richard Chadwell, William Almy, Thomas Tupper, George Knott, and fifty undertakers, as the new citizens were called, chiefly from Lynn or Saugus, Duxbury and Plymouth, most of them bringing their families. These men as a class were of a more tolerant and liberal spirit than characterized the governing classes of the Massachusetts settlers, which probably had a determining influence upon the selection of this place as a permanent residence.

Many complaints were made to the court concerning the failure of these men to comply with the orders of the parent colony at Plymouth and Capt. Miles Standish and Thomas Prence had to be sent down to settle the difficulties.

"That exiled band long since have passed away,
And still, Old Tree, thou standest in the place
Where Prince's hand did plant thee in his day—
An undesigned memorial of his race.
And time; of those our honored fathers, when
They came from Plymouth o'er and settled here;
Doane, Higgins, Snow and other worthy men,
Whose names their sons remember to revere."

The first newspaper published on the Cape was issued at Falmouth, Nov. 21, 1823, by W. E. P Rogers, under the name of the Nautical Intelligencer. It was issued weekly and continued in existence about a year and a half.

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Chronology of Events in Cape Cod History

1006—Icelandic sagas furnish overwhelming evidence that the Northmen visited this coast. The description of this coast by the historians of that voyage is startling in its reality.

1524—Giovanni Verrazzano, the great Florentine navigator, made a voyage of exploration to North America and left a map of the outline of Cape Cod sufficient for identification.

1542—Jehn Allefonsce, a French navigator, sailed down the coast from Canada and explored these waters.

1602—Captain Bartholomew Gosnold landed on Cape Cod and established a settlement at Cuttyhunk in Buzzards Bay. From this date until 1620 the coast was visited by numerous explorers.

1620—The Mayflower comes to anchor in Provincetown harbor where the famous Pilgrim compact was signed.

1637—First English settlement effected on the Cape at Sandwich.

1639—Settlement of Yarmouth began.

1635, November. A vessel with some Connecticut settlers on board was cast away in Manomet Bay. The crew got on shore, and, after wandering ten days in deep snows, arrived at Plymouth.

1638, June 1. Great earthquake throughout New England. "So violent its shock, in some places, that movables in houses were thrown down, and people outdoors could scarcely retain a position on their feet."—Sept. The court ordered that the inhabitants of Sandwich and Mattacheese, or Yarmouth, should build a bridge over Eel River, to be made passible by footmen or horsemen.—Dec. James Skeff of Sandwich was ordered by the court to carry Henry Ewer and wife and their goods out of the town to the place whence they came; but if this order was executed they found means to return, and remained unmolested.

1639, May 6. It was ordered by the court, that "if Mr. Callicut do come in his own person to inhabit Mattacheese before the next General Court in June next ensuing, then the grant shall remain firm unto him; but if he fail to come within the time fixed, that then their grant be made void, and the land be otherwise disposed of." It was also ordered by the court that "the proportion of land granted to Mr. Andrew Hallet at Mattacheese, shall be and remain unto him, and that those that are appointed to set forth the bounds betwixt Mattacheese and Mattacheesett shall lay forth the said portion unto him in a convenient place there."—Dec. 3. Thomas Lumbert was licensed to keep an ordinary

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H. V. LAWRENCE

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for entertainment of strangers and draw wines in Barnstable.

1640, March 2. The "purchasers and old comers," obtained a grant of "a tract of land from the bounds of Yarmouth three miles eastward of Naemskekectt and across the neck from sea to sea." For this grant and two others, William Bradford and associates, the aforesaid "purchasers and old comers," surrendered to the whole body of the freemen all the rest of the land within the patent, which had not been granted to other persons.

1641, June 1. The rates of the several towns fixed by the court for the payment of clerk and 30 bushels of corn for the messenger, were as follows: Sandwich, 3 pounds; Barnstable, 2 pounds, 10 shillings; Yarmouth, 2 pounds, 10 shillings.—June 7. Thomas Starr, Hugh Tilley, William Nicholson and Joshua Barnes, of Yarmouth, complained of for being "scoffers and jeerers at religion," were ordered to recognize for their appearance in court, and "for coming to the town meetings." They were subsequently released. This was an outcome of their controversy with Mr. Matthews.

1643, Aug. 29. "Time is given to the towns of Barnstable and Yarmouth until the next court, to amend their highways, or else be fined upon their presentment." Liberty was granted to the towns of Sandwich, Barnstable and Yarmouth for erecting of military discipline among them, provided they be men of honest and good report, and freemen.

1644, March 5. "Whereas information is given to the court that there is a cow or a heifer in calve given or disposed by Mr. Andrew Hallet senr. of Yarmouth, for the benefit of the poor of the said town of Yarmouth, which for the ordering thereof was referred to the court by the said Mr. Hallet by his letter under his hand, and bearing the date the first day of March, 1643: The Court doth therefore order that the said cow or heifer in calve shall be on May day next delivered to Thomas Payne of Yarmouth, who shall have her for three years next ensuing and the milk and one-half of the increase during that time, and after the said three years are expired, the poor of Yarmouth shall have her, and the increase to be disposed of by the townsmen of Yarmouth from time to time to other poor persons dwelling in the said town as they shall think fit, and for such term, reserving the benefit of said stock for the benefit of their poor, and not to be alienated to any other use."—June 5. Mr. Anthony Thacher of Yarmouth licensed to draw wine at Yarmouth; Henry Cobb at Barnstable; Wm. Newland at Sandwich.—Aug. 20. Robert Bodfish licensed to draw wine at Sandwich, "and when he is at any time without, it shall be lawful for Wm. Newland to sell wine for persons for their need."

1646, June 2. The Court ordered that strangers that have liberty to fish at the Cape pay 5 shillings per share.—Oct. 20. The proportion of the towns for public charges were, Sandwich, 3 pounds, 10 shillings. Yarmouth, 2 pounds, 10 shillings. Barnstable, 2 pounds, 10 shillings.

1647, March 2. Thomas Shaw for "putting aside some loose palisades on the Lord's day, entering



ATHLETIC EXERCISE

the house of John Crocker of Barnstable and stealing some venison, beef, butter, cheese, tobacco and bread, was ordered to pay 12 shillings the officers that arrested him, and be publicly whipped."

1647. Mr. Prince with Anthony Thacher, appointed by the General Court to try the case of Nepoytam, Sachamus and Felix, Indians, against whom complaint had been made by Mr. Richard Sears of Yarmouth.—The town of Sandwich was presented for not training the past year.

1648. Thomas Dexter, Jr., miller, of Sandwich, presented "for not having a toll-dish sealed according to order," but "was cleared."

1650, April 22. Thomas Blossom and Josiah Hallet of Yarmouth drowned at Nauset, while on a fishing voyage. Oct. 2. Permission was granted to Mr. Thomas Prence, and others, to form a company for bass fishing at Cape Cod, and to purchase land at such convenient places as they shall choose, the privilege being confirmed to them for the term of three years. A parcel of land, about forty or fifty acres, in the town of Yarmouth, granted to Capt. Standish for his trouble in settling the land titles in that town.

(To Be Continued)



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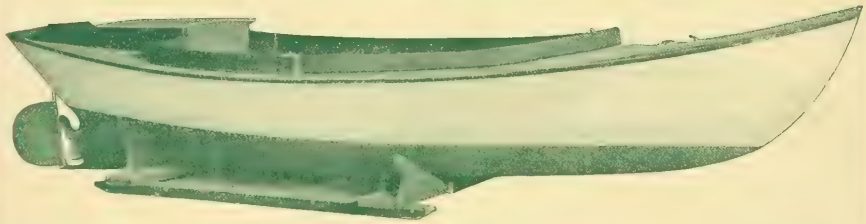
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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 JULY, 1915 NO. 3

From the Publishers' Desk

EVENTS nowadays move so rapidly that the impossibilities of yesterday are the possibilities of today, the probabilities of tomorrow, and realities of the day after. This has been aptly illustrated in the case of this magazine. The idea had been germinating in the minds of the publishers for some time. When the plan was first broached, some found objection to it, most of the objections being founded on the belief that the field was too limited.

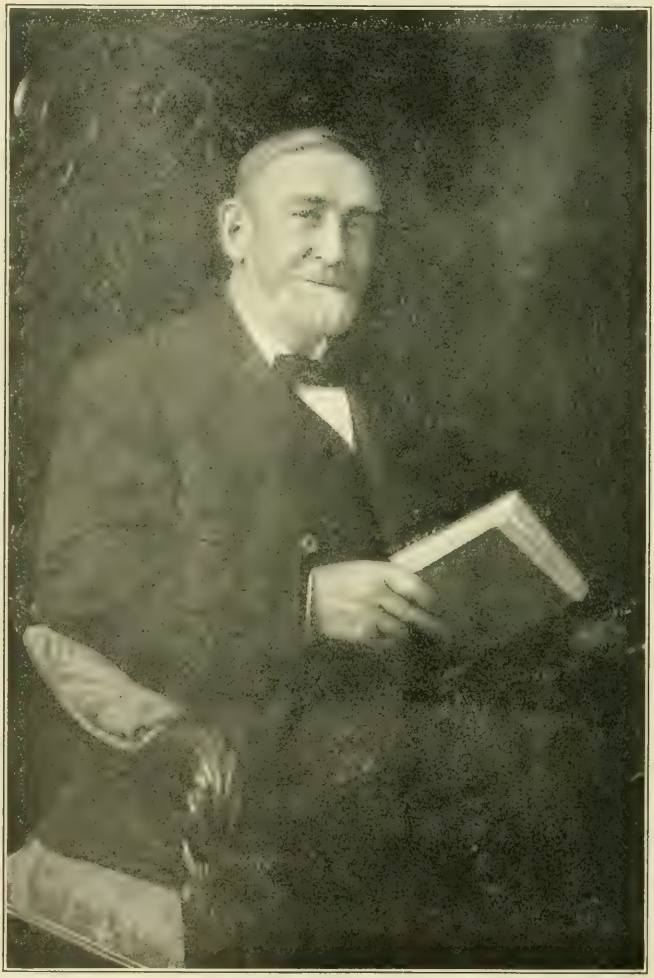
But the good people who doubted lost sight of the fact that anything appealing to Cape Cod people is capable of reaching a wider field than anything appealing to any other like section of territory. They lost sight of the fact that the sons and daughters of Cape Cod have peopled many sections of this country; and, indeed, of other countries.

The colonies of England are being held up to the rest of the world as remarkable examples of fidelity to the mother country. The children of Cape Cod who have gone to other parts are just as faithful to their native Cape. Many acquire a competence elsewhere and come back.

This may be one reason why, in the minds of some Western people, Cape Cod is the largest and most important part of New England, the State of Massachusetts occupying a small section of the Cape. If this seems like a stretch of imagination on the part of the writer, dear Reader, make it a point sometime when you are in Boston, for instance, and meet a stranger who has never been near the Cape, or who has never had occasion to look it up on the map, and you may be somewhat surprised yourself. The writer, in telling a casual acquaintance in Boston that he was living on Cape Cod, was answered with, "Oh, yes, how far are you from Marblehead?" And another remarked, "Let's see, how far do you live from Lenox? Isn't that where some foreign ambassador has his summer home?" Either of these persons could in all probability have more accurately located Preszmyl or Rheims.

The publishers intend to make this magazine truly representative of all the interests of Cape Cod, and they can best do this with the help and co-operation, not only of all its readers and advertisers, but of all the Cape and those in any way interested in the Cape.

The response has been gratifying. The circulation is increasing by leaps and bounds, and the advertising has grown from 4½ pages in May, to 6½ pages in June, and 13 pages in July. This is a significant indication that the Cape Cod Magazine is filling a need.



THE LATE CAPT. LORENZO D. BAKER

Captain L. D. Baker and the Banana Industry

FRUIT OF THE TROPICS INTRODUCED BY CAPE COD SKIPPER

In these days, when bananas are cheap and plentiful, it is difficult to realize that a generation ago they were considered as a luxury. A product of the tropics, growing wild in the jungles, too perishable to bear transportation, it remained for a venturesome Cape Cod skipper to enthrone them in their proper place as an every day article of diet throughout America and the world. This was accomplished in the short span of one man's life and today the cultivation, transportation and distribution of bananas has become an industry of monstrous proportions, employing great amounts of capital and labor, and enriching those who had faith in the shrewdness of a Yankee captain and invested their money under his leadership.

Like all new things the banana industry started in a small way. The story of the banana has all the romance of the story of the argonauts and the freshness of blue seas and green verdure. It is particularly appropriate that the story should be told in "Cape Cod," for although Cape Cod and bananas seem strange when associated together, yet it was a Cape Cod man who raised them from their despised position and brought them to the notice of the world. Captain Baker, who accomplished this, possessed the best traits of the Cape Cod folk. In physical outfit he was sturdy and solid; in mental characteristics, shrewd; judicious, independent, in moral life, honest, benevolent, above reproach, counting it his chief duty to "love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself."

Many years ago Cape Cod became famous because of its "skippers" who invaded the markets of the world and carried American commerce into every port on the high seas. Cape Cod captains were famous for their skill and daring and no task was too hazardous for them to undertake so long as it involved a vessel of any type. Fifty years ago it seemed that every Cape Cod lad was destined to be a mariner. He either became a fisherman at a tender age, a "boy" on a coaster, or an apprentice on a clipper ship.

On March 15, 1840, there was born at Wellfleet a son to David and Thankful Baker, whom they named after the great temperance reformer, Lorenzo Dow. Although his birth attracted little notice outside of the immediate family there was born on that day one who was destined to become one of the great merchant princes and the builder of an entirely new industry. The son of a fisherman, one of young Baker's earliest desires was to own a fishing schooner. After attending the public school until the age of nineteen he spent one term at Wilbraham Academy. He then assumed command of a fishing schooner, and followed the fishing business for twenty years.

In 1870, however, his real career began. A party of gold seekers engaged Capt. Baker to carry them up the Orinoco river, and on his return, by way of Jamaica, he took on a cargo of baled bamboo, bananas, pineapples and cocoanuts. The fruit, however, was too ripe and upon its arrival at New York was completely spoiled. Undeterred by this mishap, and perceiving the enormous possibilities, in 1871 he determined to devote himself entirely to the banana business, and in time developed this business until the previously little known banana became a household necessity on every table. At first his operations were small, but as his capital increased he gave up his sailing vessel to become senior partner in the firm of L. D. Baker & Co., trading in fresh fruit between Jamaica and Boston. In 1884 the Boston Fruit Company was organized with a capital of $500,000, of which Capt. Baker was president. This company in turn was merged into the United

Fruit Company in 1899 and he remained managing director of the Jamaica division until his death.

To Capt. Baker belongs the credit of laying the foundation of an entirely new industry for the United States, for probably no other instrumentality has done so much to develop tropical America agriculturally and industrially as the business of the United Fruit Company, which is now one of the largest industrial enterprises in America.

He was the pioneer in applying modern methods of economic and efficient organization to the growth of fruit in the tropics, and there is now, throughout the West Indies, Central America, and along the Spanish Main, prosperity and hopefulness with thousands and thousands of acres under scientific cultivation in bananas and other fruits, where, but a few years ago, there was but a jungle, a despondent population, and a cheerless outlook. As a token of their regard and affection for him and of their appreciation of his services the inhabitants of Jamaica in 1905, at a meeting which the governor of the Island, the archbishop of the West Indies and many representatives of the Island industries attended, presented him with an elaborate silver tea service and with it an address which showed the esteem in which he was held by the Island people.

The properties of the United Fruit Company are valued at over $80,000,000, and consist of plantations of bananas, oranges, pineapples, sugar cane, and other tropical products in Costa Rica, Cuba, Guatemala, Jamaica, Santo Domingo, Columbia and Panama, together with a fleet of nearly one hundred freight steamers, railroads, wharves, etc.

And all this was the outgrowth of an "idea" that crystalized in the brain of this former Cape Cod fisherman, who, with inborn faith and persistence, accomplished what was considered the impossible. Capt. Baker's name will always be particularly associated with the island of Jamaica where he brought prosperity and hope to the despondent inhabitants. On this tropical island his memory is held in reverence and he was the eminently "big man" of the island's history, reverenced as an example of shrewdness, commercial genius and integrity of character.

Cape Cod has reason to feel proud of its famous sons—the men who sailed uncharted seas, who founded great enterprises. Captains of industry were they as well as captains of ships. And among them no name shines brighter on the shield of accomplishment than that of Lorenzo Dow Baker of Wellfleet. Like all loyal Cape Cod sons he never forgot his birthplace. It ever held a dear place in his mind and in its development he took a most active part. The impress of his life stands out boldly. Whittier had his mind on just such a man and just such a shipmaster, when he wrote these words:

Speed on the ship—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of dispair
Her roomy hold within;
No lehean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Cape Cod Camp Meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals for 1915 will open at Ocean Grove, Harwichport, July 11, and continue until July 18, inclusive. There will be numerous noted speakers, among whom will be Mrs. May Pepper-Vanderbilt.

Strawberry growing on the Cape has become a profitable industry in certain localities. At East Falmouth there are many acres of strawberry beds and carloads of berries are being shipped from that place daily.

If you are a subscriber and like the Magazine, tell your friends about it or send us their names that we may send them a sample copy.

A Visit to Sea Pines School for Girls at Brewster

ONE OF CAPE COD'S NOTABLE INSTITUTIONS

Among the pleasantest hours spent in a recent trip about the Cape were those at the Sea Pines Home School for Girls at Brewster. The cordial greeting extended by the principal, Rev. Thomas Bickford and his elder daughter, Miss Faith Bickford, made us feel at home, and after partaking of lunch in the school dining hall with Mr. Bickford's family and the students, we started upon a tour, personally conducted by Mr. Bickford, of the buildings and grounds.

We were interested in learning that there were nearly one hundred pupils, between the ages of 9 and 17 years and that they came from all parts of the country. The estate comprises about 300 acres of land, extending from the main road back to the shore a half-mile away.

The main building of the school is commodious and admirably designed for the purpose for which it is intended. Every attention is given to the comfort and convenience of the teachers and pupils.

The buildings set back some distance from the street with a smooth and velvety lawn in front. In the rear is the playgrounds,



GIRLS ON HORSEBACK AT SEA PINES SCHOOL

tennis courts, etc., flanked by pine groves. Through a woodland path we were conducted past the "farm" in which Sea Pines takes considerable justifiable pride, as it completely demonstrates that the soil of the Cape can be made productive when the right methods are used.

Continuing through the pines we came to the summer camping ground on the bluff overlooking the beach. The camp is under

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the personal supervision of Miss Bickford, and last year accommodated about one hundred and twenty-five campers. In a semi-circle around a central building are grouped the cottages in which the campers pass the summer months amid healthful and enjoyable surroundings.

Perhaps one of the biggest attractions of the estate is the beach itself, which is of pure white sand, clear from weeds and stones. It is gently sloping and at low tide the water recedes to a distance, allowing one to walk with scarcely wetted feet over a half-mile out upon the flats. The curving outline of the Cape is to be seen in the distance. Across the bay the monument at Provincetown is visible.

At the school preparations were being made for commencement, rehearsals of songs and plays being in progress. Time was found, however, to favor us with choruses, the words of which were composed by pupils and which told of the pleasures of being a student at Sea Pines. We could well believe that the pupils enjoy their school—it needed but a glance at the happy faces and healthful appearance of the girls to show that.

Cape Cod contains much of interest for those who desire to inform themselves concerning it and this institution of learning, one of the best schools for girls in the country, is well worth visiting.

A motor fish-car is in use on the Fisherman's Cold Storage wharf at Provincetown. It runs on a track of iron rails that extends from the end of the almost quarter-mile long wharf to the dumping pen at the land end. Fish are quickly gotten to the freezer by this method.

About forty automobiles containing members of a Dorchester Masonic fraternity went down to Terrace Gables Saturday night, June 12, and were entertained over Sunday by Mine Host Draper in royal style.

SONG OF THE WATER-WITCH

(The Stormy-Petrel)

HERBERT RANDALL

We coddle the winds at dawn,
As we rock on the restless tide;
We seek in the dusk-hung west
For the haze where the sundogs hide.

We fathom the deeps of night
For the hint of a boding cloud,
And when, with the tangled gale,
The waters swing wide and loud,

We hide in the whimpering foam,
We dip in the heaving swell,
We hark to the frenzied laugh
From the caves where the goblins dwell.

We whistle and wheel and whirl,
We circle and glance and glide,
We splash in the shifting swirl,
Or gather our wings and ride.

And when from the leeward lull
Hush cradles the 'wildered deep,
To the croon of the wondering breeze
We sleep, we sleep, we sleep.

The Japanese Room connected with Megathlin's Drug Store at Hyannis contains the most complete assortment of Japanese goods to be found in this section of the country.

Rose Pittnoff, the famous swimmer, will be the star attraction at Harwich's Old Home celebration, July 31.



THE KIDS ENJOY THE BATHING

THE LADY IN THE CAR

A CAPE COD TRAVELOGUE

"Oh! Stop a minute, do!" exclaimed the Lady in the Car, "I must have a chance to feast my eyes on the view; you drive so fast that we don't enjoy the trip half as much as we might if you would drive slower. Just look off down the Bay; see that blue haze in the distance; isn't it just lovely? And the trees on the shore, and the sun shining on that cottage way down there on that point. What's that? Gray Gables, of course; that's where President Cleveland used to live, isn't it? And those fine places just below us—General Taylor and his sons, you say. To be sure—the Globe man. What a pretty location. We must be going? Oh, I suppose so,



THE WOODED HIGHWAY

but really I would like to look longer; it is all so beautiful here at the head of Buzzards Bay. Well, if we must, we must. Here is that long bridge over Cohasset Narrows—as it used to be called. Over there to the left? Yes. Crow's Nest, just showing above the trees. How Joseph Jefferson loved it.

"Now, we are really on Cape Cod. Yes, here is Buzzards Bay village. Straight ahead now, don't turn to the right; let's go down the new road along side the canal. There is the new Bourne town hall and the soldiers' monument, and, oh, yes, the Old Colony Union, where the women and girls have such beautiful times and make such useful things. Mrs. Garland started it.

"How pretty the woods are along here, and what a fine road. Oh! there's the canal! It's way down below us, isn't it? Oh! look at that yacht going through, and there is a tug with a coal barge in tow. I thought that the canal wasn't used much, but it is, isn't it? How glad I am we started on this trip. I never dreamed that the Cape had changed so since I was down here fifteen years ago. This road is a new one. What a fine idea it was to build it along the top of the canal embankment. Look, we can see almost the whole canal from here, can't we?"

The Lady in the Car paused to catch her breath and I opened the throttle just a little. It would never do to go too slowly. We must be getting along—long way to go yet. But there is so much to see. There's Bournedale village down below us. The railroad station is on the other side. Passengers have to be ferried across and there's lots of kicking about it, too. Now we are almost to Sagamore. There's the Keith Car Works. We must go across the bridge here. If we had time we might go to Sagamore Beach—the Christian Endeavor Colony, where they hold the Sociological Congresses in the summer, is located there—fine hotels, nice cottages, tennis courts, bathing beach, and play grounds of every kind. It's awfully pretty there, but we can't stop now.

The Lady had got her breath again.

"Look way off there; there's the mouth of the canal and Cape Cod Bay. Hurry and get across the bridge—it's going to open to let that boat through. There, we're across the canal now and here is the pretty Sagamore station. What a fine business block; turn right around this corner. There is where

Ex-Senator Keith lives; isn't it a pretty place? He is the head of the great Keith Car shops—a young man, too. He has done a lot for the Cape, hasn't he? Always ready to help everybody.

"Now we're on the road to Sandwich. Sandwich expects to grow a lot on account of the canal, you know. It's quite a busy place now. They used to make glass here, but they don't any more. The streets look shady



SHAWME LAKE AT SANDWICH

and cool, don't they? Oh! there's the cemetery where Joseph Jefferson is buried! There it is. That big boulder over there. That's his grave. Picked out the boulder for his monument himself, they say. Here we are in Sandwich. Pretty place, isn't it?"

And thus the flow of talk continues, both of us contributing our share as something new comes into view. We slide along the smooth road; the engine is working beautifully. This is the way to see the Cape. You don't get any idea of it from the car windows. It's mostly through the woods to West Barnstable, but pretty, too. We look across the Barnstable marshes to Sandy Neck where the gunners have such sport in the fall. Great place for picnics, too. We roll along through West Barnstable to Barnstable, the county seat. How the road winds around through the town. We pass the court house, the jail and custom house, the fair grounds too, where the cattle show is held in September. It don't look much now, does it? But wait till the first of September when Ex-Congressman Thacher's organization gets in its work—there'll be a big crowd there then. Yarmouth is next. Yarmouth, with its pretty streets shaded with great elms that meet overhead in an arch. It is one of the prettiest places on the Cape. Lots of summer people come here. Here's the road that goes across the Cape to South Yarmouth; through the woods all the way. Fine road—we can run fast here—not much to see. "What? Turn sharp around this corner; yes, I know it. Here's Bass River. Look at the sail boats. That's West Dennis just ahead."

"We are on the South Shore now—there's Nantucket Sound over there. Dennisport, yes—used to be a great fishing place—whole fleet of fishermen sailed from here once. West Harwich, too; the villages run right together. Harwichport next. Yes, that's Wychmere harbor—used to be called Salt Water Pond—fine boat harbor since it was dredged out. There's Monomoy Point stretching way out into the water. Lots of vessels have been wrecked off there—all shoals, you know—and the tide runs like a mill race.

"Chatham's next. Getting to be a lively place. There's the masts of the Marconi sta-



TWIN SENTINELS AT CHATHAM

tion. Chatham. Yes, here we are. Look at that new brick block—post office building. My, what fine summer homes. We'll stop here over night. What? Oh, I don't know.

Both hotels are fine. One is named the Mattaquason—great big place, just around the corner. Then there's the new Chatham Bars Inn—we must see that anyway. What? A quieter, more modest hotel? Yes, but all the hotels are quiet here, you know. We'll leave the car at this garage and walk around a bit and get limbered up a little. Here's the twin lights. That pile of bricks? That's the old lighthouse—the beach washed away and it tumbled down. How pretty that steamer is way off there. Going through the sound to New York, I guess. Yes, that's Pollock Rip lightship off there—awfully dangerous coast, you know. If it hadn't been for those shoals out there the Mayflower would have continued on its way to Virginia. England and France are off there. It is great to be here on Cape Cod enjoying such a view as this. How those poor fellows in the trenches over there would like to be here. Hard to believe that men are killing each other just across that stretch of water, isn't it? What? Getting tired and hungry? Come along then. We'll go to a hotel and tomorrow continue our trip to Provincetown."

Rest. Chatham is full of it. After a day's ride it is most inviting. The sound of the surf on the outer bar; what music it makes.

In the morning, rested and invigorated, the Lady and I continue on our way. Leaving Chatham behind us in the early morning sunlight we take the Boulevard across the Cape to Orleans. A little way out of Chatham we come to the Marconi wireless station. It isn't finished yet. The war in Europe has interfered with the work. There are seven steel masts over four hundred feet high and a group of red brick buildings. It is to be a receiving station and is one of a chain that will encircle the world.

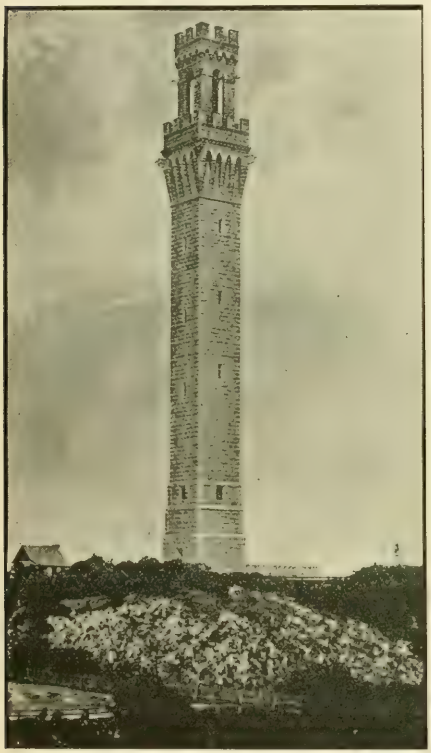


BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PROVINCETOWN

A little further on we circle the shore of Pleasant Bay; well named, we say.

It is five miles to Orleans on the North shore of the Cape and we soon accomplish the distance over the smooth macadam road. At Orleans we join the main road for Prov-

incetown, passing Eastham and Wellfleet on our left and through the Truro villages. Over to the right from North Truro is the road to Highland Light, the sturdy sentinel that warns mariners to keep well off shore. From Orleans the road is a winding one, with



THE PROVINCETOWN MONUMENT

occasional glimpses of the sea on both sides of us. Hills too. My, we thought there were no hills near the end of Cape Cod, but it is up hill and down dale all the time.

From Truro to Provincetown is ten miles. From the top of the hills Provincetown comes into view with the tall monument as the most prominent feature of the landscape. We wind along the shore past Pilgrim Beach and Pilgrim Lake with the bluffs of Pilgrim Heights on the right and Provincetown harbor on the left. We enter Provincetown and proceed slowly down its narrow Main street. How quaint and picturesque the town. It is a little city, but like no other.

At Provincetown our onward journey ends. We are at the tip of the Cape—the jumping off place. Here we intend to stay a few days. We shall climb High Pole hill and go up the monument to enjoy the view. We shall wander about the narrow streets and visit the souvenir stores. We may go out in one of the fishing boats and try our luck. We shall visit the water front and walk out onto railroad wharf and fill our lungs with the invigorating salt sea air.

"I love the Cape," says the Lady in the Car. "What a grouch Thoreau must have had when he wrote his famous book, but if we had travelled the way he did we might have had a grouch, too. You know he walked along the shore from Eastham in a rain storm. Too bad he couldn't have made the trip in a nice car like us in bright, sunshiny weather. What a difference it might have made to his point of view and how much better it would have been for the Cape. You see, lots of people still think that the Cape is all sand and no trees from the impression they have gained from reading Thoreau's book that was written over sixty years ago."

Who among our readers have recollections of the old packets that once plied with passengers and freight from the towns on the north side of the Cape? We would like an article concerning them, also concerning the salt works.

The Sixth infantry of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia has been assigned for camp duty at West Barnstable August 8-15. The Ninth infantry and Ambulance Co. No. 1 will be at Peter's pond, Sandwich, July 18-25.

DREAMS

E. D. MAY

The spell of this beautiful June day is abroad in the land, weaving its fairy web whereso'er the sun shineth. The glistening white threads catch the blue and the gold, the crimson and violet hues of the sun's rays, reflecting in heart and soul the love and constancy and joy that sweeps one's spirit beyond the little things of life and out into the broad spaces where one may breathe and expand and grow—and live.

Thus am I carried along through highways and byways of thought and suggestion that always have but one ending—the dear old Cape.

Lying upon my desk is a letter received some few weeks ago. Its opening words are these:

"Dear Lady of the Cape:

That title does not mean a fur cape, but CAPE COD, which spells to me—fresh air, fresh skies, fascination and witchery; therefore appropriate to you."

On May Day there came to me from other dear friends a fragrant reminder of the opening of the season—great clusters of Mayflowers, and I cannot tell even now which I loved the most, the sweetness of the flower, or the pungent odor of woodsey things that clung to their moist roots.

A week or two later, there was handed to me by another beloved one, the first number of THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE. Together we turned the pages, slowly, softly, reverently even, for it wasn't so much what we read as the memories it stirred, pulling the heart strings until the pages blurred in a mist of tears. The little book was something tangible—something that made us feel the softly slipping sand—God, man, think of it! CAPE COD SAND!!! Feel it cool and moist in the palm of the hand, each glistening grain alive with its subtle, intangible spirit of healing and strength. Drink in the life-giving breath



SAGAMORE BEACH COLONY

of the salty marshes, over whose low grasses I have watched the slowly curling fog creeping its sinuous way until the green meadows were blanketed for the night, looking like the silent ghost of old ocean whose curving waves glistened in the moonlight just the other side of the beach bank. Watch the spread of those magnificent waters in the grey of the early morning—the great gleaming flats lying like huge sea-clams within the grasp of hungry arms.

And then—smiling day comes breaking over the sea, the spell of the sleepy night is broken, and we hear the nestling of the waves with the turning of the tide. The soft wind ruffles their surface, shadows and mist float away into airy nothingness, carrying with them, too, our dreams, as we turn the last page of the book with reluctant detaining fingers. Between the lines we have woven memories as we have lived them—sweet and tender, and the blood leaps in our veins at the thought of the welcome always waiting upon her shores.

TANG O' THE SEA

A visit to Wellfleet is an eyeopener to the average person as to the possibilities of sea farming on Cape Cod.

The floor of the ocean seems destined to become as productive as the most fertile land of the country.

Wellfleet has become famous for the superior quality of its oysters and the oyster industry of that place has been pursued for years with considerable profit to the oyster growers.

It has remained, however, for Mr. Albert W. Davis to realize the full possibility of sea farming, not only in growing and marketing oysters, but in the cultivation of clams and other varieties of shell fish.

The Fish and Game Commission of Massachusetts has long advocated clam growing and has urged the utilization of the flats for that purpose. Hon. Frank Pope, at a meeting of the Cape Cod Board of Trade said that some day Cape Cod Cranberry Kings would have to take a back seat in favor of Cape Cod Clam Princes and his prophecy seems in a fair way to be realized.

Mr. Davis is not only concerned with the growing of Cape Cod sea food, but he also has pretentious plans for the marketing of shell fish direct to the consumer through the means of the parcel post.

He is after the family trade and deserves to get it. His products retain the tang o' the sea when delivered direct from the water to the table, with only one handling between, and a quality of freshness and flavor that is comparable to the eating of oranges in a Florida grove.

Clams, quahaugs, scallops and other shell fish can be delivered by Mr. Davis' method direct to the home, hotel or club in any desired quantities, while they retain the flavor that the sea imparts to them before they have been preserved in cold storage. It will be possible to order a quart of clams, quahaugs, scallops or a peck of clams or quahaugs, delivered at your door, postage prepaid, for the same price that you can buy inferior and stale products in the markets.

This ought to mean a great deal to the public, and to Mr. Davis as the pioneer in the field the credit for making it possible is due.



OYSTER BOAT IN THE CANAL

IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA

HOW SIX GIRLS SPENT A SUMMER VACATION

"Say girls, where are we going to spend our vacation this year?" asked Mabel speaking collectively to her five chums, assembled in the parlor, one night early in June.

We were tired of the city. The winter had been long and dull and our accustomed round of school duties had become monotonous. We were six school marms and we wanted to go way off alone where we might entertain ourselves as we pleased. We had all gone to the fashionable summer resorts in vious years and somehow the accustomed previous years and somehow the accustomed

"Wouldn't it be corking to have a little cottage by the sea, where we could live by ourselves alone and do just as we please?" exclaimed Mabel, pursuing the subject.

A chorus of approval responded. But



COTTAGE OVERLOOKING CAPE COD BAY

where, and how, and who would act as chaperone? These points seemed insurmountable. But Blanche, always the calm, collected little business woman that she is—the executive mind of our crowd—was equal to the occasion.

"I know the dearest place," said she, "down on Cape Cod, where we can live outdoors all summer long, and if we can get the old house that I know of we can be comfortable and cosy, cook our own meals, take care of the household work ourselves. and if we want to can dig the clams for our chowders, pick the berries for our pies, and live economically all the season. We can wear our old clothes all day long if we wish and nobody will mind."

"Yes, and I will coax mother to come along as chaperone," said Sadie; "but we won't let her do a stroke of work all summer, will we, girls? We can give her a real rest, and what fun we will have doing our own cooking, and sweeping, and making beds, and things. Jiminy, won't it be just lovely?"

So said we all of us, and Blanche was commissioned at once to write and secure the place she knew of. She did it, too, and here we are in the darlingist little cottage—an old-fashioned house, with old-fashioned furniture. There's a woodshed and barn clinging to one side and spotless white curtains at the windows and a porch, and the motto "God Bless Our Home" hangs on the parlor wall. There is a parlor, a dining room, a kitchen, and a real old-fashioned "buttery," and three sleeping rooms upstairs where the roof slopes down on the sides. The spot is on the shore of a bay, where the tide goes way out and leaves the flats bare for miles. The smell of the salt in the air is invigorating and would put strength and energy into a wooden Indian.

We shall never forget our first meal "at home by the sea." Just as soon as we got there we began to get calls from the "neighbors," the nearest of whom lived a half-mile away. And they didn't come empty-handed either. The first was a nice old lady who brought a loaf of fresh-baked bread and a couple of apple pies; then came a little girl, who said, "Ma sent me over with this jar of beech-plum jelly. She thought it might

come in handy." It did. We had it for supper, spreading it on the old lady's delicious bread. We had brought a lot of canned stuff with us and had plenty to eat, but we liked the neighborly interest in our affairs almost as much as we enjoyed what was brought.

"That's just the way with these Cape Cod people," said Blanche. "They sort of think that everybody else is just as friendly as they are disposed to be. We'll just love them before we go away, see if we don't." And we did. We came to love Aunt Jerusha, as we familiarly called her. We loved friendly little Annie who did our errands for us and dropped in informally at all times. Then there was little Zeke, who dug clams for us and got our worms when we wanted to go fishing and came along to see that no harm befell us. But most of all we became attached to dear old Cap'n Ben. He was the kindest old soul. We would just pile into his cart and old Susan would pull us over the beach and out on the flats when the tide was low, and Cap'n Ben went out to his "wire" to load up with the fish caught the night before. While he was loading up we would take off our shoes and stockings and wade around in the shallow water, finding shells, shrieking when a crab grabbed us by the toes. Then, when the tide turned, we would climb onto the load of fish, covered with an old canvas sail, and ride to shore again. Cap'n Ben always found a nice large cod, or a tautog for us to cook for our dinner. Then some days he would take us out sailing in his old catboat "Betsy-Ann," and would tell us marvelous tales of the sea, "when he went a coasting."

We all learned to swim that summer and spent hours in our bathing suits. Sometimes Uncle Ben would come over and ask us "if we didn't want to go huckleberryin'," and off we'd go for a day in the woods. Such fun as we had we can't begin to tell. We ate, and talked, and laughed, and played, and fished, and tramped all summer long. Six girls never had a better time. And when we came to figure up what our vacation had cost us, we found that the whole summer's outing had cost little more than it would have cost for two weeks at Narragansett Pier or Mount Dessert.

We didn't dress up often, but once in a while we would go over to the big hotel on the bluff and enjoy one of their evening hops. The boys wanted to take us autoing and motor-boating, but somehow we liked better to go it alone, just lazing around in our old togs. If we had wanted social life we could



ALONG THE SHORE

have had plenty of it for the asking, but you see it didn't appeal to us; and folks were awfully nice about it. They didn't get miffed at all because we wouldn't accept their invitations, but sometimes a whole load would come over from the hotel and spend the afternoon with us, picnicking under the trees. And once we got up a clambake. We had Zeke dig the clams and get the stones and seaweed. Then we built the fire and got the stones hot and put in the clams and vegetables, and covered 'em all up with seaweed to bake. We had a crowd over from the hotel that afternoon and invited Cap'n Ben and Aunt Jerusha and Little Annie and Zeke, and everybody had a glorious time. The hotel folks said 'twas better than hotel fare. And in the evening we hung up some lanterns under the trees and tangoed on the grass, with Cap'n Ben playing his "fiddle."

We are going to do it all over again next year if we can get the same house.

Forest Fires on the Cape

R. H. CAHOON

Before this year one was almost placing one's life in danger when living on Cape Cod during the spring and summer months. Property not owned along the railroad track was almost worthless, on account of the hundreds of small fires which swept over nearly every square foot of brush or grass land in this part of Massachusetts. If one's woodland was located near the railroad, it was valuable—inasmuch as the railroad company is obliged to pay for all property destroyed by fires set by its locomotives.

For many years, Cape Cod has been annually swept over by damaging woodland blazes ranging in size from 10 to 25,000 acres. The soil is so sandy that within twenty-four hours after a rain storm, sparks set in grass or leaves would kindle quickly, and a bad fire would be under way, beyond the control of all the men, women and children which the fire wardens were able to summon to their aid.

This year a forest fire look-out station has been established in the cupola of a high building in Harwich Center, in the midst of a great tract of valuable oak and pine timberland. A great portion of this territory has been swept over by blazes within recent years, but owing to the fact, that after five years or so the ground is covered with another growth of under-brush, this will be a great help in the future.

The greater part of the fires started on Cape Cod, it must be admitted, are set by sparks from the railroad engines. Generally it is no uncommon occurrence for a poor engine to set a score of fires within a distance of ten miles. In very dry weather, several blazes have been started between stations only two or three miles apart. With no help available, many of these have been fanned into conflagrations of considerable proportions, and, carried on by heavy winds, gone on unchecked until they have "burned themselves out," or reached wide roadways.

But these days are passed, if an efficient watchman, perched on the top of a 100-foot building with a pair of strong field glasses, can do anything to prevent such devastation of property. On April 14th Calvin Parker of North Harwich began work in the cupola of the Exchange Theatre in Harwich Center. He is hired by the State at a salary of sixty dollars per month. His hours of work at present are from 8 to 5. He is supposed to work every day in the week, except when it is raining or the ground is wet.

This observatory is not the only one on Cape Cod, however. There is another situated on Shoot Flying Hill in Barnstable. This lookout has been maintained for about five years. During this time thousands of visitors have entered the observatory room, as several small ponds in the vicinity attract vacationists for fishing and boating. Owing to the danger of fire in the Harwich station, no one is allowed to enter the cupola except those having permits.

Each observer in Massachusetts has under his control approximately 400,000 acres of woodland.

In the observatory, besides being equipped with a telephone, the watchman has a chart, arranged with a shifting rod, by which the operator is able to locate fires within his district, the station is equipped with books, maps and lists of fire wardens residing in the various districts. The observatory is connected by telephone with the office of the local forest warden, who is called when any smoke is sighted. The chief fire warden learns the exact location of the fire, then hastens there, calls aid and commands the work of extinguishing the blaze.

Each town has its fire warden, and each village its deputy. Most of these have telephones and are called when the watchman sees a fire in a certain zone. The Cape towns of Brewster, Dennis and Wellfleet are not fitted out properly with telephones, which

makes it hard for the observer to get in communication with the deputy desired.

In order to help check the number of woodland fires set by its engines the railroad company this season has cleared up all brush, leaves and grass along both sides of its track in the wooded district in the Cape Cod timber zone. Further than this, it will have a "fire patrol," that is, a section hand will be ordered to follow up all trains in his territory on a motor velocipede. The dry brush has not been cleared up in this way for many years, and will, it is believed, do much toward reducing the number of fires. This work will be done on the lower Cape for a stretch of about 25 miles. The Cape railroad is constructed with innumerable curves and grades, making it necessary for the locomotives to emit sparks from their smokestacks in great quantities. These are often blown over a short distance from the track, and alight in dry leaves or grass. They quickly kindle and the wind fans them into stubborn blazes. No aid being at hand, they grow into fires of considerable size and sweep over vast expanses of valuable oak and pine woodland.

Sometimes when there is only a light breeze blowing, the fires are checked effectively by the "back-firing" method. This consists of building small fires ahead of the original blaze, and allowing it to burn in and meet the "head" fire. This cannot be done with safety, however, except where there is a road or wide path. In other cases, it is necessary to allow the fires to go on and burn out to some public highway.

The Harwich observatory, which is located in the former "land of fires," will be maintained throughout the summer with the possible exception of the two months of July and August, when the green underbrush reduces the fire danger to some extent.

If the newsdealer does not have a supply of Cape Cod Magazines send us his name and we will see that he gets them.

Barney Gould's Express

The Story of a Famous Cape Cod Character Told by Cap'n Nate

Cap'n Nate was in a story telling mood—and I was in just the mood to listen to him. I had just handed him a cigar and he had tucked his corn-cob into the pocket of his "jumper." I had come across him on the beach beside his upturned dory with a paint brush in his hand. He wasn't painting, having forgotten the work of the moment in dreamy contemplation of things in the distant past that recurred to his mind.

It was a warm spring day and the sunlit waters of the bay rippled just beyond.

"Say! I don't 'spose you ever heard of Barney Gould, did ye? Barney was a queer old codjer, a leetle mite crazy, but he had a good pair of legs, and liked to use 'em. They used to call him Barney Gould's Express cause he made regular trips 'tween here and Boston, carrying letters and packages that folks wanted to send. Ben Howes wanted a dozen wooden-tooth rakes once, and I swan if he didn't give Barney a quarter to walk up to Boston and get 'em for him. He walked all the way to Boston and come back with 'em over his shoulder. He collected road tax too. Used to stop everybody he met on the road and tell 'em he wanted two cents fer 'road tax,' and most everybody used to give it to him.

"Barney was quite a character in these parts. They used to tell 'bout how he was on the wharf in Provincetown once when Cap'n Joel Nickerson was a-sailing' for New Orleans. Barney threw off the lines and Cap'n Nickerson hollered in a joking sort of way, 'hey, Barney, meet us in New Orleans an' be ready to tie us up when we get there.' You wouldn't believe it if I should tell you, but sure as preachin' when the old hooker was a-comin' alongside the dock in New Or-

leans, there stood Barney, ready to ketch the line.

"Everybody knew Barney, from Cape Cod to Californy. Yes, he walked all the way to 'Frisco once. Took him about a year, but he got there somehow. Rode on trains—not much. You couldn't get Barney onto no train. Folks used to ask him sometimes to get aboard and ride, but no-siv-ree, not for Barney. Used to say he couldn't wait for no trains.

"He died a few years ago in the Barnstable poorhouse, got so old he couldn't walk no more and didn't last much longer after that. 'Most all the old folks remember the old feller, how they used to meet him joggin' along the road. He thought the roads belonged to him an' that he could tax folks for usin' 'em. Last time I saw him he hit me up for two cents road tax, and as I didn't have no coppers, I gave him a dime, and he said that would pay my road tax for the next five years. If he had lived until the five years were up he'd a been hittin' me up again as sure as shootin'—he never fergot who'd paid him and who hadn't, and never dunned the same feller twice in the same year.

"I kinder got to thinking of him as I was a-paintin' this old dory—don't know what brought the idee into my mind—guess it was 'cause I used to see him comin' down the road 'bout this time every year.

"Say, friend, that cigar was a mighty good one, but arter all this here old pipe is more to my taste. What, hain't gutter go have yer? Well, good day to you; I must be a-gittin' to work if I'm going to have this dory fit to go into the water this year."

As I left him he resumed his labors and I went on my way thinking about "Barney Gould's Express" and wondering whether or not the story was a "yarn," made up by Cap'n Nate just for the sake of telling a story. Since then I have asked a lot of old Cape Cod people about Barney Gould and they all vouch for the correctness of the Cap'n's description. Barney really lived and did some of the things that are told of him, but just how much truth and how much fiction there is in the tales told about him now is hard to determine.



SURF AT CHATHAM

THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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VOL. 1, NO. 3 Lemuel C. Hall, Editor Samuel B. Corr, Business Manager JULY, 1915

EDITORIAL

KNOWING OURSELVES

STRANGERS can scarcely be blamed for not knowing about the development that has been going on about the Cape within the past few years when residents of the Cape themselves know so little about it. Of course the greatest and newest thing is the Cape Cod Canal which almost everyone has seen, at least from the trains as they were passing. But of the things that lie just beyond the beaten path not so much is known. For instance, there is the splendid institution of learning at Brewster, the Sea Pines School for Girls. This is perhaps better known in southern and western states than it is in the locality in which it is situated. Its advertisements have appeared in all the high class publications and the reading public has become familiar with it. It is an institution of which everyone should know. It does not need any advertisement which we may give it, but the Cape needs the advertising that the school can bring.

It is one of the purposes of this magazine to inform, not only summer residents and visitors, but our own people as well, concerning the things that are worth knowing about the Cape.

We must be able to tell strangers the things they may want to know about the Cape. It is an interesting place and is not at all like what many people believe. Those who get their ideas of what the Cape is like from Thoreau's book, "Cape Cod," written over sixty years ago, must be shown that his description is not at all applicable to the Cape of today. The progress made in the last half century has been truly remarkable, and scarcely a trace of the things that Thoreau saw remain, except the ocean and the bluffs along the beach. The barren country that he describes is wooded and green, the weather-beaten buildings are gone, and the people that he met are dead.

Generations have come and gone since he visited the locality. The sandy roads have been replaced by smooth highways; Cape Cod people no longer depend upon driftwood for their fuel and the wreckers are no more.

Neither should it be conceived that the characters of Joseph Crosby Lincoln's novels are typical of the people of today. Lovable as many of his characters are their originals lived many years ago and occupy green graves in the shady cemeteries. Their sons and daughters have taken their places and in energy, education and environment compare favorably with the people of any other locality. Traces of the quaint, dry humor of their forbears remain, but the idioms and sea slang are heard no more.

"Quaint Cape Cod" as a description must not be taken too literally. "Unique" would be a better word. In its natural beauties and restful climate there is no place like it. The modern phase of Cape Cod life is just as interesting and just as well worth knowing as is the history and "quaintness" which we are proud to remember.

Subscriptions are coming in by every mail —have you sent yours yet?

Cape Cod Auto Trips

Routes and Descriptions

Route No. 1

BOSTON TO PROVINCETOWN—The most direct route, via Stoughton, Middleboro and Wareham.

WAREHAM—Follow the car tracks through village, turn left over bridge and railroad to East Wareham, turn sharp at sign post, cross railroad tracks at Onset Junction station, bear left and follow car tracks through Onset to Buzzards Bay, turning right after crossing long bridge, the first turn left to Buzzards Bay village and straight ahead by corner, leaving trolley where trolley turns right to bridge. Macadam road through Bournedale to bridge over canal at Sagamore. Cross bridge.

SAGAMORE—Straight ahead to main highway, turn left to Sandwich.

SANDWICH—Bear left just after passing Town Hall, then bear right at big tree in center of town. Straight ahead to West Barnstable and Barnstable.

BARNSTABLE—Straight ahead to Yarmouth.

YARMOUTH—Straight ahead to Dennis.

DENNIS—Straight ahead to Brewster.

BREWSTER—Straight ahead to Orleans.

ORLEANS—Four corners, keep straight ahead.

EASTHAM—Keep straight ahead.

WELLFLEET—Main Highway.

TRURO—Main highway to Provincetown.

Route No. 2

BUZZARDS BAY TO FALMOUTH—After leaving village turn right with trolley at telephone office, cross canal bridge, straight ahead with trolley to Monument Beach, turn left at depot and straight through main highway to Falmouth.

Route No. 3

BOURNE TO SANDWICH—Turn sharp left at four corners after crossing canal bridge, follow main highway to Sandwich.

Route No. 4

FALMOUTH TO CHATHAM—Start east on Main street, turn left at Teaticket, bear right on macadam to East Falmouth, straight through to Marston's Mills, extreme right turn left at scales into Osterville, keep left on Main street through diagonal 4 corners to Centerville. Straight through to Hyannis. Straight ahead to South Yarmouth. Turn sharp right at store, over bridge to West Dennis. Straight ahead. At fork turn left to West Harwich. Harwichport, straight through South Harwich, South Chatham, to Chatham. Follow main macadam road all the way.

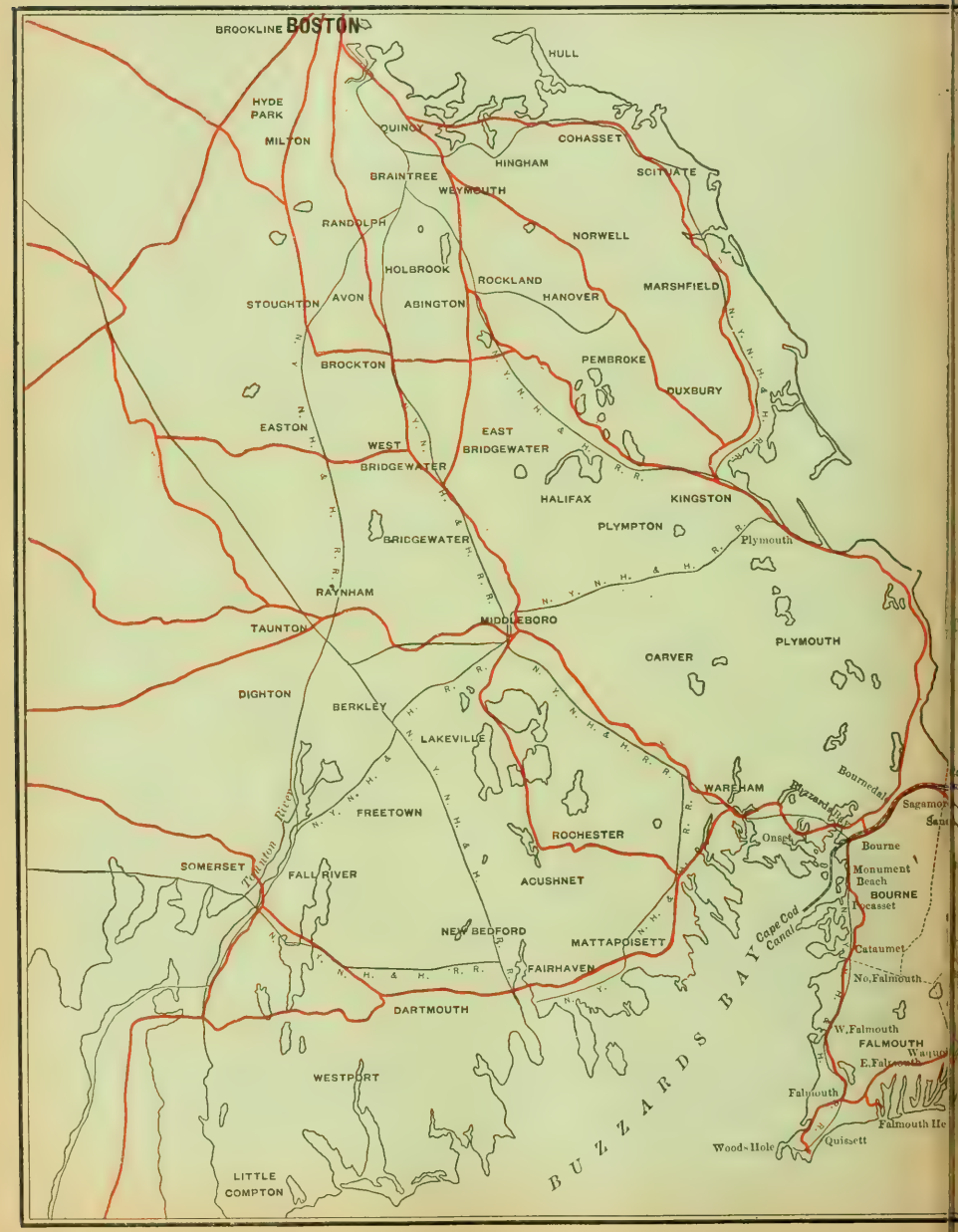
Route No. 5

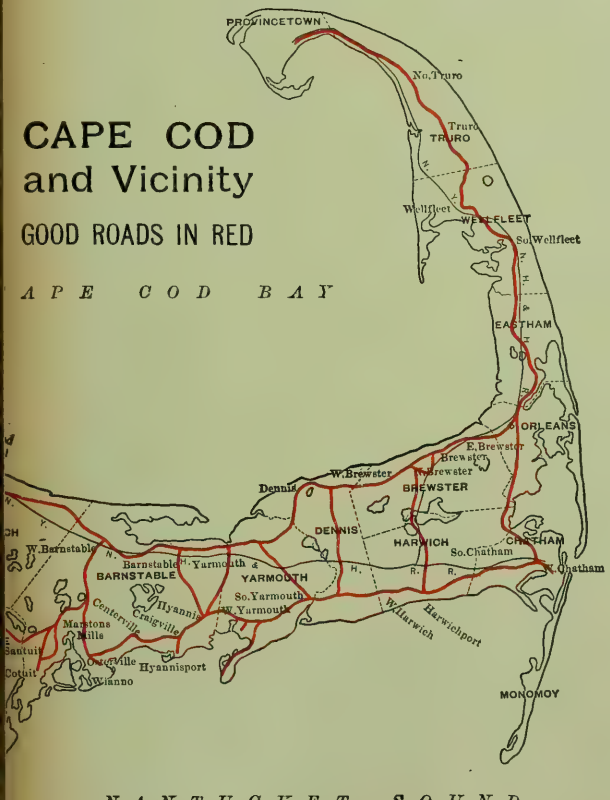
CHATHAM TO PROVINCETOWN—Post office on right 4-corners, turn right at sign "Orleans" follow macadam straight through to Orleans. Follow as in Route No. 1, from Orleans to Provincetown.

Route No. 6

PLYMOUTH TO SANDWICH—Main and Court street, P. O. on left south with trolley to Manomet, follow macadam to Sagamore, cross canal bridge, turn left to Sandwich, or bear right just after crossing bridge and then turn left.

NOTE—The map plainly shows the routes that can be taken by automobiles on the Cape. The red lines show state highways and macadam roads. Any road marked in red can be safely taken. Patronize the garages and hotels on last page of this sheet. They are reliable and good.


BROOKLINE
BOSTON
HULL
HYDE PARK
MILTON
QUINCY
COHASSET
HINGHAM
SCITUATE
BRAINTREE
WEYMOUTH
RANDOLPH
NORWELL
HOLBROOK
ROCKLAND
MARSHFIELD
STOUGHTON
AVON
ABINGTON
HANOVER
PEMBROKE
BROCKTON
DUXBURY
EASTON
WEST BRIDGEWATER
EAST BRIDGEWATER
HALIFAX
KINGSTON
PLYMPTON
Plymouth
BRIDGEWATER
RAYNHAM
TAUNTON
MIDDLEBORO
PLYMOUTH
CARVER
DIGHTON
BERKLEY
LAKEVILLE
Bournedale
Sagamore
WAREHAM
Buzzard's Bay
FREETOWN
ROCHESTER
Onset
Bourne
Monument Beach
BOURNE
Pocasset
SOMERSET
Taunton River
FALL RIVER
ACUSHNET
Cape Cod Canal
NEW BEDFORD
MATTAPOISETT
Cataumet
No. Falmouth
FAIRHAVEN
DARTMOUTH
W. Falmouth
FALMOUTH
Waquoit
E. Falmouth
WESTPORT
Falmouth
Falmouth Hd
Wood's Hole
Quisett
LITTLE COMPTON
BUZZARDS BAY


CAPE COD
and Vicinity
GOOD ROADS IN RED
CAPE COD BAY
PROVINCETOWN
No. Truro
Truro
TRURO
Wellfleet
WELLFLEET
So. Wellfleet
EASTHAM
ORLEANS
E. Brewster
Brewster
W. Brewster
BREWSTER
Dennis
DENNIS
HARWICH
CHATHAM
So. Chatham
N. Chatham
W. Barnstable
Barnstable
BARNSTABLE
Yarmouth
YARMOUTH
So. Yarmouth
W. Yarmouth
Hyannis
Centerville
Craigville
Marstons Mills
Osterville
Hyannisport
Wianno
Santuit
Cotuit
W. Harwich
Harwichport
MONOMOY
NANTUCKET SOUND

Auto Service Stations and Hotels

SISSON'S GARAGE
At the Gateway to the Cape.
You've got to go by our door.
Why Not Stop?
Wareham.

HART'S
CAFE AND TEA ROOM
BUZZARDS BAY
Opposite Railroad Station.

SANDWICH AUTO CO.
Sandwich
Garage and Automobile Supplies
Bear left at big tree in center of town; just across railroad tracks

FOLLOW THE



To HARTSEASE INN, West Barnstable
W. P. HART, Mgr.
The last word in
LOBSTER AND CHICKEN DINNERS
Or any special dinner to order
Tel. Barnstable 8005-2
Tea Room Garage Ice Cream

BARNSTABLE INN
Barnstable
Specialty:
Lobster and Chicken Dinner
Garage Connected
Near Barnstable County Court House

CONSIDINE HOUSE
Brewster
Open All Year Round
Our Specialty: Wholesome Food

NEW CENTRAL HOUSE
Frank E. Potter, Prop.
Provincetown
Auto Parties Given Special Attention

PLEASANT BAY INN
Richard W. Brown, Mgr.
Specialty: Baked Stuffed Clams
Automobile Parties.
East Harwich

NEW CENTRAL GARAGE
Main Street
CHATHAM
Next to Universalist Church

PHILLIP'S GARAGE
Main Street
Harwichport
Best Quality Supplies; Prices Reasonable.

HOTEL ENGLEWOOD
P. T. Morin, Prop.
Open June 1 to Oct 1
Situated On Lewis Bay
Bathing and Fishing
Automobile Parties
West Yarmouth

HYANNIS INN
Hyannis
We Make a Specialty of Catering
To Transient Trade.

We Are Advertised by Our Satisfied Patrons
Right On the Ocean
THE BELMONT
West Harwich-by-the-Sea
On the South Shore
The Largest Up-to-Date Hotel On Cape Cod
Where There's Always a Breeze
Private Baths, Electric Light.
Special Attention to Comfort of Motorists. Largest Garage on Cape Cod,
NOW OPEN
BENJAMIN JOHNSON, Prop.
West Harwich, Mass.
Same Management 22 years

SNOW INN
Harwichport
F. H. Thompson, Prop.

JOSEPH L. ELLIS GARAGE
Renting, Repairing, Storage and Supplies
MAIN STREET, HARWICHPORT
Telephone Connection

PLEASANT LAKE INN AND COTTAGES
Lobster and Chicken Dinner
Thos. J. Ash, Prop.

When Down On the Cape Stop at the
NEW WINSLOW HOTEL
Harwich

WYTCHMERE TAVERN
West Dennis
Special Auto Lunches
50c to $2.00

DUE TO GOOD ROADS

TO what one thing more than any other do you attribute the progress that has been made on the Cape within the past few years? A fitting answer to this question is "good roads." With the coming of the State Highways a new era was inaugurated. When the dusty clay roads gave place to tar-macadam, fences began to be removed and the verdure emerged from the dusty clouds that once enveloped the landscape. Houses began to be painted and well kept and tidy homes appeared. Green instead of gray is now the predominant color. As means of communication between village and village improved, the provincialisms of the people began to disappear. As the people of the different towns became better acquainted old antagonisms were forgotten and co-operation took the place of rivalry. Good roads have accomplished much and a new Cape has emerged from the relics of the old.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

AGAIN we wish to emphasize the fact that contributions for this Magazine are earnestly solicited. In order to interest our readers we must have interesting material and to obtain it we must depend upon the literary talent of those interested in Cape Cod. That such talent exists has already been demonstrated. Local historical, descriptive, biographical and fictional articles are needed, and we trust that they will be forthcoming. Variety is desired and we do not wish to depend entirely upon our own staff lest there be too much sameness to the reading matter.

Material is now being gathered for the August number and contributions should not be delayed. Correspondence with the editor is solicited. Address, Editor Cape Cod Magazine, Wareham, Mass.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

We will not knowingly admit any untrue or undesirable advertisements to the columns of the Cape Cod Magazine. If any reader is not treated fairly by any of our advertisers we request that we be notified and an investigation will be made. If the charges are maintained the advertisement will immediately be dropped. We believe that all our present advertisers are reliable and worthy of your patronage. You will confer a favor by mentioning this magazine when having dealings with them.

The place that gives a man his living is entitled to his best efforts to advance everything calculated to benefit the place and the community. No man has a right to live in a live town who seeks to enrich himself and not actively identify himself with its interests.

"The best booster Cape Cod ever had"—Cape Cod Magazine.

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One Inch, per issue	1.25

Back Cover Page, 50 per cent advance.

We offer the advertiser a wider circulation than any other Cape Cod publication.

CAPE COD CRANBERRY PICKERS

GENEVA A. ELDREDGE

It was a glorious morning in September. All around the dew lay heavy on the grass, and the air was tangy with its smell of salt from Old Ocean, beating itself into bubbling white foam just outside the harbor. The fragrance of the pines was everywhere. Great clumps of golden-rod dotted the fields with cloth of gold, and white and purple asters dipped their dainty faces to the morning's freshness. And stretching itself like some lazy snake in the sun, the old sandy road wound in and out and over the long hill that led to Skaket Cranberry Bog. I stood by the side of the road, waiting for the cart to come along that would carry me to the bog for the day's picking.

Uncle Ez Higgins was driver, an old sea captain, who had brought many a catch from the Grand Banks and in early life had twice rounded the Horn. He drove the horse, old Fan, much as he would sail a ship. In fact, Uncle Ez's conversation was carried on in a nautical strain, and furnished much amusement to the boys and girls. We all loved him dearly, and relied on his judgment, which was honest and fair, and as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. The old horse, Fan, was sure and trustworthy, keeping the same jog whether we rode on her back or staid in the cart where we belonged.

All the women and girls wore sunbonnets that concealed their faces from the sun's gleaming rays. Big blue denim aprons with a patch of oilcloth across the front, enveloped them from the waist-line to their toes. The oilcloth came under their knees when they knelt to pick, and if the bog was wet, kept them dry. On their fingers were stalls made of white cloth, and over these were drawn mitts made of cast-off stocking legs. These were to protect them from the sharp vines. Everybody carried a tin six-quart measure, their lunch and the inevitable bottle of tea.

At last the cart stopped for me and I scrambled in mid cheerful greetings from the boys and girls, already packed like sardines along the plank seats. After a while, Uncle Ez persuaded Fan to a trot, and away we rattled and jolted over the rough old road.

The next stop was for Lizzie, and Uncle Ez drew up in grand style before the low brown farm-house, which was set well back from the road. Not a creature moved about its well-kept lawn, and to the casual observer, it would appear that the family was away. Not so Uncle Ez. He knew the Cape Codder's habit of living in the most remote end of his dwelling. So his voice rose clear on the morning air, "Ship ahoy, Lizzie." Not a sound. "Lizzie, goin' today?" Still silence. "E-lizabeth Maria Godfrey, be you goin' cranberrin' or not? If you be, set you' maintop gallant and sail out here."

"Yes, yes, Uncle Ez, I'm comin'. Lord, you'd hurry the dead. Why, anybody'd think you was in a tantrum to hear you yell."

Oh, if you could have seen Lizzie. Quaint Cape Cod never raised another like her. She was shrivelled up like a last year's russet apple. Her beady black eyes shone in her parchment-like face, crafty and shrewd. She wore a sunbonnet like the rest of us, but around her scrawny neck was a string of gold beads, an heirloom of her grandmother's day. Over her shoulders was a white woolen shawl striped with broad bands of every imaginable color. And when she talked, her high-pitched voice cut the air like a knife.

Uncle Ez extended his great hand to her from the driver's seat and roared, "Come aboard, Lizzie, come aboard." And Lizzie came. One spring landed her on the thill, and the next step found her seated beside Uncle Ez.

"Gosh a'mighty, Lizzie. Thought sure you was dade this mornin'."

"Well, I hain't. I'm 'bout the liveliest corpse you ever see, Ezry Higgins. Dan got ready and went on ahead. He's as bad as Barney Gould used to be. Can't wait for the train."

Dan was Lizzie's son, a great broad-shouldered fellow, with a lump on the side of his jaw where he had a "goom bile when he wuz teathin'," Lizzie said.

"So Dan's gone, hey? Well, well. Giddap there Fan. 'Pears this hain't no funeral procession arter all, and we got to git to Skaket by eight o'clock, or Liz can't make her two dollars." And here Uncle Ez spat vigorously over the wagon wheel.

"For mercy sakes, Ez, what be ye a'chewin' that smells so much like yarbs?"

"Don't you reconnize that smell, Lizzie? Why thet's flag-root."

"Flag-root? What ever struck you on to chewin' that. I hate the stuff, myself."

Wal, Liz, I've seen the time when I wasn't over-fond of it. But as you've hearn tell, circumstances sometimes alter cases, and it did in my case. Ye see 'twas like this. I used to chew terbacca from "the risin' o' the sun, to the goin' down of the same-er" as the Come-outers say, and then come evenin' I'd put in another little quid sometimes. I'd think once in a while, that I'd oughter quit it, but I didn't, and so it run on and on. One day Cap'n Joe Nickerson come over in a dretful pucker for me to cart some barrels of salt fish tew the freight-haouse fer him. I hustled 'round and hitched old Fan here, into the cart and druv down to the shore and got 'em. When I come tew load up, I found Joe had a bar'l of cod livers tew go 'long with the fish. I had the cart pretty full, but I rousted in the bar'l o' livers and hitched a line across the back of the cart, t'hold 'em in. Then I got in a good chaw and clum up aloft. That old shore road hain't one o' your velvet kind Lizzie, and the old wagin rolled back'ards and for'ards somewhat, but I sot up thar on the poop-deck, as ye might say, and chawed away.

All of a suddint, I heard somethin' give 'way astern, and By Crackee, ef that air ile bar'l hadn't slipped its moorins, Liz. I scrabbled daown, and afore my feet hit the ground I smelt the odiforous odor of them livers a-risin' to meet me. I can't explain the smell, Lizzie, but 'twant nothin' like a peach orchard. And while I was gatherin' up the remains, and a-gettin' things ship-shape agin, I had a awful spell of sea-sick feelins, and I left my dinner and my chaw o'terbacca 'long-side the road. From that day to this, I haint never hankered arter terbacca, but flag-root is harmless, and seems tew sorter sooth that knawin' in yer in'ards, so I took to usin' it in a friendly way, so to speak."

"My land, Ezry Higgins. Wonders will never cease Give me that willer stick, Rodolpho Kelley. Giddap Fan!" The stick fell with an astounding thwack on Fan's tough old hide. Uncle Ez had let Fan walk all through his story, but with Lizzie's persuasion she soon broke into a canter, much to our delight. With foot and stick, Lizzie prodded the horse until the Skaket Bog was reached. Then out we got, hung our lunch pails on a handy limb, out of reach of bugs and ants, sunk our tea bottles to their necks in the turfy bottom of one of the ditches surrounding the bog, and taking our six quart measures on our arms, walked onto the bog, ready for our day's picking.

Across the bog, from end to end, long lines were drawn which we called rows. Two persons picked in each row. Nobody liked to pick beside Lizzie, for she was a "scalper." That means that she would get ahead of the one beside her and scoop all the top berries off, leaving the bottom berries for her partner. These bottom berries are the hardest to pick.

That morning Lizzie fell to my lot and as we knelt in the rows together, I raged inwardly, for I was a slow picker and I knew that she would scalp my whole row after

she got ahead a little. In the next row were Curt Rich and Joe Long. Curt was a six-footer with the real Cape Cod drawl, and was one of the champion high line pickers. Joe was his shadow wherever he went, though as opposite in every way except good naturedness, as two boys can possibly be. They were the best of friends.

As Lizzie ranged ahead in the row, Curt on his side of the line followed closely. Whenever she slyly reached over on my side for a scoop, Curt would roar, "Don't hog it all, Lizzie. Leave a little for them that's to foller." So we raced across the swamp that forenoon. Now and then, Curt would turn and look back at Joe, saying in his drawling voice, "Come Josephus Orange-Blossom, Violets dipped in mornin' dew. Can't ye keep up with ye old father?"

At last the noon hour arrived and the fifty or more pickers, men, women, and children, rose stiffly from their knees. Old Aunt Eliza Smalley, seventy-five if she was a day, used to lay on her side and pick with one hand. She weighed over two hundred, and when she tried to rise, Uncle Ez, who was nearby, remarked: "Elizy here reminds me of a full rigged ship, a-pitchin' an' a-heavin' in a ground swell. What you need is more ballast, Elizy, to keep you on an even keel."

"You mind your own business, Ezry Higgins! You make me think of that steam whistle off back of Nauset in foggy weather. Allus ablowin'. Anybudy would think your gas would give out arter a while."

With tea-bottles and dinner-pails we were soon seated on the ground, making a grand picnic for young and old. Receipts for sour-milk doughnuts were exchanged by Julia Baker and Corrine Bosworth. Lucy Cahoon informed the crowd that "she had hung out three good-sized washins before she had left home in the morning." Lucy was what Uncle Ez called a "driver." As we talked, we often exchanged some delectable morsel with one another, and many were the compliments passed on the culinary art of the cooks present. All too soon the overseer called out that it was one o'clock, and then back we went to the bog to pick until four.

During the afternoon little Bennie Rogers fell into a ditch, from which he was rescued by his mother, who immediately administered an old-fashioned spanking, much to our amusement and Bennie's disgust. Lucindy Ryder got into a fuss with the overseer. 'Cindy was sure she had picked ten measures, while he had but nine on the tally-board. After argueing awhile, 'Cindy said, "Split the difference, and I'll be satisfied." So they settled it that way.

As it neared four o'clock, our spirits seemed to flag and to cheer us, some one started a song. Everyone joined and our voices echoed far and wide. A true Cape Codder loves to sing, and though they have no special training, their simple songs have a pathos and harmony that touches the heart.

"Now let's sing the Quilting Party," said Harry Crowell, and with his rich tenor leading, we sang. At its close the cry of "knock-off" came down the bog, and we rose and straightened our tired backs, the day's work done. Now for the ride home, under the rays of a setting sun, to where the welcome supper awaited us.

That night after supper, Capt. Ben Doane dropped in for a chat with father. "Heard the news, John? Uncle Ez Higgins broke his leg tonight when he was doin' up the chores. Stepped on a rotten plank in the barn. Dr. Davis come up from Orland and set it. I see him when he come by an' I hailed him. He says Uncle Ez will be laid up fur sometime. Too bad, haint it? Poor Ez has had darned hard luck these last ten years. Now he's laid up an' can't cart cranberry-pickers nor nothin', an' all thet money he counted on, has gone to the le'ward. I don't see what they'll heve to hire help, too, where Laviney's an invalid, an' help is scacer than hen's teeth 'bout this time o' the year. I dunno what in the name o' goodness Lavin-

ey'll do 'thout Ez at her beck an' call. He's waited on her, hand an' foot, as yer might say, for goin' on six years. An' he was allus cheerful tew."

Uncle Ez's misfortune was the chief topic at the bog next day. We girls and boys wracked our brains for a scheme to earn money enough to help out Uncle Ez and Aunt Laviney. During our varied discussions, Lizzie flippantly remarked, that if folks were a little mite more forehanded, p'raps they'd have somethin' laid by for a rainy day. 'Tis well enough to be generous for them as can, but my motto is "look out for No. 1."

"There, Elizabeth Godfrey, yew can step tew th' head of the class, so tew speak. Yew come the nearest tew nothin' whittled daown tew a point, of anything I know of! I've hearn tell of folks thet was so stingy they'd skin a flea for his taller, and naow, my land, I've seen one of 'em. We all know thet Ezrey has had a hard row tew hoe, sence he lost his vessel ten years ago. He's had mighty hard scratchin' tew make both ends meet. But he haint been around with no woebegone countenance on; no sir'ee Bob! He's allus a'jokin' and seemin'ly as happy as a clam at high water. But yew mark your Aunt Lizy Smalley's words, he's done a tarnal lot o' workin'. An' if there's any way we neighbors and friends can help him, then I say, dew it!

I'm lame an' I'm old, but I thank the Lord my heart haint shrunk any yit. I'll lend a helpin' hand to earn a dollar for 'em any day. Naow look here, gals an' boys, why don't yew give your Harvest Ball right naow instid of at the end o' the pickin. There's Amaziah Bassett's big barn empty, an' I know he'll be glad to let yew have it for a dance. Yew young folks can decorate it up a little, an' if all hands turn tew an' helps, we can git fifty dollars fer Uncle Ez, jest as easy as rollin' off a log."

A shout went up as Aunt Liza stopped speaking. Someone shouted for three cheers for Aunt Eliza. They were given with a will, and right there and then began plans for the long to be remembered Mid-Harvest Barn Dance. Amaziah Bassett gave us the use of his big barn, and promised to furnish lights and all the candles we would need to wax the floor. Sears' Grocery gave the lemons for lemonade, and Rung Bros., the sugar to sweeten it. Aunt Eliza volunteered to make it, and Lizzie said, "Seein' as she lived the nearest tew the barn, an' hed the best spring water in town, she would give us liberty tew use all the water we wanted, free."

Dan, Lizzie's son, cut the candles, slipping once on the waxy surface and nearly breaking his neck. This did not dampen his ardor for helping we girls, and he draped hog cranberry vines and "Creeping Jennie" in artistic festoons on the barn walls. Despite his hulking frame, his fingers had the touch of an artist, and no one for miles around had a better idea of harmony in color schemes than Dan. How Lizzie could have borne such a product is a marvel. He built a platform for the musicians, and above in silver paper and red cranberries, the word "Welcome" shone resplendent. Around the barn he set groups of little cedar trees, and in the shadows they cast, one could sit in a chair and rest. He had stacks of new cranberry measures at each corner of the platform, and from the hanging lamp overhead, Lizzie's sunbonnet was suspended by the strings, filled with golden-rod and asters. In every sense of the word it was a Cranberry Harvest Ball.

We boys and girls gathered early that evening, for there was much to be done. Curt and Joe escorted Aunt Eliza and her new wash-boiler filled with lemonade safely to the barn. The two violinists, the musicians for the evening, arrived. When the squeak of the bows sounded as they "tuned up," the crowd poured in. They came from far and near. Scrabble Towners and Long Pond Dippers, rubbed elbows with Punkhorn girls and South Shore Clippers; all were bent on an evening's pleasure and were ready to

leave their hard earned money behind for a good cause.

When Harry Crowell mounted the platform and called out, "Gentlemen, choose your partners and form on for the Grand March," I am sure he did it with a greater feeling of pride, than when in after years he addressed audiences as Senator of the State.

We danced Plain Quadrilles and Portland Fancies, Virginia Reels, Polkas and Lanciers, following each other in quick succession. Aunt 'Liza's lemonade, at two cents a glass, found ready sale to cool parched throats. No thought was given to the hours speeding swiftly by till at last the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" drifted out on the midnight air, telling us that the dance was over and that we must go. Many a heart found its mate that night, as under the blinking stars and through the misty moonlight we loitered home.

Before we left the barn, Harry Crowell announced to the crowd that we had realized seventy-five dollars for Uncle Ez's surprise, he having heard nothing of our plans to help him out. I thought then, and I know now that the older people who came to witness our merry-making, paid generously at the door to help swell the fund.

The next day we carried the money, tie up in a new white handkerchief, to Uncle Ez. The tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks when he received it. He blew his nose vigorously and said: "Lord A'mighty children, I didn't know folks thought so much of me. How about Lizzie, did she help tew? Give the water, hey. Give the water. Haw, Haw. Hear that, Laviney? By Crackee, Lizzie ought ter have a pension for her generosity, I'll be jiggered if she hadn't. Well, children, I thank you one and all for your thoughtful kindness and naow tew kinder square things, I think yew better hitch up old Fan an' all hands go for a hay-ride. Let Dan drive. He can steer pretty well, an' he haint so likely tew jibe over sudden as some of the young fellers thets got small craft in tow. I guess he'll make the trip without gettin' her on her beams ends." And as we filed out, we heard him say softly, "God bless the Cape Cod Cranberry Pickers."

A CAPE COD ROMANCE

Sara Ware Bassett's new novel, "The Taming of Zenas Henry," is a human interest story with a Cape Cod flavor. The characters in it are lovable for their simplicity and generosity. It is a book for the piazza, light reading for summer vacation days, and as such should find a ready sale.

Zenas Henry is an old batch who has a stubbornness that has achieved local fame. He marries a widow, who not only succeeds in taming him, but is tamed herself. They adopt three helpless old captains and make them comfortable in their home. There is a wreck and Zenas Henry and the three captains go to the rescue at the peril of their lives. They save the captain's daughter and she is promptly adopted into the family. The generosity of Zenas and Abbie impoverish them and the captains go to work to help fill the family purse. One of the captains makes what is considered a foolish speculation by buying some worthless land, and is rewarded finally by the sale of it to the canal company and promptly turns over the proceeds to Abbie, and the family is made comfortable for the rest of their lives.

George H. Doran Company, 38 West 32nd Street, New York, are the publishers.



ON THE BEACH AT CHATHAM



Following is the letter which won the first prize (a ten dollar gold piece) in the contest last year. This letter was one of several hundred submitted by pupils of the upper two high school grades, which were sent to friends and relatives living away from the Cape:

Orleans, Mass., April 8, 1914.

Dear Grandmother:

How glad I was on coming home from school last night to find one of your long letters awaiting me. Every word was interesting, but what interested me most was your news of Mr. E.

We were delighted to hear that he is recovering from his illness, but are sorry that his health necessitates his leaving the city. As you are so interested in him and his little family, why don't you suggest the Cape as his future home? It is an ideal home for "the poor man," and as Mr. E. is young, he would have a splendid chance here.

He might come down and purchase a small cottage at a very reasonable price, if he can secure one whose grounds do not border on the seashore, and I think he can. As they already have furniture enough they would soon have a cozy little home. I realize that he must find work at once, in order to support his family, and perhaps that is one reason for my suggesting that he come here. surely he could find agreeable employment on the Cape.

There is quite a variety of industries from which he could make his choice. Poultry raising is profitable, and eggs and fowl always find a ready market, either here or in the city. Gardening is carried on to good advantage; strawberries, peaches, pears and apples grow well in the sandy soil of the Cape, and asparagus is raised in great abundance. The fishing industry offers a substantial living to all who enter that business. There are quahaugs in the waters along the shores, in the bays and the coves; clams are found on the seashore and high prices are paid for them during the winter months. In the fall begins the harvesting of the greatest crop of the entire Cape—the cranberries. Beginning in September the pickers (men, women and children) go on the bogs to gather the beautiful red berries. Women who find the rather cramped position of the picker too tiresome, can sometimes secure the place of a screener, one who picks over the berries and removes the decayed fruit. Through such work as this Mrs. E. might aid her husband in supporting their little family. Indeed, some women earn good wages in this way.

The children can help too, picking cranberries, for sometimes little ones, scarcely ten years old, work all day on the bogs. Boys go quahauging, the women can keep boarders in the summer, for people are always besieging the houses near the water, begging to be taken in if only for a week or two, and offering exorbitant prices. In these several ways all may help in the upkeep of the home.

One of the best features of the Cape is the opportunity for outdoor labor. This is of course more healthful than indoor and will surely be another attraction for your friends.

Recreation plays an important part in every man's life. Here there are many opportunities for diversion and all practically free. In the winter we usually have fair sleighing

and fine skating; in the summer always bathing, driving, sailing and fishing.

Just picture to Mrs. Eldridge and her husband an ideal home; a little cottage nestling in the pines, a fair-sized vegetable garden, a small orchard and a pleasant flower garden, all bathed in the warm light of a setting sun which tinges all with a golden glory; and in the distance, the water, glistening as though studded with a million diamonds.

Does it not sound alluring? I am sure they will think so.

HAZELLE BEECHER.

REPLANNING A FARM FOR PROFIT

L. B. BOSTON

Habit frequently continues a type of farming in a community long after that type has become unprofitable. Wheat farming on fertile virgin soil is usually profitable, but there are many instances in the United States where farmers have continued to grow wheat for a number of years after it has ceased to be a profitable crop. Frequently unprofitable types of farming continue through a series of years or until the property changes hands or new methods are introduced. The farmer finds it hard to change a lifelong habit.

A man who has grown up with the agriculture of a community is slow to believe that the type of farming he has followed and which at one time was profitable has at last become unsuited to his condition. It is no small task to think out and change his long-used type to some better kind of farming. There are several reasons why such a change is difficult. It may mean a new line of equipment. Buildings may need modification or fences must be rearranged. It may mean the introduction of more or different live stock on the farm. It may mean that money will have to be borrowed if the proposed changes are effected. Furthermore the change may not succeed. At best the taking up of a new line of farming requires a readjustment of the usual ways of thinking and doing, a thing in itself that is difficult and requiring considerable time to accomplish.

Notwithstanding, habit may set the farmer in his ways, altered conditions and lessened yields and income may compel him to change his system or go out of business. To what shall he change? How shall he go about it? What type of farming is likely to prove more profitable than the kind he is now following? What additional capital is needed to institute a new and better system? These are the questions that confront him. They are difficult to answer. With pencil and paper in hand he may estimate the returns that may reasonably be expected by introducing more crops that build up the land, by growing more of the crop that is bringing him the most amount of money, by giving more attention to live stock that has been found to pay best, and the like.

The farmer is not simply a corn farmer, or a potato farmer, or a cattle breeder, or a poultry raiser, but often all of these and more combined. His farm, therefore, must be planned with reference to all these operations and the harmonious dovetailing togething of the different parts. In replanning his farm for profit the farmer must see all these different problems in a comprehensive way at the outset, omit the features that do not pay, and strengthen those that do.

It is often said that a farm cannot be planned as other kinds of business are; that the vicissitudes of weather, the visitations of insect pests or plant diseases, the low prices that may prevail when the farmer has to sell, and other unforseen circumstances may interfere to make all farm plans almost worthless from a practical standpoint.

This is often quite true with reference to plans made for a particular year. But when the plans are based on average conditions for a long series of years, then the objections do not hold. For while we cannot tell what may happen during any par-

ticular season, we can fortell with considerable accuracy what the average conditions will be over a series of, say, ten years. The whole business of insurance is based on the reliability of averages. It cannot be foretold just who out of a thousand persons will die next year, but it can be stated with much certainty about how many persons out of the thousand will die. Plans for the farm, likewise, must represent and be based on average conditions and not on single years. The farm plan must be made for a series of years and not for a single year.

The successful replanning of a farm rests on a comprehensive knowledge of agriculture gained by experience and by familiarity with what is being accomplished by others along agricultural lines.

Costs about $6.00 to spray an acre of potatoes for the season. Experiments show this investment earns increased yield, valued from $40.00 to $50.00. A good way for the farmer to put his money working.

Early Blight hits the potatoes in July. First indication, brown spots on leaves. Spots later enlarge and show target-shaped markings. Leaf tissues destroyed. Tops die. Result: small potatoes.

Damp muggy weather, followed by hot sunny weather, is conducive to potato blight. Bordeaux Mixture is the preventative, not the cure.

Keep spray on the leaves. Four or five sprayings during the season will do it.

The Cape Cod Cranberry crop has been severely damaged by frosts this spring. In localities where frosts have heretofore practically been unknown the bogs have been damaged and the crops greatly reduced. Following a season of very low prices this damage will be severely felt by those dependent upon the cranberry crop for their living.

To Newsdealers and Drug Stores

If you will put in a stock of the great

Cape Cod Story

The Taming of ZENAS HENRY

Sara Ware Bassett

this summer, you will have the most attractive and quick-selling of all Cape Cod novelties for summer visitors.

A story of Cape sea and dunes and back-country, filled with charm and optimism—the perfect tale for the porch of the summer cottage and THE PERFECT CAPE COD SOUVENIR.

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SELLING THE BOAT

A Transaction That Involved Considerable Shrewdness

"Well, son, what yer doin' in these diggin's? Want to buy a boat, hey! What kind of a boat and what yer goin' to do with her? Say, son, what's yer name and where yer from? Yer name's Skilling and yer from Boston! Say, son, do yer know a Pickering up yer way? He owes me three dollars and nineteen cents for twelve and three-quarters hours hiring a boat. If yer kin find him and collect the bill I'd give yer one-nineteen. O, yer don't know him! If I could get ahold of him his name would be Pickling, instead; but say, son, about the boat and where yer stayin'? Over to the boys' camp! Well, that's good. Yer think that old boat would suit, hey? Now don't jedge the valyer of that boat 'cause she's old, there's something goes with that boat yer don't see and if I told yer I expect yer'd be tongue-tied fer a month. I reckon there's hardly money 'nuff hereabouts to buy that boat. Yes, I know its old. Yer come close and I'll whisper who 'twas first caught fish from that boat when she was new. Come closer, I don't want anybody 'round the pond ter hear. Yes, I do say, and if yer don't believe me I kin show yer his initials cut in the stern; and then there was another big man who used to fish from that boat and if I thought you'd understand I'd give yer his name.

Does fishin' luck go with the boat? Of course, to be sure it does, son. I've caught a few from her myself. How big a one did I catch? Well, three years ago I hooked one that weighed thirteen pounds and fifteen ounces. Why didn't I say fourteen pounds? Now, I'm not a bay fisherman. If one of them caught a flat fish he'd say it was a blue fish, but it got away. I tell the truth. How many fish did that last man catch at one time? Well, I dunno'. I never counted, but one day when he was out in the boat and I was down on the float I seed her comin' and

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no one in her. I thought that funny for there is no drift in the pond. I kept lookin' and I guess my eyes were as wide open as my mouth. Soon I saw a head behind the stern and I'll be jiggered if the man wasn't swimmin' with one hand and pushin' the boat with the other, and when he got close I saw the boat was full to the rails. What, yer don't believe it? I'll call Lean J., she's my wife; her name's Lena Jane, but she's not lean—not a bit—has to take the doorways on a slant. She'll tell you just the same, and if Ted Cahoon was here you could ask him, but he's gone to Skeeterville for bait.

"Must yer be goin'? Well, so long! When yer think yer have tin 'nuff to buy a boat come and see me.

"Yes, Lean J., yes! That old boat's good as sold. I'll go down after dinner and cut the 'D. W.' a leetle mite deeper."

IYANOUGH HOUSE SOLD

The Iyanough House at Hyannis which has so long been run by Thomas H. Soule, Jr., has been sold to Hugh Ferguson of South Braintree who takes possession July 1. Mr. Soule purchased the Iyanough House in 1888 and it has been particularly popular with the "Knights of the Grip" while under his management. Mr. Ferguson is himself a traveling man which should fit him for the position of the manager of a public house through a knowledge of what the traveling public desires. Saye the Hyannis Patriot: "The public house of a country town is one of the things by which the standing of the community is judged, and for twenty-seven years this house, like its broad minded and public spirited owner and manager, has stood for what is best, and has come to be regarded as a landmark of excellence."

Schooner William Matheson is a total wreck at the Magdalen Islands. This vessel was built in 1875 for Capt. Angus McKay of Provincetown to command.

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HOWARD MARSTON
Centerville, Mass.

The editor and business manager made an auto trip from one end of the Cape to the other about three weeks ago. Everywhere they went the Cape Cod Magazine was spoken of in highest terms and much encouragement was received. A delightful evening was spent at Provincetown in a visit to the live Board of Trade rooms, the office of the Advocate and other points of interest.

TROLLEYMOTOR

FOR ALL CAPE COD

What is the Trolleymotor?

The Trolleymotor is the newest form of trackless trolley. It is in all respects a **superior** system of transportation. **It gives service on streets and highways only.** It is **not** a railroad. It needs no rails.

It is a permanently established system and provides all-year service where conditions warrant it.

Three to six miles of Trolleymotor line can be installed, equipped, operated and maintained at the cost of **one** mile of track line.

Therefore, the Trolleymotor system can, at a profit, be installed and operated where no other could succeed. There are thousands of such places in the United States, one of the most important being Cape Cod, and there it will be worth many, many times its cost.

The Trolleymotor can go where no other regular system of transportation can **afford** to go, and can give service such as no other can afford to give at the price.

The Trolleymotor is an **electric highway car** having full **motor** equipment, but no **engine.** It uses **no gasolene,** but takes its power from a central station through two overhead trolley wires, a positive and negative, which permit it to travel anywhere on a street or road, without tracks or rails.

The Trolleymotor does not injure but **benefits** the streets and roads on which it runs. It should be installed on every good highway.

The cost per mile of up-keep of track lines is so great that it would install and equip a mile of Trolleymotor line anew and complete every three to five years.

The Trolleymotor system can provide local freight and passenger accommodation and convenience to every farm, factory, and family along the way such as no other system of transportation under the sun can afford to give at the price.

The Trolleymotor may be operated at speed equal to that of the average street railway. But, **safety first.**

It runs on all streets and highways on which its trolley wires are installed, as freeely as does any other vehicle.

It does not interfere and is not interfered with by other traffic.

The Trolleymotor can traverse any part of a thirty-foot street or highway, since its trolleys permit the car to diverge with safety to distances of fifteen feet right and left from the wires.

The Trolleymotor runs as smoothly as an automobile, is roomy, comfortable, odorless, practically noiseless and **has no objectionable features whatever.**

The Trolleymotor can easily be steered to right or left around any passing vehicle or obstruction, or to the sidewalk for taking on or discharging passengers.

The Trolleymotor can on any length of line give regular service for passengers sixteen hours or more per day, every day in the year, and do it so cheaply that it may make a profit where any other system would lose money.

The Trolleymotor not only carries passengers, but, by means of its special trucks or cars, freight as well, either light or heavy, and also baggage, the mails and express matter, as do the trackless trolley lines in European countries.

The Trolleymotor truck and freight cars can be run to warehouses and to freight sheds 150 to 200 feet from the trolley lines, where they can unload and load, and thence return to the line without interruption to the regular traffic.

The Trolleymotor can, at a great saving to the shipper, trail to market or shipping stations, wagons containing country produce, and shipments to and from farms, fisheries, bogs, mills and factories.

A Trolleymotor line can tap a new district and bring in all kinds of farm products, as fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry and the like, to a regular market, or to one established for the purpose, and do it cheaper than it can be done by any other means.

The Trolleymotor is the most practical and economical aid to agricultural development, and to the building up of markets and industries in the cities and towns, large and small, as well as to land developments projects.

Good roads and the Trolleymotor will carry prosperity anywhere.

The Trolleymotor is alike the ideal service for city, town, village and country, and for mountain and seashore resorts.

Its elegant, noiseless, odorless, easy riding passenger cars make it especially desirable for fine residential districts and for highways, boulevards and parkways where tracks are forbidden.

Electric power for the Trolleymotor may be taken from an established local lighting plant, or from a steam or water power plant of its own.

Trolleymotors are lighted and heated by electricity. They meet and pass without stopping. No switches. No delays. No inconveniences.

The trackless trolley has been thoroughly tried out for years all over Europe, and, though more expensive to install and less convenient than the Trolleymotor, is a demonstrated success. At Leeds, England, after several years' use of the trackless system, the municipality has voted to take up all tracks and substitute trackless trolleys in their place, as being in all respects more economical and more satisfactory.

For verification, see U. S. Consular Reports, and many publications abroad and at home, such as "Popular Electricity" and also "Technical World Magazine," each of February, 1914.

The Trolleymotor is the last word in the trackless trolley book. This new system, with but **two** trolley wires, gives a service which other trackless trolleys require four wires to equal, and hence it saves more than thousands of dollars a mile in equipment. Patent protection of the broadest and most basic character has been granted thereon for the Trolleymotor, and thereunder the Massachusetts Highway Service Company will operate in this Commonwealth.

The old system is called the "trackless trolley"; the new, the "Trolleymotor." So let the slogan be "The Trolleymotor for All Cape Cod."

MASSACHUSETTS HIGHWAY SERVICE COMPANY

1011 Tremont Building

73 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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Judging by the enthusiastic reception with which the idea is meeting on every part of Cape Cod, it is ideally adapted for conditions as they exist on the Cape. We should like very much to hear from anyone interested in the Cape, and for this purpose there is appended a coupon; or, better still, write us a letter telling where you first read about it; and outlining your ideas. We mean this for **you**, Mr., Mrs., or Miss Reader.

Massachusetts Highway Service Co., 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:—I am interested in having Trolleymotor Transportation Service installed on Cape Cod.

(Here write whatever else you may wish to say)

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Post Office .....

CAMP QUANSET WIRELESS

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ovington surprised the Camp Quanset girls with a short visit a few days ago. Mr. Ovington, extremely interested in the camp life, has erected a wireless outfit so that the girls can receive messages from Wellfleet, getting the news before the newspapers have it. It is a most fitting improvement to the craftsshop which faces the bay. With the sailing, tennis, riding and bathing in full swing, receiving the latest war news will add great excitement to the camp.

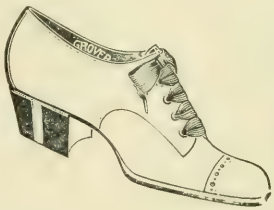
AN OPPOSITE EFFECT

That talking too much about undesirable things sometimes creates a desire for them is evidenced by an anecdote that is related about Rev. Mr. Stone of old Colonial days, who felt that he had a mission to exhort the Indians on the subject of intoxicating liquors. One of the Mashpee Indians to whom he preached on exchange, was asked how he liked Mr. Stone. He answered: "Mr. Stone is one very good preacher, but he preach too much about rum. Indian think nothing about it, but when he tell how Indian love rum, make Indian think how good it is and Indian want rum then."

OF CAPE COD ORIGIN

Manomet Lake in Bourne is a delightful inland sheet of water and is much visited by picnic parties. There are hotels and cottages there and it is a favorite place with autoists of the upper Cape section. It is reached through Cedarville from the highway between Plymouth and Sagamore, or from Bournedale on the North side of the Canal.

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was of Cape Cod origin. Harvey Birch, the original of Cooper's "Spy," originated in Harwich, his real name being Enoch Crosby, and his actual experience being matched by all the incidents in this most characteristic of the author's works.



OXFORD TIME

Hot weather is here for good. From now on it will be an Oxford rush. They are the most stylish and comfortable Shoes for summer wear.

We have everything in Men's, Women's, Boys' and Girls' Oxfords, in Tan and Black Calf, Vici Kid, Patent Coltskin; Military, French and Common Sense Heels, at prices ranging from

One Dollar Up to Five

But what's the use of quoting a string of prices without seeing the Oxfords? Come in for a look.

Bartlett's Shoe Store

Cash Block, Hyannis

Nemasket House

MIDDLEBORO, MASS.

Rooms to Let by Day or Week

Open all Year Round *Under New Management*

Kodaks and Supplies Developing and Printing

Small's

Buzzards Bay

Advertising in the Cape Cod Magazine is a Sound Business Proposition. Reserve space at once.

Hyannisport is a very beautiful place, situated on a high elevation of land, overlooking the Sound. It is a populous summer resort and has many fine residences and great advantages for boating and bathing.

A complimentary banquet was given by the business men of Harwich to the proprietor of the New Winslow Hotel in that place Thursday evening, June 10.



Scene Along Shore



FINE RESIDENCE FOR SALE

This property overlooks a beautiful lake, three miles long, and is within easy distance of both shores of the Cape. Seven-room house, all in good order, finished in hard wood. Large barn, excellent water supply, modern plumbing. Near railroad station, post office and store. About six acres of land, mostly wooded with thrifty pines. Lawn, gardens and shrubbery have made the place famed for its beauty. It is ideally located as an all the year or summer residence. Pleasant Lake is one of the Cape's beauty spots. Good fishing, boating and bathing. A bargain if taken at once. Address,

JOSEPH L. BUTLER, Pleasant Lake, Mass.

THE CAPE COD EXCHANGE

Advertisements under this heading cost FIVE CENTS a word. Minimum 50c. Try it

LORING'S MUSICIANS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—High-Class Music for all occasions. Orchestras, Soloists, Quartettes, Minstrels, Entertainments. Anywhere on Cape Cod during July and August. Automobile transportation. Address Albert S. Loring, Plymouth.

FOR SALE

ESTATE comprising 4 acres land, 8-room house, barn; located in heart of Monument Beach; 3 minutes to shore; suitable for summer or year-round home. For particulars, address William Blackburn, Monument Beach, Mass.

WANTED—Boys and girls to learn how they can increase their spending money by selling THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE to their friends and neighbors. For full particulars write to The Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich, Mass.

BOARDING PLACES—Write us and we will tell you how to secure them. Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich, Mass.

Chronology of Cape Cod Events

(Continued from June)

1652—Capt. Standish was appointed to rectify the bounds between Barnstable and Sandwich.—The wife of Tristram Hull of Barnstable was warned by the Court to desist from hindering the servant of Samuel Mayo from performing faithful service to her master.—The town of Sandwich was presented for not having a common stock of powder and shot.—Jonathan Hatch of Barnstable was presented for furnishing an Indian with a gun and ammunition, but "cleared."—Mr. Prince of Eastham, Mr. Howes of Yarmouth, John Chipman of Barnstable, and Richard Bourne of Sandwich, were appointed to receive from these several towns "the oil of the country."

1653—Josias Hallet and Thomas Gage of Yarmouth were presented by the court "for profaning the Lord's day, by putting forth to sea from Sandwich harbor on the Lord's day," and fined.

1654—A vessel belonging to Mr. Samuel Mayo, of Barnstable, employed in conveying the goods of Mr. Leverich from Sandwich to Oyster Bay, Long Island, was seized by the authorities of Rhode Island. Commissioners were appointed by the Plymouth authorities to look into the matter, and the act was disavowed by the government.—Wm. Chase, of Yarmouth, presented for driving a yoke of oxen on the Lord's day, in time of exercise, about five miles.—Mashantampaine, sachem of Yarmouth, was accused of "stealing a gun, and that his dogs injured the cattle of the inhabitants," and that "he had in his possession a chest of tools," the inference being that they were not his. On the first charge he was acquitted; on the last two, inquiry was ordered, and we hear no more of the matter.—Sandwich was presented for not providing stocks and whipping posts; also for not having a full complement of arms.—Eastham was presented for not having a pound.—It appearing that injury had been done by horses to the Indians' corn at Manomet, it was ordered that the damage must be paid, and Mr. Freeman was authorized to have the matter properly adjusted.—The bounty on wolves was ordered to be paid as follows: Barnstable 9, Yarmouth 6, Sandwich 4, Eastham 4.

1657—A controversy between the sachem Yanno, or Janno, and the inhabitants of Yarmouth, about the title to lands, was referred to John Alden and



The Lumber Question

Is easily answered. Consult us about your plans; our advice is free. We can supply you with the best lumber at short notice. Only well seasoned stuff is kept here. No matter how large or small your order is, we want it, and assure you that you will buy satisfaction with the lumber. A trial will convince you.

EDWIN K. GREER, Wareham

Flowers...

Seeds, Plants,

Trees, Shrubs

H. V. LAWRENCE

FALMOUTH, MASS.

ERASTUS T. BEARSE

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

CHATHAM, MASS.

For Sale -25-Acre Farm

Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings worth all we ask for the property.

John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

CAPE COD, MARTHAS VINEYARD & NANTUCKET HOTEL ASSO.

"Here Every Breeze is an Ocean Breeze"

Sandy Beaches, delightfully Warm Bathing, safe Sailing, deep sea and Inland Fishing, Golf, Tennis and all summer amusements. Most perfect auto roads in New England.

For **Booklet** containing **Information** for this **most ideal summer playground,** address

511 India Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Lieut. Southworth, who decreed that the title of the inhabitants shall be confirmed, and that the sachem shall have paid to him six coats, six pair small breeches, ten hoes, ten hatchets, two brass kettles and one iron kettle.

1658—The town of Sandwich voted to authorize Thomas Tobey to pay 15 shillings to the Indians for every wolf killed by them.

1659—James Skiff, chosen by the town of Sandwich for deputy, was rejected by the court, on account of his proclivities in favor of the Quakers.

1661-2—Rev. John Smith and others of the Barnstable church, having seceded and formed themselves into another and distinct society, a council of neighboring churches was held, which disowned the seceders, renounced fellowship with them, and called upon the churches to do the same.

1662—The rates for public charges were as follows: Sandwich, 10 pounds, 2 shillings, 0 pence; Yarmouth, 10 pounds, 2, 0; Barnstable, 11 pounds, 2, 0; Eastham, 8 pounds, 2, 0.

1663—Kenelm Winslow, Jr., of Yarmouth, was fined 10 shillings "for riding on the Lord's day," although he pleaded necessity.—Mr. Hinckley, Thomas Dexter, Jr., and Constant Southworth, appointed to settle the bounds between Sandwich and Plymouth.—

Cotuit Inn AND Cottages

CAPE COD, COTUIT, MASS.

Overlooking Harbor and Ocean

Boating, Bathing, Tennis, etc. Clams, Oysters, Little Necks right out of the water. Milk, Eggs, Poultry and Vegetables from our own farm.

NOW OPEN *PRICES REASONABLE*

CHARLES L. GIFFORD, Prop.

N. A. ELDREDGE

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

CHATHAM, MASS.

Stop at the Puritan Cafe

When in Hyannis

We give you full value for your money

MAIN STREET, HYANNIS

The First National Bank

HYANNIS, MASS.

"The Largest National Bank on Cape Cod"

Conservatively Managed

Furnishes Excellent Facilities for Handling the Business of Summer Residents

IRVING W. COOK
President

ELKANAH CROWELL
Vice President

WALTER B. CHASE, Cashier

It was ordered "that Sacconessett shall, for the present, belong to Barnstable."

1665—Robert Harper was publicly whipped by order of the court, "for disturbing public worship in Sandwich and Barnstable"; and Richard Willis was set in the stocks "for ribaldry." These persons persisted in going to the places of public worship, and "bearing their testimony" while the services were progressing.

1668—Francis, sachem of Nauset, was fined 10 pounds, "for uncivil and inhuman words to Capt Allen, at Cape Cod, when cast away."—General military musters were ordered to be held on the second Wednesday of the ensuing year, at Plymouth, Yarmouth and Taunton.

1671—Certain persons in Hull petitioned the government "for permission to fish at Cape Cod for mackerel, they having discovered a new method of fishing with nets by moonlight."

1672—The laws, hitherto in manuscript only, were, for the first time, printed and distributed to the towns of the colony.—Seecunk and his two sons, who claimed to have inherited Scorton Neck in Sandwich, of their father, sold "the end next to Barnstable or the Sandy Beach," etc. "to some Barnstable men.' —Succonessett was authorized by the court "to make good and wholesome orders" for its government and security."

SEARS'
Dry Goods Store

BENJAMIN SEARS, Proprietor

Dry Goods, Furnishings
Smallwares

NEW IDEA PATTERNS

HYANNIS, MASS.

Telephone Connection

COMPANIONS



In the tour may be assured of *smooth going* if they make *proper preparations.* We have every essential for emergencies. No mishap so serious but that we can foresee it and provide for it. *Reasonable prices* for *accessories* of the *better sort*. . .

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Hyannis, Mass.

THE NATIONAL BANK OF WAREHAM MASS.

We have excellent banking facilities, and you are cordially invited to open an account with us.

Checking accounts of summer residents are solicited.

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Cashier

J. C. MAKEPEACE
President

BOYS AND GIRLS
OF
CAPE COD

JUST A MINUTE!!

Want to Earn Some Money This Summer?

Would You Like to Win a $5 Gold Piece?

THEN WRITE TO
P. O. BOX 161, SANDWICH, MASS.
FOR INFORMATION

Are You a Member of the

Cape Cod Board of Trade

If not, why not join this organization which means so much in the development of the Cape along the right lines?

Sign the Coupon below and send to the Secretary at Sandwich.

CAPE COD BOARD OF TRADE

Sandwich, Mass., *191*

Enclosed please find One Dollar and application for membership for one year.



SEA PINES

Home School for Girls

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personality

Genuine happy, home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is **exceptionally favorable for an out door life,** which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 2,000 feet of seashore; ponies. Horseback riding. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts, French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

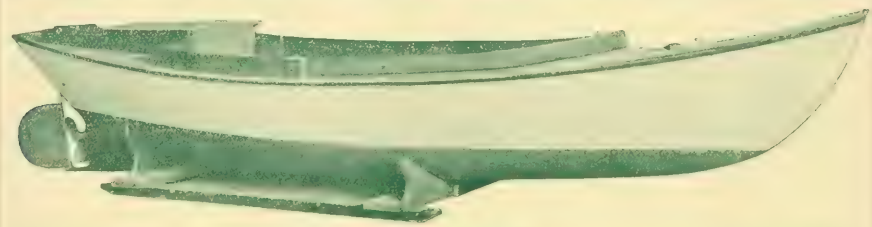
Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box L.
Brewster Cape Cod Massachusetts



AR, $1.00

THE CAPE COD POWER DORY

RIDES THE SEA LIKE A DUCK BUT NEVER DIVES



Safe and Seaworthy — 20-FOOT SPECIAL DORY — A Good Family Boat

Cabin Boats from 24 to 35 Foot

17-Foot Club Sailing Dory — 16-Foot Shallow Draft Fishing Boat

14-Foot Boat Built Especially for Outboard Motor

Row Boats 10 to 14 foot

CAPE COD POWER DORY CO.

Wareham, Mass.

THE SOUTH SHORE OF CAPE COD

Falmouth Heights

On Vineyard Sound

Warm Bathing, Good Boating and Fishing, Inland Harbor

TERRACE GABLES

OPENED MAY 15

Rooms with Bath — A La Carte Service — Fern Room Open from 10 to 10 — Music

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MENAUHANT, MASS.

on the Beach — *Family Hotel of Cape Cod* — Nothing but Sand

one week rest among the pines and salt water. 100 acre farm supplying vegetables and milk fresh every day. Real country and seashore combined. Booklets and Maps.

RAPER, Proprietor — *CHARLES ROWE, Acting Manager*

CAPE COD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



A CAPE COD BATHING SCENE

August, 1915

THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.
SANDWICH, MASS.
SINGLE COPY, 10 cts. BY THE YEAR, $1.00

The First National Bank

HYANNIS, MASS.

"The Largest National Bank on Cape Cod"

Conservatively Managed

Furnishes Excellent Facilities for Handling the
Business of Summer Residents

IRVING W. COOK
President

ELKANAH CROWELL
Vice President

WALTER B. CHASE, Cashier

BARNSTABLE
Cape Cod

Will sell or lease 45 acres of land, suitable for golf links.

Location, north shore of Wequaquet Lake. Easy of access from R.R. Station.

Address
HOWARD MARSTON
Centerville, Mass.

CAMP OPECHEE
WEQUAQUET LAKE
and
OPECHEE INN
MARSTON FARM
CENTERVILLE, CAPE COD, MASS.

MRS. ALBERT STARCK, Manager
Camp Opechee open from June 1 to October 1
Opechee Inn open all the year–Hot water heat and open fires
LOBSTER AND CHICKEN DINNERS
Special attention given Week End and Auto Parties. Guests will be met at West Barnstable on arrival of train if notified.

TEL. HYANNIS 38-2

Nauset Inn
Orleans, Mass.

Where the roads meet from the North and South side of Cape Cod.

Steam Heated, Modern Sanitary Arrangements, Cape Cod Home Cooking, Sea Food in its season

Appetizing Meals and Good Beds
Daily rate, $2.50 **$12 to $15 per week**

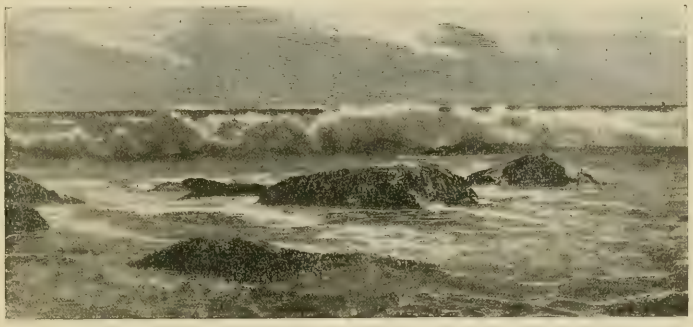
WILLARD L. POTTER, Prop.

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CAPE COD, MASS.

The Santuit

Automobile Parties a Specialty
Boating, Bathing and Tennis
Cottage now open

James H. Webb, Prop.



CAPE COD MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1915

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr.

VOLUME I
NUMBER 4

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COURIER PRINT SHOP, WAREHAM

BOSTON — PROVINCETOWN

S. S. DOROTHY BRADFORD

1800 TONS—1900 CAPACITY

From Provincetown, Railroad Wharf, week days 2.30 p. m.; Sundays and holidays, 3 p. m. Due Boston 6.30 and 7 p. m.

From Boston, 400 Atlantic Ave., week days 9 a. m., Sundays and holidays 9.30 a. m. Due Provincetown 1 and 1.30 p. m.

Fare 75 Cents One Way

Cape Cod S. S. Co.

Riverside Park

WEST HARWICH, MASSACHUSETTS

A new, select **Building Plot** for **Summer Cottages**, now being prepared and developed.

High ground, well covered with full-grown trees, on the banks of the river and near the ocean. Good fishing and safe boating and bathing, with hard state road abutting.

The lots are large, and building restrictions will be employed to insure only high-class dwellings.

In order to start building operations, owner will make specially low prices on first two lots sold if houses are erected by next summer.

Riverside Park will be ready for inspection and sale about August first.

C. M. ROBBINS

Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 AUGUST, 1915 NO. 4

From the Publishers' Desk

DON'T you think that quite an improvement has been made in the appearance and contents of this magazine since the first issue in May? This is the mid-summer number, and we think that it is the best yet. We are extremely gratified at the support we are getting and can promise our readers that there will be no shortage of interesting material for the forthcoming numbers. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly and the news-stand sales are increasing.

"I believe you have the best Cape Cod advertiser ever put out," writes one reader, and best of all, incloses a dollar for a year's subscription.

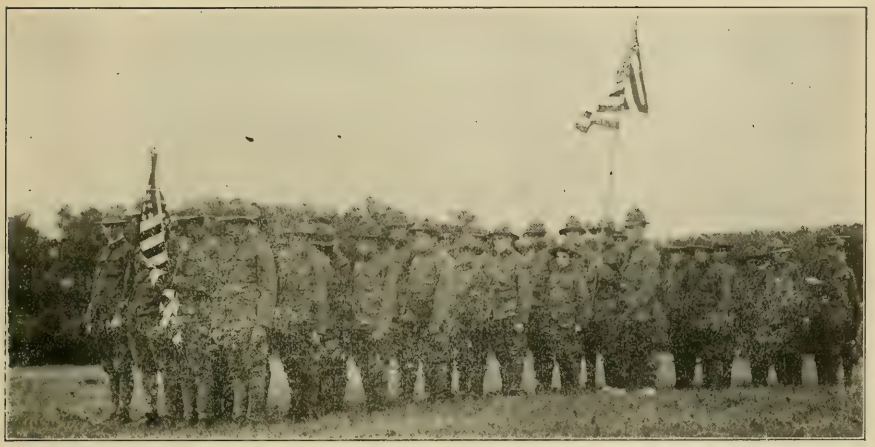
In ordering the continuance of his advertisement, another correspondent writes: "Despite the fact that I am trying to supply engagements already booked, a great part of which I attribute to my one advertisement in your July issue of the Cape Cod Magazine, I feel in duty bound to continue the adv. for another month to repay you to a certain extent, at least, for your splendid service."

It won't be long before every person, resident upon and interested in Cape Cod, will have seen and read the magazine. Each copy will be kept and treasured and the contents, including the advertising, will be read with a thoroughness of which few publications can boast. You see every person who gets the magazine is directly interested in every word between its covers and there is no waste circulation at all. As an advertising medium it is unexcelled.

That literary talent is plentiful among our readers is evidenced by the excellence of many of the contributions with which we have been favored, and we trust that others will follow the example and submit manuscript for our use. The field abounds in interesting material and we want all we can get. We go to press about the fifteenth of each month. Address articles submitted to L. C. Hall, Editor, Wareham, Mass., as early in each month as possible.



WRECKED ON A BARREN SHORE



BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT AND THE CAPE COD BOY

BY JOHN D. DUFFY

IT is an indisputable fact that the future of Cape Cod depends entirely upon Cape Codders; and those who are actively working for Community Betterment and development of the Cape's resources must realize that the dominant factor in their considerations and plannings should be the Cape Cod boy. That boy who today is a frequent trial and terror to peace-loving citizens; who can't understand why a cat's tail won't stretch, who feels a joyous sense of possession in your melon patch and apple orchard; he it is who tomorrow will make or break your laws, who will intelligently use or heedlessly abuse what you have so carefully constructed and conserved. And which of these paths he will pursue, whether he, too, will build or idly mar and tear down, depends largely upon what his activities are today.

The Cape Cod boy on the inside, differs in no respect from the alert little chap of the western plains, the drawling young Southerner, or the tailor-made lad of your city millionaire—at heart they are all alike, embryo gentlemen and healthy, ingenious young savages, and they need three things: sufficient legitimate employment for both mind and body, clean healthful sports that make for good red blood and innocent amusements. Given these, there is no earthly reason why the boys of the Cape should not develop into a group of men whose ambitions and activities will be an honor to all New England; specimens of manhood you may well be proud of.

It has been well said that "a boy is a bundle of possibilities" and the main purpose, the ultimate aim of the Boy Scout Movement is, to so develop these possibilities and so direct his energies that the boy shall be unconsciously trained into wholesome habits of right thinking and right living.

I cannot do better than repeat what I have said before: "Conservation" is a word we hear on every hand now. We are appointing national committees and spending immense amounts to conserve our streams, our forests, our valleys and our hills; but of what use is

it all unless first and foremost, we conserve for good citizenship the boys of our nation? Of what value will our material resources prove, unless we have also conserved the moral, intellectual and physical future of the coming generation?

The Boy Scout workers, recognizing all this, aim to secure the boy at the most critical and trying period of his career and to center his thoughts and energies in wholesome and worth while activities: to see that when he works, that work is constructive; and that when he plays, that play shall wholesomely and happily contribute to his physical, mental and moral development.

The Boy Scout Movement is a broad one, marked out along ethical rather than religious lines, and it aims to embrace all classes and all creeds, Catholic, Protestant or Jew. The scout's religion is his oath and the twelve points of the Scout law. He promises that upon his honor he will do his duty to God and his Country, and obey the Scout law; that he will help other people at all times and that he will keep himself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

The Scout law covers the twelve fundamental principles and is as follows:

1. A scout is trustworthy.
2. A scout is loyal.
3. A scout is helpful.
4. A scout is friendly.
5. A scout is courteous.
6. A scout is kind.
7. A scout is obedient.
8. A scout is cheerful.
9. A scout is thrifty.
10. A scout is brave.
11. A scout is clean.
12. A scout is reverent.

The great aim of the Scout Movement is to build character which is so essential to success in life. Strength of character cannot be largely developed in the school room. Of necessity teachers have scant time or opportunity for anything outside of the regular curriculum, but parents whose boys are anxious to associate themselves with the Boy Scout Movement, have little excuse for withholding their consent and they should understand that they are risking not merely a temporary disappointment to the boy, but permanent and pernicious injury; for it means excluding him at the crucial and formative period of his life from the very influence and environment he most needs—the influence and environment that seize the boy's character in its red hot stage of enthusiasm and weld it into the right shape and encourage and develop its individuality—so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country in the immediate future, instead of being a waste of God's good material.



PREPARING TO RAISE WIRELESS MAST

OLD HOME WEEK AT HARWICH

BY T. H. NICKERSON

THE town of Harwich is noted as having taken the lead in the matter of Old Home Week observances. Its citizens were quick to realize the value of the institution and have been loyal to the movement.

The idea of Old Home Week originated in New Hampshire, where the late Governor Rollins introduced the thought. In 1902 Massachusetts followed the example of New Hampshire and set apart the week beginning with the last Sunday in July of each year to be known as Old Home Week. At this time it was intended to invite absent sons and daughters to return to the old home, and by fitting ceremonies welcome them to the scenes of their childhood.



It is claimed that Harwich is the only town in the Commonwealth to maintain an unbroken series of Old Home Week observances. From the first, elaborate plans have been made each year to make the week enjoyable. At first, Harwich set apart three days of the week for official celebrations, when extensive programs were carried out at Harwich Centre, Harwichport and West Harwich.

Other events served to fill up the time so that on each day of the week the large number of pleasure seekers found something of interest. The immense amount of work involved in such entertainment, however, soon cut the celebrations down to two days of the week, and in later years to one day. Old Home Day in Harwich, usually celebrated on Friday, is annually looked forward to by great concourses of people. It has come to be the greatest holiday of the year. The Harwich Old Home Week Association has charge of each year's celebration. Its committees and officers have included those who are most public spirited and interested in the welfare of the town. The first president of the association was the late Darius M. Nickerson, Jr. This beloved, energetic son of Harwich put much of his time and effort in making the early years of the association the best of its existence. Those who have followed him in presiding over the affairs of the organization are Chester Snow, Charles M. Robbins, Charles H. Hammond, Thomas H. Nickerson, Ephraim H. Doane and Harrie D. Handy, the present incumbent. Among various features employed in the past to entertain Old Home Week guests have been athletic sports of almost every description, including some of the best baseball games

ever seen on Cape Cod. It is a notable fact that of the twenty or more Old Home Week baseball games, Harwich has lost but one—that in 1913 to Chatham. Among the teams defeated, are Middleboro, Hyannis, Wellfleet, Sandwich, Provincetown, Plymouth Cordage and many others. Immense clambakes have been enjoyed, also beautiful displays of fireworks and one of the finest of Trade parades. The first aeroplane to fly on Cape Cod ascended from Harwichport during an Old Home Week celebration. There have also been balloon ascensions, parades, aquatic sports, life saving drills, etc. The week is usually ushered in by appropriate services in all the churches and the celebration closes with a grand concert and dance in Exchange hall, one of the largest on the Cape. It is planned this year to furnish an entertainment fully up to the standard of past years. On Sunday afternoon, July 24, special church services will be held in Exchange hall. The main events will take place at Doane field, Harwichport, on Friday afternoon, July 30, at 1.30 o'clock. Miss Rose Pitonof of Boston, champion long-distance swimmer of the world, will give an exhibition of swimming and diving, following which a baseball game between the strong teams of Sandwich and Hyannis A. A. will be played.

Professor Lawrence Davis of Boston will make a balloon ascension with triple parachute drop. John Fogg's band of Brockton will furnish music all the afternoon. In the evening a balloon ascension, with fireworks, will be made from Brooks Park. A grand concert and dance in Exchange hall, with music by John Fogg's orchestra of 16 pieces, will conclude the festivities. Preparations are being made to receive and entertain a vast crowd of visitors, and everything points to another grand gala day at the Harwich Old Home Week celebration on July 30, 1915.



AN OLD HOME WEEK PICNIC

An Old-Time Yachting Cruise In Vineyard Sound

BY J. K. NYE



ROBABLY no two "Sports" ever started on a combined gunning and yachting trip better equipped with experience than we two old shipmates on the afternoon of September 17, 1898; for beginning with the Institute of Technology days, when the class of '79 was turned loose upon the world for the long vacation, we had each summer turned as unerringly to the cabin of our little 30-footer, and the blue, breezy surface of Buzzards Bay, as the needle to the Pole. And each fall, through sunshine and shadow, blow high or blow low, has seen us trim our sheets as we have this day, shake the dust of earth from our feet, chase the shadow of care from our brains, and make a long tack off shore.

Pretty little knockabout with an overhanging stern, seven tons of lead keel, seven feet down under water? No! No! Our craft is something better for our business than that. A craft with an honest breadth of beam, a bilge like a pippin apple, a draught of three feet, and a cabin like the interior of a balloon. A long centreboard, a pole mast free from rigging as possible, a goodly spread of jib and mainsail, makes our boat an ideal for ease of handling. Add to this outfit ninety fathoms of stout whale line, divided into three anchor warps, one hundred and fifty pounds of good galvanized anchors, and we will take our chances with any modern knockabout that ever soaked a good sailor to the skin or wore out his elbows "holding on."

The delight of just our situation comes to but few people. Mr. Douglass Jerrold Kelley once said in a magazine article that, "For comfortable cruising a small yacht was little better than a harness cask," but we can forgive Mr. D. J. K. this slander, since his article was written in the guests' room of a thousand ton steam yacht. When he wanted a dinner of "small hot birds," he was obliged to don his dress suit, and put his knees beneath mahogany, much as he would at the Waldorf-Astoria, and probably never imagined the pleasure of a "Day on the beach," the return



SAILING CRAFT

to the coziness of a little thirty-footer, a self-prepared dinner of birds fresh from the sea and shore, a dinner which, surroundings considered, could not be had elsewhere on top of the earth.

Our start today is with a brisk southwester, which gives us just a close haul out into the beautiful harbor of New Bedford,

down the mouth into the open waters of Buzzards Bay, where we butt into a murky fog. We are bound for Woods Hole, and our course southeast gives us a leading wind. The first few hours of a cruise like this are always filled with a spirit of ecstacy, and little we care for thick fog or heavy thumping sea. Down below is a long, black bottle and a couple of short, black pipes; there is also a couple of pounds of good old "Hard-a-port." The man at the wheel on a cruise like this is always captain, and all others second mates. As the fog shuts in we pay off to Black Rock for a proper departure. The aforesaid long, black bottle and short, black pipes, together with a couple of suits of oil-skins and "sou-westers," now appear on deck, and we trim our sheets on the old familiar southeast by east course—ten miles to run.

The southwest wind is strong and the sea high, the bluff old-fashioned bow of our little craft now and again bursts into it like an explosion of a torpedo, spattering out a half acre of foam, but she is very able and holds steadily on her course. In something over an hour we make the buoy off Weepecket Island, and fifteen minutes later run out of the fog off the point of Nonomessett, and the great island of Naushon, the beautiful seashore estate of the Forbes family. Far up in the green recesses of the harbor we can see the topmasts, standing high above the trees, of some of the most noted yachts—the Puritan, Volunteer, Merlin, Wild Duck, and many other smaller sloops and steam launches, all the property of these worthy patrons of sport, who had been closely connected with every celebrated yachting event for the past forty years. Here on an island ten miles long and three miles wide, their own domain, surrounded by the loveliest of scenery, they come as near holding "royal possession" as any in America. With a plenty of fish off shore, well stocked inland ponds, and vale and hill on which deer and smaller game have run almost unmolested for years, Naushon has seen, with Mr. Forbes as host, some very notable gatherings for sport with rod and gun. But we are bound for a rougher country than this, a country so wild that nobody owns it, where the round-up at night is our own little cabin instead of a manor house. We find a fair tide through Woods Hole, running four knots over the rocks, and with a leading wind we dash through the tortuous and dangerous channel, in a manner which would make the hair rise on the heads of sailors less accustomed to it. Twenty minutes later we have our anchor down, sails furled and awning set, in the placid harbor of Little Woods Hole, sheltered almost on every side by high, green hills.

Who knows the peace and joy of a quiet little land-locked harbor? one where the wind blows over the highlands, but never reaches the sailor within. This night the gale blows high; scudding clouds go racing overhead, and through the entrance of the harbor comes the suggestion of a swell which softly and gently rolls our little craft and adds to our sense of security.

No ship ever leaves port with everything stored and orderly, and so tonight, after satisfying a good salt water appetite, we fall to "stowing away" and making our little ocean home comfortable and attractive. In a thirty-foot sloop the matter of properly stowing guns, ammunition, fish poles, and all the paraphernalia that goes with four weeks of fall sport, to say nothing of the extra blankets and clothing which cold and wet weather may call for, is a problem which requires time and thought, and it is late at night before we get a semblance of order, and, as sailors say, "divide the watches." Then, after a long look to windward for tomorrow's weather, we turn in and sleep soundly. It is 7 o'clock in the morning before we awake. We find the wind has hauled back to west. During the night about twenty-five large and handsome catboats, which comprise the local Cape Cod mackerel fleet, have made this harbor on account of the storm. Their usual habit is to sail at daylight, but they seem to make no

move to get away today. This convinces us that they consider the weather serious. They are all good fellows, and we soon make friends with those anchored near us, and our hospitality once offered, soon taxes the capacity of our coffee pot and our second mate's ability at "quick lunch."

We are anxious to make Chatham; the wind is west and blowing a gale. Chatham is forty miles away, directly east; our course is approximately twenty miles east by south, then twenty miles east by north. When going into Old Stage harbor at Chatham there is about two miles of narrow channel, so crooked that in order to reach safe anchorage it is necessary to sail every point of the compass. We ask advice of our friends, the mackerel catchers. The general impression is that it blows too hard for a thirty-footer, but at last one bronzed old fellow with a roll of the quid in his left cheek and a knowing squint of his right eye toward the flying clouds above, delivered himself of the opinion that "A log of wood could go to lu'ward," and we decide to start. We know it will be a rough, wet trip, so everything movable is thrown on the floor between the centreboard and transoms, and held down with rolls of blankets, oars, awning poles, etc.

With an "oyster reef" in the mainsail, a close-bobbed jib to keep her from yawing, we get away amid a running fire of comment from our mackerel friends, who, nevertheless, give us a hearty goodby. Five minutes later we tack close under the point, and push out into the open sound. She meets the first gust with a stagger, her bowsprit butts hard into an old comber which fairly breaks across the harbor mouth, her rail goes down until a barrel of water sloshes into the cock-pit, but she goes through it, shakes herself, and starts away like a startled fawn, as we pay off almost dead before it. Once away she behaves magnificently, and fairly leaps to the work of her first twenty miles. For this long reach we carry our mainsail on the port side. We pass the point of Nobska, with its red lighthouse, the bell tower close aboard, and from the piazzas of some of the elegant summer residences on the bluffs we catch the wave of a handkerchief as we pass, a tribute to our plucky little craft. Far along to port we can see the heavy surf whitening on the sandy, curved beach, as we drive on by the familiar old town of Falmouth, with its collection of towers and turrets on the "Heights"; by the well-known Menauhant Hotel far out on a lonesome strip of beach; by the narrow entrance of Waquoit bay, through which we can see the little cluster of houses constituting the town.

With a wild shoot we pass the weary old Succonesset lightship, plunging like a rocking horse, squarely into a head sea as she buries until her heavy chain is taut as a fiddle string—then rising high, with her hawespipe spouting like a half-drowned porpoise. A few heads peer over her rail. A salute, three strokes of her bell sound out, and in a moment she is far astern.

At this point our course changes, and we begin to speculate upon our chances of gybing, for to tack would be impossible. We are now crossing one of the dreaded shoals of Vineyard Sound, the southern edge of Succonesset, and when she rises we can see a little off our starboard bow the white line of breakers on the western side of the "Horseshoe." Between these shoals our channel lies. The sail must be got over, and after lifting the boom high we pick out a "smooth spot" in which to let her go. It does not prove as smooth as a railroad bed, but with set teeth and a silent prayer we put the helm up. There can be no hauling aft, so, as she turns, it is with the boom well off, and as the weather catches the leech of the sail it lifts high in the air, and with a mighty sweep it crosses the deck with appalling force. It is an exhibition of power, and for the hundreth part of a second it seems as if the mast must go, but the helm is quick and its force is lightly caught in the arms of the gale on the other side. She has lost but little headway, and paying off quickly she resumes her race for Hardings Beach, now but eighteen miles away. In any weather this manoeuver is not entirely free from danger, and in a gale of

wind and heavy sea it becomes positively dangerous. A little sluggishness of helm, a catch of the main sheet in its lightning sweep would make a sorry wreck. We are now running pretty well off shore, but from the crest of the seas we can catch views of the villages of Cotuit, Osterville, Centreville, and away ahead we can see, rising and falling to the horizon line, the hills of Hyannisport. The little tender astern on its long towline becomes an interesting sight, rooting off to starboard or port, or bouncing like a cork on the troubled waters.

It is now fairly noon and the sky is overcast and leaden, not a sail in sight, and the tumbling grey surface of the ocean looks indeed a "weary waste of waters." Now and then a storm-driven gull comes up astern, and without the flutter of a feather, darts by and in a moment is lost in the grey horizon far ahead—or, perhaps, a string of ducks, startled by our sail, rises ahead, and in a line straight as an arrow disappear off to the southward, secure amid all the disturbance. Only the lover of the great spectacle of nature, as exhibited in this area of boundless freedom, knows of the intense enjoyment and satisfaction that can come to him almost without money and without price. The ragged line of tree tops and buildings on Point Gammon, and the narrow sail-like structure of the old Bishops and Clerks lighthouse are now in view ahead, and we are about to pass through the roughest mile of our voyage, for over the ledges between the lighthouse and point the tide runs swiftly, breaking the sea into rips as jagged as saw teeth. We keep a sharp, anxious lookout for the buoys marking the narrow passage, and soon pass all in safety and enter upon the last section of our exciting run.

Vineyard sound is a place of dread to most navigators. Coming from the westward through the narrow entrance formed by Marthas Vineyard on the south and the Elizabeth islands on the north, the broad fanlike shoals open before him, and his progress to the eastward is through either the north or south channel, the latter by far the most popular for all Boston bound vessels. This channel trends away off to the southeast, leaving the long trailing shoals known as Hedge Fence, and the Horseshoe to the north, while away to the southward Cape Pogue stretches its long arm far out to sea, with Nortons shoal stretching still farther to the eastward like an invisible hand at the end of the arm, and so on with shoal spots on either side up to Pollock Rip. The north channel branches from the south at Nobska point, from whence it runs eastward and passes the Hedge Fence and Horseshoe to the south, holding the whole forty miles of the south coast of Cape Cod well aboard; branching to the southward after passing Bishops and Clerks, it joins the south channel at the Handkerchief lightship. It is just at this turning point that we find ourselves about 2 o'clock on this stormy afternoon. The long, curved sand beach, running from Point Gammon to Chatham, slopes gradually off shore nearly two miles, and we now run into this shoal water, where the sea is smoother. We are running down the chord of the arc formed by this curved beach. Chatham is directly ahead, eight miles away. The low lying shores scarcely hide the pretty towns of Yarmouth and Harwich, each with its severe white church spire, a distinctive mark of a New England village. The old "Kill pond" bar buoy marks our half way point, and we soon pass it in all its naked loneliness, standing a gaunt sentinel, to warn all mariners off the deadline of this mighty shoal. From here we can see the hills of Chatham in the distance, with the two high, white, iron lighthouse towers, and perhaps, tucked in behind some protecting arm of the shoal known only to them, a nest of rolling banks fishermen in their "home port." As we raise Hardings Beach we feel something of the charm and delight which the sailor always experiences upon his first sight of land. This is not our first trip to Chatham, and an absence of a year or two only stimulates the memory of youthful vacation days

spent in this dear, quaint old maritime town. We almost hold our breaths as we cross the harbor bar, and, as the natives say, "skin the beach" past the old fish houses on the point, once a thriving settlement, but now tumbling to decay. Close hauled, we wind in and out among the many buoys and stakes that mark the crooked channel, and shortly square away for the last time, round to, and drop our anchor in the sheltered confines of old familiar Stage Harbor.

We are somewhat tired, wet and hungry, but a royal meal from the skilful hand of the second mate, and a long reminiscent pull on the ever comforting pipe soon fixes all that and puts the finishing touch to a day of rare satisfaction and pleasure. We are at old Chatham, with its high ocean bluff and broad ocean view, with its ten miles of long, low, treeless sand bar running south into the ocean, over which in season fly game of almost every sort known to the seashore. The scream of the gull, the whistle of the plover and the twitter of the snipe all belong naturally to this barren solitude.

A CAPE COD CLAMBAKE



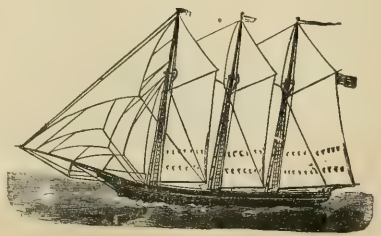
DID you ever watch a man at his first clambake? Isn't it funny to see the disgusted look that creeps over his countenance as he sees the participants reach with their fingers into a pan of steaming clams, pull one out, open the shell, dip the contents into a cup of clam water, then into a saucer of melted butter and hold it up by the tail and pop it into his mouth? But just wait a minute. He sees how the rest appear to be enjoying the feast and at last he decides to take a chance. His eyes close as the deed is done, and then a look of satisfaction and surprise steals over his face. Yum, yum, yum; ain't that good? And right then and there another clambake fiend is born.

Clambakes can be had at almost any seaside resort. But the real, genuine, bona-fide article can best be found on Cape Cod. The Indians were fond of them and probably were the originators. They scooped out a hole in the sand and built a fire in it, and upon the embers they placed round stones which acted as a sort of fireless cooker when they were covered with wet sea weed. The orthodox clambake must be made on the beach. The clams should be right out of the water and there should be lobsters, potatoes, "dressing," sweet corn and brown bread. The ingredients of the bake are placed on the hot stones and covered with the wet seaweed. It takes about two hours to bring the bake to perfection, but it is well worth waiting for.

Clambakes are regular functions at this season of the year. To be enjoyed to their utmost there should be no frills about the service. There won't be any finger bowls, but you can step down to the water edge and wash your hands in the salt sea after the feast is over.

Steamed clams, ye gods, how good they are. How one will eat and eat and eat, and how proud is the fellow who can display the biggest pile of empty shells after the eating is over. It is no place for a dyspeptic—and yet no one ever heard of anyone's being injured by partaking of them to the strained limit of capacity.

If you have never been to a genuine Cape Cod clambake you have a treat in store for you and should seize the first opportunity.



A SEA LEGEND

BY HERBERT RANDALL

By the marsh's edge where it girts the sea
Is a foot-worn path, they say,
Where the vagrant winds, with a lonesome wail,
Go searching for Madelyn Gray.

And the sad rains grieve on the winter nights
O 'er the vast of the dark sea-way,
And plead at the heart of the desolate main,
"Restore to us Madelyn Gray!"

But the sand-drifts guard their eternal trusts,
And the wild tide never hears,
And the dusk falls down and will never tell
What it knows of the yester-years.

Yet the story goes that there once set sail
A lad on an endless way,
Who carried to sea in his loyal heart
The love of fair Madelyn Gray.

Then over the years was a shadow drawn;
An echo came up from the sea,
And ever and aye an entreating voice
Called "Madelyn, come to me!"

And ever and ever a yearning hand
Would beckon her to obey;
And the tides came in and the tides went out,
Calling, "Come to me Madelyn Gray!"

'Tis the old, old tale of a broken life,
Of constancy, hope, despair,
Of a face in the breakers among the rocks,
And the stars as a death-watch there.

The fisher-folk say that a roving form
Oft comes on the quiet air,
And the moonbeams fill with a deeper glow
From the light of her unloosed hair.

And the sea-tints shift to a wondrous gold
Where they beat against the sky,
And the white waves lift with a weird delight
As the shadowy wraith draws nigh.

Then out of the waters a stretching hand,
That leaves not a trace, they say,
Draws into the depths of the sea's domain
The phantom of Madelyn Gray.

And the vagrant winds, with a lonesome wail,
Go searching the vast sea-way,
And the rain-drifts over the foot-worn path
Sob ever for Madelyn Gray.



How Bill Bought the Hearse



"They'd buy and sell anything. One feller used to have painted on his cart, 'dealer in anything to make a dollar.'

"But the feller that used ter drive the sharpest dickers was Old Bill Hardy. Yer see, the folks round here got so toney one time that the old hearse that had b'longed to the town fer nigh onter thirty year wan't fancy enough fer some of 'um and the town voted to buy a new one at spring town meetin' One day Old Bill was adrivin' by the hearse house. Fust S'lectman Bijah Gibbs thought he'd have a joke on him, so he hollered; 'Say, Bill, what'll yer give fer the old hearse?' 'Wall,' sez Bill, 'I dunno. Don't seems though yer ought ter sell it, all the folks in town hain't had a chance to ride in it yit. But if yer be lowin' ter sell it I dunno but I might give five dollers fer it.'

"So Bill bought the old hearse and hitched it on the hind end of his wagon and drove off. Ez he was agoin' along he met Mrs. Tirza Small who was allers buyin' old stuff and he hollers to her, 'Here's another antique for you, Mrs. Small.' She give one look at it and was as mad as a wet hen. 'Shet up, you old fool,' she said and drove 'long. Bill kinder grinned.

"The next thing folks knew Bill was usin' that old hearse for a peddler cart and everybody was some scandalized. The women got up a meetin' and it was 'lowed that it was a shame that the hearse that had carried their fathers and their mothers to their graves should be used to peddle tinware and brooms in. They took up a collection and raised twenty-five dollars and bought it back and put it into the old hearse house, and it stayed there till it rotted.

" 'Nother time Bill was adrivin' along with his cart and met a couple of young fellers who thought they'd have some fun with him. So they asked him what he'd take for the pants he was wearin.' 'Two dollars,' says Bill, and gol derned ef he didn't peel 'em right off and hand 'em over. 'G'lang,' says Bill, and he wrapped himself up in an old horse blanket and drove on.

"Peddlers and traders ain't so plenty now as they was in them days," said 'Lisha, as he cut off a fresh chaw."

A BARNEY GOULD INCIDENT

Since the publication of "Cap't Nate's" story about Barney Gould in the July issue of the magazine, several interesting incidents connected with his life, have been sent to the office.

For instance, he was in a store at the same time that a cross-eyed man was purchasing. He happened to look in Barney Gould's direction, but being the first cross-eyed person Barney had ever met, the latter was somewhat puzzled as to whether the cross-eyed person was gazing at him or not. Finally he asked: "Who're ye lookin' at?" "Why, you of course!" the stranger answered. "Then why don't ye look at me?" Barney rejoined. Needless to say, Barney did not collect any road tax from this stranger.



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EDITORIAL

A WORD OF CAUTION

A PERSON'S good qualities may become tiresome to other people if called to their attention too often. In the same way the advantages of any section may begin to pall if sung too continuously. But at the risk of being tedious we wish to point out again the wonderful advantage Cape Cod has in its good roads, and urge that the people that use them show their appreciation by respecting the rights of others.

It is possible to reach one's destination just as soon or sooner by going 20 or 30, or even 15 miles an hour as by hitting up a 60-mile clip. An example of this was called to the writer's attention recently, when he passed an automobile at the side of the road with one of its front wheels off. It seems that the driver was a Boston business man who was returning to the city the morning after a holiday, and was trying to make up for a late start by speeding up; not even slowing down at the curves, with the result that in going around a blind corner, he suddenly met an automobile coming in the opposite direction, and to avoid a head-on collision turned out, and struck a ditch at the side of the road, which at that particular place was very sandy; this, combined with the speed and the sudden application of the brakes, caused the wheels to sink in at such an angle as to snap the hub.

There is a period in the usual car-owner's existence when the speed mania strikes. In many cases it wears off; but in some cases it becomes a permanent and pernicious habit. There is a town in Texas where this would be welcomed, for they have this sign prominently posted in the main thoroughfare: **"Speed Limit 100 Miles an Hour. Go to It."**

This may be a good thing for automobile manufacturers; but it is by no means safe for other automobilists using the roads. It is not always the driver of the car, most at fault, that gets the worst of it when anything happens, as illustrated by one man's experience. He had several friends owning automobiles, who were speed-frenzied. Having passed through numerous narrow escapes while with them, he decided that he would be exceedingly careful when he purchased a machine of his own. He invited a friend to join him in his trial spin, and at no time did he exceed the 10-mile limit. The friend became so bored, that he decided not to accept another invitation. He changed his mind, however, about a month later, when this same friend invited him out in a new car. He had gone but a little distance when he expressed surprise at two things, one being about the new car so soon after the first one, and the other about the reckless speed at which his erstwhile careful friend was driving. "Well," explained the auto owner, "what's the use? When you are careful, some other darn chump who has no respect for the rights of others runs into you and smashes you up!"

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THE prosperity of a town is not dependent upon the wealth of its inhabitants, but by the uniformity with which they pull together when any important undertaking is to be accomplished. A man with a thousand dollars at his command and love for his town in his heart can do more for the upbuilding of it than the millionaire who locks up his capital and snaps his fingers at home progress.

Cape Cod Auto Trips

Routes and Descriptions

Route No. 1

BOSTON TO PROVINCETOWN—The most direct route, via Stoughton, Middleboro and Wareham.

WAREHAM—Follow the car tracks through village, turn left over bridge and railroad to East Wareham, turn sharp at sign post, cross railroad tracks at Onset Junction station, bear left and follow car tracks through Onset to Buzzards Bay, turning right after crossing long bridge, the first turn left to Buzzards Bay village and straight ahead by corner, leaving trolley where trolley turns right to bridge. Macadam road through Bournedale to bridge over canal at Sagamore. Cross bridge.

SAGAMORE—Straight ahead to main highway, turn left to Sandwich.

SANDWICH—Bear left just after passing Town Hall, then bear right at big tree in center of town. Straight ahead to West Barnstable and Barnstable.

BARNSTABLE—Straight ahead to Yarmouth.

YARMOUTH—Straight ahead to Dennis.

DENNIS—Straight ahead to Brewster.

BREWSTER—Straight ahead to Orleans.

ORLEANS—Four corners, keep straight ahead.

EASTHAM—Keep straight ahead.

WELLFLEET—Main Highway.

TRURO—Main highway to Provincetown.

Route No. 2

BUZZARDS BAY TO FALMOUTH—After leaving village turn right with trolley at telephone office, cross canal bridge, straight ahead with trolley to Monument Beach, turn left at depot and straight through main highway to Falmouth.

Route No. 3

BOURNE TO SANDWICH—Turn sharp left at four corners after crossing canal bridge, follow main highway to Sandwich.

Route No. 4

FALMOUTH TO CHATHAM—Start east on Main street, turn left at Teaticket, bear right on macadam to East Falmouth, straight through to Marston's Mills, extreme right turn left at scales into Osterville, keep left on Main street through diagonal 4 corners to Centerville. Straight through to Hyannis. Straight ahead to South Yarmouth. Turn sharp right at store, over bridge to West Dennis. Straight ahead. At fork turn left to West Harwich. Harwichport, straight through South Harwich, South Chatham, to Chatham. Follow main macadam road all the way.

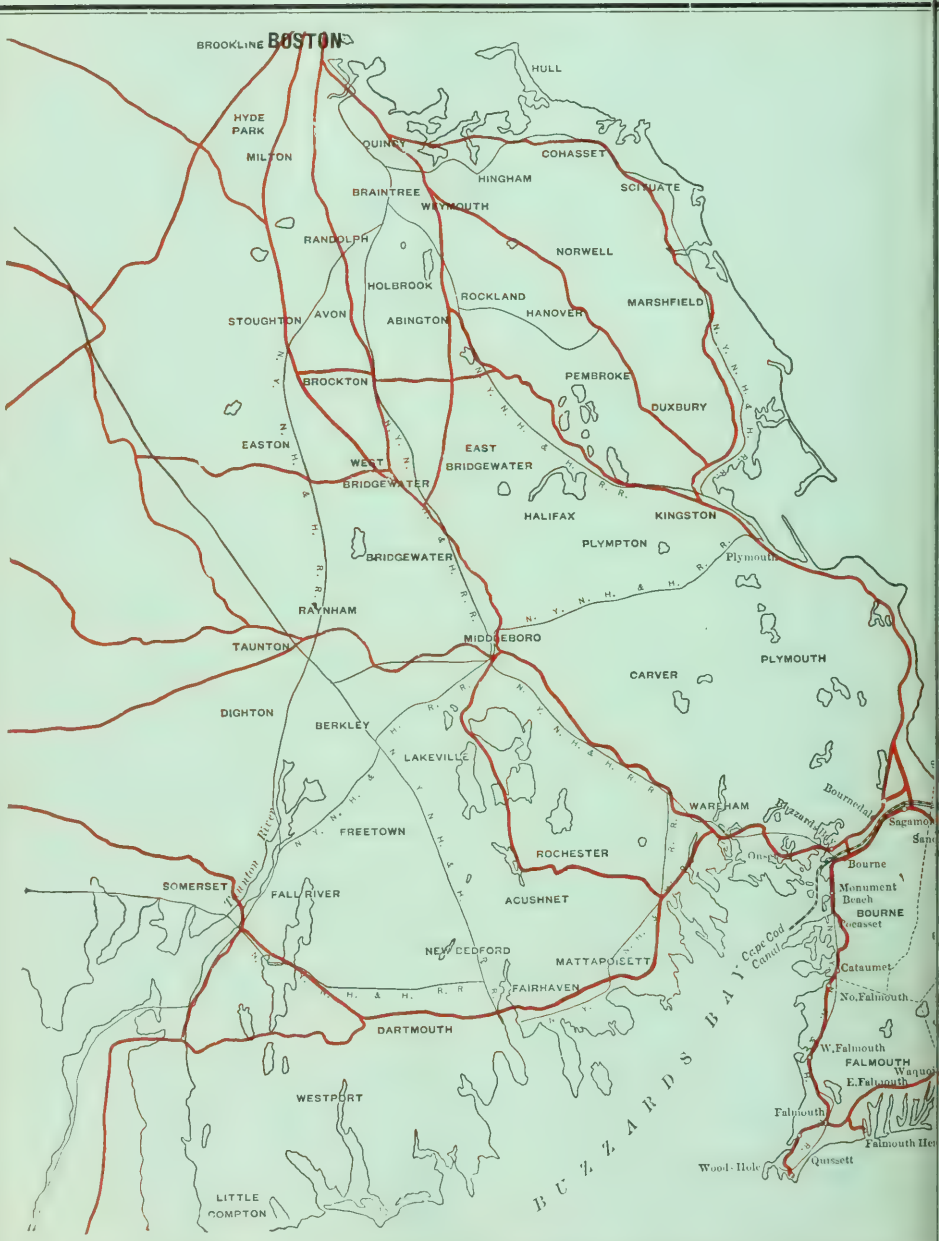
Route No. 5

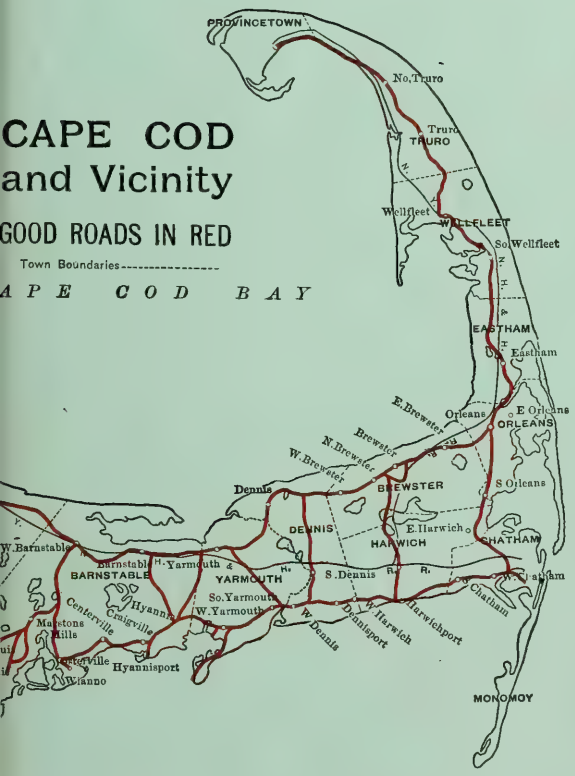
CHATHAM TO PROVINCETOWN—Post office on right 4-corners, turn right at sign "Orleans" follow macadam straight through to Orleans. Follow as in Route No. 1, from Orleans to Provincetown.

Route No. 6

PLYMOUTH TO SANDWICH Main and Court street, P. O. on left south with trolley to Manomet, follow macadam to Sagamore, cross canal bridge, turn left to Sandwich, or bear right just after crossing bridge and then turn left.

NOTE—The map plainly shows the routes that can be taken by automobiles on the Cape. The red lines show state highways and macadam roads. Any road marked in red can be safely taken. Patronize the garages and hotels on last page of this sheet. They are reliable and good.


BOSTON
BROOKLINE
HULL
HYDE PARK
MILTON
QUINCY
COHASSET
HINGHAM
SCITUATE
BRAINTREE
WEYMOUTH
RANDOLPH
NORWELL
HOLBROOK
ROCKLAND
MARSHFIELD
STOUGHTON
AVON
ABINGTON
HANOVER
PEMBROKE
BROCKTON
DUXBURY
EASTON
WEST BRIDGEWATER
EAST BRIDGEWATER
HALIFAX
KINGSTON
PLYMPTON
Plymouth
BRIDGEWATER
RAYNHAM
TAUNTON
MIDDLEBORO
PLYMOUTH
CARVER
DIGHTON
BERKLEY
LAKEVILLE
WAREHAM
Bournedale
Buzzards Bay
Sagamore
Sandwich
FREETOWN
ROCHESTER
Onset
Bourne
Monument Beach
BOURNE
Pocasset
SOMERSET
FALL RIVER
ACUSHNET
Cape Cod Canal
Cataumet
NEW BEDFORD
MATTAPOISETT
No. Falmouth
FAIRHAVEN
DARTMOUTH
W. Falmouth
FALMOUTH
Waquoit
E. Falmouth
WESTPORT
Falmouth
Falmouth Heights
Woods Hole
Quissett
LITTLE COMPTON


CAPE COD
and Vicinity
GOOD ROADS IN RED
Town Boundaries
APE COD BAY
PROVINCETOWN
No. Truro
Truro
TRURO
Wellfleet
WELLFLEET
So. Wellfleet
EASTHAM
Eastham
E. Brewster
Orleans
E Orleans
ORLEANS
N. Brewster
Brewster
W. Brewster
Dennis
BREWSTER
S Orleans
DENNIS
E. Harwich
HARWICH
CHATHAM
W. Barnstable
Barnstable
BARNSTABLE
W. Yarmouth &
YARMOUTH
S. Dennis
Chatham
Hyanno
So. Yarmouth
W. Yarmouth
Centerville
Craigville
Marstons Mills
W. Dennis
W. Harwich
Harwichport
Dennisport
Centerville
Hyannisport
Hyanno
MONOMOY
NANTUCKET SOUND

Auto Service Stations and Hotels

SISSON'S GARAGE
At the Gateway to the Cape.
You've got to go by our door.
Why Not Stop?
Wareham.

HART'S
CAFE AND TEA ROOM
BUZZARDS BAY
Opposite Railroad Station.

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NEW WINSLOW HOTEL
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Special Auto Lunches
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WELCOME THE GOVERNORS

IF the Cape Cod Board of Trade is successful in getting the Governors to visit this region we must see that they receive a royal welcome that will send them home with a lasting impression of the beauties of the Cape and the hospitality of its people. If the Board of Trade can carry out its plans and the executives of the various states can be prevailed upon to accept the invitation, it will be one of the greatest accomplishments of that progressive board. It is such opportunities as these that justify the existence of such a body. Every person who has an interest in the Cape should be a member and support the efforts of its officers in their work of booming the Cape. Co-operative effort is what is needed to keep the region constantly before the public, and the "get together" spirit that now prevails should not be allowed to die out. It is for the interest of every Cape Codder and of every summer resident that the Board of Trade is working, and every such person should heartily second its efforts to the extent, at least, of becoming a member and paying the annual dues.

Even though the Governors find that they cannot spare the time to accept the invitation, the fact that it was given will have its impression upon them, and the effect of it will be far reaching and important. Should they come, we feel assured that they will enjoy the trip, and will go home with an impression that Cape Cod is an ideal vacation land, the claims of which have not been overestimated in any particular.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THERE could be a great improvement made about our railroad stations, some of which are about the most unattractive in their building and surroundings that can be found anywhere. Even if the railroad is poor at this time it might encourage its employees to give a little more attention to the beautifying of the property under their charge. First impressions mean a great deal and the first thing that the majority of visitors see is the railroad station. A few flowers and a little foliage would work wonders and would cost little.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

AT the banquet of the Bourne Board of Trade we were impressed with the address of Dr. Alan Hudson on "The Democracy of the Cape People." Dr. Hudson declared this to be one of the greatest charms of the region. Its entire freedom from affectation and the feeling that "a mon's a mon, for a' that" is a spirit that should never be allowed to die out. Simplicity of character and brotherly love is to be desired above riches and fame. Here on the Cape a man is not judged by the money in his purse, but by the warmth of his heart.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THERE is practically no limit to what united effort can do. Every town on the Cape should have its board of trade, and every village its improvement society. The community spirit should be cultivated, and co-operation is needed to make our towns and villages what nature designed them to be—the most beautiful in the country.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ONE feature of Cape Cod summer life that is noticeable is the remarkably few boating and bathing accidents that occur along its shores. This is a feature that is worthy of consideration when seeking a place to pass the summer.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THE last of August generally sees hoards of summer visitors hurrying back home. If they would only stay during September and October they would appreciate the fact that these months see the Cape at its best.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

CAMP life upon the Cape is an example of healthful out-door life in the summer time. The Cape camps are justly celebrated and we should have more of them.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

GIVE a little thought to your town's affairs. They are your own.

THE PHILOSOPHER

T. E. HILL

Teddy Timmy a-fishing goes;
Bare was his head, also his toes.
He cares not a whit about his clothes
If he can go a-fishing.

In the swamp he cut a long stick,
With bent pin and twine he finished the trick;
Then went to a place where the worms were thick
And dug some to go a-fishing.



A-FISHING

Down to the river he made his way,
Fixed on a worm so it would stay
And as far as I know he is there today,
For he never returned from a-fishing.

Whether he fell from the river's brink,
Or lost his life in trying to drink,
His non-appearance has made me think
That I 'll never go a-fishing.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE CAPE

BY E. D. MAY

HAVE you ever watched the sun "drawing water"—that mysterious reaching out of hungry arms to mother earth? Have you ever wondered what one would find at the end of those silvery, velvety grey shafts, even as children down through all the ages have wondered over the fairy pot of gold buried at the end of the rainbow?

The rainbow in its span of many colors brings the radiance of Heavenly promises in its jewelled tints, but those shadow lines straight from the golden-hearted sun are like life lines—the lines of longing and tender needs stretching from one heart to another, flashing intuitive messages across the wide spaces of earth and sky into the soul of the loved one.

Pacing up and down the silent beach is a girl whose thoughts have travelled unconsciously along those magic lines, reaching out with yearning tenderness to those who have shared the summer days with her upon those rollicking shores—the stalwart brothers who have left the home nest to follow out life's destiny wheresoe'er it leads them. It is the way of life—some go, some stay; and to those at home it becomes the all-absorbing thought as the summer days grow nearer and nearer, to draw them back to become children for an hour, to taste once more the simplicity and freshness of life upon the Cape, which, once tasted, leaves its indelible imprint upon the soul.

A great wave of loneliness sweeps over her as she stands, the very incarnation of the spirit of the Cape, Little Comrade of many loving hearts, looking out upon the restless ocean. No white sail dots its surface, only the rocking waters as far as the eye can see, growing greyer and greyer in the distance



SHE GAZED SEAWARD

until they merge with the grey clouds of the heavens. Only the pale flush of the dying day gleams through the misty veil in the far west, and even as the great shafts of another world reach from mysterious heights to mysterious depths, so does her faithful heart turn the search-lights of love and understanding upon the mysterious depths of hungry souls, to draw them irresistibly within the magic circle of Holiday Land. The land where they all drop the cares of life and dip into the wholesouled, simple life, just where they left off when boys and girls together. That old game of hide and seek is just as fascinating. To be buried alive in the won-

derful sands just as much to be expected. To pick beach plums and dig clams and dive from the old dory into the tumbling surf, all are but incidents of a day. But choicest of all is the surreptitious planning of a fishing trip for the early morning, when two (always Girlie for one) would creep out of bed ere sun or wind had disturbed the sleeping waters; to whisper and chuckle as the fragrant fumes of steaming coffee and crunching of jolly hardtack, and then the scraping of the boat pushed over the pebbly beach to meet the low tide, steal into the dreams of sleeping comrades. All this to sit for hours upon hard, narrow seats, cold and wet with the dampness of early morning and the dripping lines—to joke and build air castles while waiting for a nibble at the bait—to tell the passing hours by the long reverberating whistle of the morning trains as they sweep their curving way from east to west, leaving a trail of downy white smoke sifting over quiet villages and wooded hills. And at last to weigh the anchor and row home with the morning catch, "heroes" to be waited upon the rest of the day.

All these things, the memories and childish traditions of the years that had gone, crowded the heart of the girl, and her spirit takes flight over land and sea away out west where in the scorching oil fields, toiling in the midst of grey dust, acrid winds and muddy rivers, is a man whose one hope of Heaven lies in a glimpse of old ocean. Its varying moods slumber in the keen, dark eyes. The breath of it is in his nostrils like living fire. His throat is parched for the taste of the dripping fogs. Every muscle of his strong, lithe body aches for the healing plunge into its cooling waters.

Year after year—seven long, dreary winters and seven hopeless summers he has worked doggedly with but one thought—



AT SUNSET ON THE SHORE

"Home and the Cape next summer." And even though time and again the undertow catches him and flings him back into the seething breakers, each time he rises to the surface and with superb courage renews the struggle, his head lifted above the crested waves to the star of his inspiration, with only one prayer in his heart—that he may make port safely—next summer.

Tenderly and silently the spirit of 'lil sister watches over him. Will he come this summer? Who knows!

And now the Fairie Spirit leads us through busy streets of a great city nearer home. Wealth and culture are upon every hand,

great granite business blocks and austere government buildings surround the spot we are searching for, frowning down upon the unpretentious shell of a once famous old home, nestling unconcernedly among its lofty neighbors.

Softly we open the door and step from the hum of the street into the quiet of a wide hall, mellow with wonderful deep colorings. On the right a magnificent old staircase leads upward into the dim shadows, speaking mutely of the tread of many lives through many years, and as we pause instinctively, hesitant to intrude upon its intimacies, down its sinuous length drifted the voice of a violin.

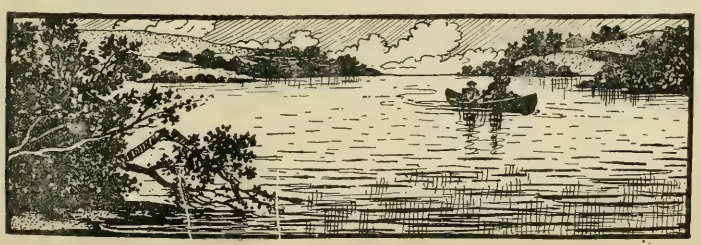
Like a shower of rose petals the liquid notes floated through the silence, mingling with the shadows and harmonizing with each beautiful old tint of polished wood and woven rug.

Strangest of all, through the weird soft melodies sang the soul of the player. The longings of the pent-up heart sifted through minor chord and soaring trill. As in a dream we saw a quiet road winding from the station by the little settlement in the old Cape town; the old familiar hedges and fences—the apple trees bending their blossomed crowned heads to meet the tangled grapevines—the little path which strikes off to the left through the fields and stubbly woods, across the Old Dyke, with its drooping willows and soft tangled sounds of falling waters—the salty marshes with their waving grasses. And then ankle deep in the sand, and the last mad rush up the great sand hill to catch the first sight of the beloved ocean.

And then—the wild spirits of the player drooped and the voice of the violin sank lower in the deepening shadows, and as the spirit of 'Lil Sister crept silently up the stairs, there came to her through the open studio door the low tones of the piano, reminiscent, introspective, tender, alluring, coaxing; as though pleading with one's very soul for patience.

Inspiration! It vibrated from every nook and corner, and as the girl swiftly crossed the room and rested her arm understandingly across the broad shoulders of the now silent player, and pressed her soft cheek to his, she followed his gaze across the shining mahogany of the baby-grand to where hung the picture of "The Man at Home" and together they paid silent tribute to that stalwart one who holds in trust for all the scattered ones their love and longings for the old place, guarding each tradition, however simple, against all encroachments, waiting faithfully, silently, hopefully for that wonderful hour of reunion. By his side is "Little Brother" with his tender ways and heart of gold; and yet another; he of the strong arm and willing thoughtfulness. Together they stand, side by side, planning and working the days through.

And when evening falls, and the smoke of the fragrant pipe drifts out upon the evening air, the unspoken thought in each heart (will they come back this year) curls and wreathes its subtle questioning way through each soft tender ring to slip silently out to sea upon the great velvety black wing of night.



Cape Cod Piratical Lore

By L. C. Hall



AFTER the French and Indian wars, an effort was made to suppress the pirates which preyed upon commerce without much hinderance while the wars were in progress. The advent of peace gave an opportunity to turn attention to them, and in this work Cape Cod men played an important part. The notorious Captain Kidd was captured and hanged, but his execution by no means daunted or discouraged the efforts of the large class of maritime adventurers, who sought to make reprisals upon commerce, no matter under which flag it sailed.

The fate of one of these craft was tragically connected with these shores. The Whidah, a pirate ship of about 200 tons, carrying twenty-three guns and one hundred and thirty men, commanded by Samuel Bellamy, some time in April, 1717, while cruising off the shore of the Cape, took seven prizes. The fate of Captain Bellamy and his piratical crew is thus related in Swift's History of Cape Cod:

"The captain was obliged to transfer men from his ship to the prizes in order to send them into port. The captain of one of these vessels, observing that the pirate crew was drunk, regained possession of his craft and anchored in Provincetown harbor, where several of the pirates were apprehended and afterwards tried and executed in Boston, the others managing to escape. The captain of the Whidah, having captured a 'snow' on the coast, and a storm evidently approaching, offered the captain of his prize the release of his vessel, if he would pilot his ship into Provincetown harbor. The night being dark, a lantern was hung in the shrouds of the snow. But, distrusting the good faith of the pirate, the captain managed, by the light draft of his vessel, which enabled him to pass over the shoals in safety, to inveigle the pirate ship onto the outer bar, while the snow struck much nearer the shore. A tradition exists that he threw a burning tar barrel overboard which the pirate ship followed. The fleet, consisting of the pirate ship, her tender (the snow of 90 tons) a wine ship and a sloop, was put in confusion, a violent storm arose, and on the 26th of April the fleet was shipwrecked near the Wellfleet shore. It is said that all but two in the large ship perished, an Englishman and an Indian. The sloop and the snow got off and escaped.

"When the news of the disaster reached Boston, Captain Cyprian Southack was sent to Governor Shute, in His Majesty's sloop



HE TOLD ME PIRATE STORIES

Nathaniel, to the Cape to look after the government interests here. He reached Provincetown May 2, sent a whale boat and crew to Truro, where horses were procured, and he proceeded to Wellfleet. A watch was set



Cape Cod Magazine

MARCH, 1916

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor — VOLUME I

SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr. — NUMBER 11

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sandwich, Mass.

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LAWN OR GARDEN

On a poor, leachy and sandy soil, you must add something to the soil that will make it hold moisture and prevent the fertilizing elements from leaching.

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Cape Cod is a land of endless wonders—the inexhaustible quaintness of old-time shipping villages; ever-changing marine views; picturesque landscapes to which lighthouses and windmills give an inimitable touch.

Joys of Shore and Country Life

Sea-fishing of the best—bluefish, bass, tautog and squeteague; still-water or surf bathing; broad beaches and warm shallows where children can play and grow brown and healthy.

Beautiful inland lakes, where pickerel, perch and bass lurk; links on which golf is practically an all-year sport; superb motoring roads.

Every Breeze an Ocean Breeze

"Quaint Cape Cod" and "Buzzards Bay", also our Manual of Summer Resorts, sent on request. Address Advertising Department, New Haven.

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1916 NO. 11

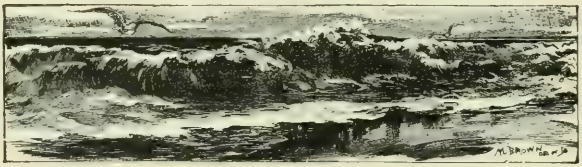
From the Publishers' Desk

THE response which the Washington Trip Fund Contest has met is truly gratifying. The manner in which the scholars of most of the graduating classes of the Cape Cod High Schools are taking hold argues well for the future of the Cape, and evidences the fact that the Cape will be in safe hands when the generation of citizens which is at present in school is ready to take hold; provided, of course, they can be prevailed upon to remain on the Cape and develop the opportunities here rather than follow the custom which has been so popular heretofore, of emigrating to other parts.

And that reminds us of one of the prime purposes of the magazine; to point out from time to time, as opportunity arises, examples of successes already made on the Cape, and the possibilities for other successes in the future. There is no question in the minds of a majority of people who have had the opportunity to try both that the crowded cities do not begin to give the opportunities to live the larger life possible in such districts as the Cape; or, if the opportunities are there, are not so easily taken up. We shall feel that part of our task is accomplished, at least, if we can convince the generation now growing up that the best possible purpose of any deeds accomplished in the past, however noble and glorious, is to serve as inspiration for bigger work in the future.

So many manuscripts have been submitted in the short story contest that the publishers have not been able to decide, as yet, on the winners. Some reach a very high standard: the authors have reason to feel proud of their efforts. Announcements of the winners will be made in the April issue, which will also probably contain one of the prize-winning stories.

With the next number will have been completed the first volume of the Cape Cod magazine. To those who believed that it was a transitory affair, when the publication began, we wish to say that we feel that we have established its success peradventure and that its continuance is beyond the shadow of doubt. As the months go on we have plans for still further improvement and feel that the magazine has become a helpful and permanent Cape Cod institution.



The Chatham Bars

HYDE BUXTON MERRICK

The roar of the Chatham Bars out there—
Where a salt wind furrows the sea,
And batters the gulls with their foam-dipped wings,
As myriad cries 'midst the thunderings,
They raise to the echoing lea!

I've seen the Bars in long, white lines
Roar welcome to the sun.

I've watched the ocean's foam-ranked files
Pearl-streak the glinting blue,
And charging the Bars in torn array,
Retreat and attack anew.

Oft' on the sea-weed ribboned beach
When the streaming tide is low,
I've heard the boom of the falling swell
And the rattling undertow.

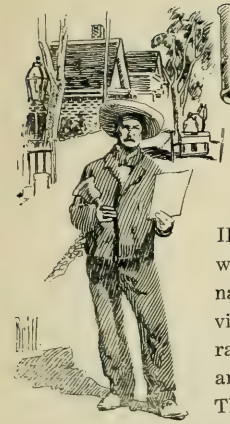
A thousand cries through the stifling fog;
When the breakers rear and hiss—
And turn to arch their glistening necks
For the fog-bank's parting kiss!

I've heard them moan the wide night thro'
To the moon in a velvet sky,
When across the floating lake of light,
In a long, black line they lie.

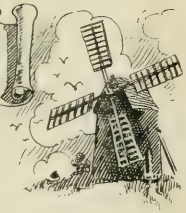
I've seen the Bars take their awful toll
Of the ships that sail the sea,
And break their backs in an awful grip
'Midst bellowing ecstacy.

—And now they roar a grand farewell
To the throne of the setting sun.

The roar of the Chatham Bars out there—
Where the sea-swell grates on the sand,
And the gulls flash white in the sparkling day,
As in circled flight through the falling spray,
They signal the gleaming land!



The Charms of Cape Cod



By NELSON MANN THEODORE
BARNSTABLE HIGH SCHOOL
(Second Year)

IF a premium were offered for that locality in New England which should lead all others in point of healthfulness, beauty and natural advantages, Cape Cod would easily carry off the palm. What vicinity in New England is so healthful and has such a low death rate? Where are to be found such beautiful beaches and such safe and pleasant bathing, with no dreaded undertows to be feared? The wide roads, among the finest in the country, offer a continuous delight to the motorist and equestrian. These roads are bordered for the most part by beautiful woodland which is broken now and then by a charming little lake or picturesque pond.

The quaint villages with their old, interesting windmills, remind the newcomer of no other villages ever seen by him. They neither resemble the mountain villages, nor the smaller ones in the great West. They are strictly unique, heirlooms of our sturdy Pilgrim forefathers; and if the tourist will motor down to the end of the Cape, there, in old Provincetown, with its single narrow street and small shops and houses crowded close, he will find it easy to imagine that he has suddenly stepped back a hundred years, especially if it chances happily to be a day when the old Town Crier is going the length of the street, his great bell in hand, calling out the news to the good citizens.

Fishing, which is the chief industry of the Cape, is a genuine joy to its many visitors. Someone, starting on his initial fishing trip on Cape Cod with me, said that he was always perfectly satisfied to fish for two or three hours without catching anything. Later, when we had anchored, furled the sail and began to haul in shiny, irridescent "scup" at the rate of one or two every minute or so, astonishment and joy could be read in every change of that man's face. I doubt if he ever found much pleasure afterwards in just sitting and swinging a hook and line at which a fish did not even nibble.

Whether a stranger comes to spend his vacation on the Cape for reasons of health, or to establish a residence, Cape Cod offers its peculiar charm and delights to all.



WINTER SPORTS ON LONG POND

By ROBERT H. CAHOON



FORTY years ago Long Pond, that picturesque sheet of water in Pleasant Lake, was as popular in Winter as it is now in Summer. Today this lake, nearly nine miles in circumference, offers Summer visitors the best pickerel, bass and perch fishing to be found in this part of the State. Back in the 70's and 80's it was known far and wide as the Winter mecca of skaters and dancers, and ice boat enthusiasts.

Winters on the Cape were more severe then than they are now, according to the oldest inhabitant. December would bring severe weather and the pond would be coated with a foot of ice from that time until late in March.

For a period of 20 years or more Long Pond was well known by local ice yachtsmen. Between 40 and 60 ice boats—of all sizes and shapes—darted here and there from "Atkin's" landing to the "East End." For the men at that time, you must remember, spent their summers on fishing vessels, and came ashore in winter. The greatest work they did in January and February was to cut their supply of firewood; then they were free to enjoy the exhilarating sport of ice boat sailing.

There were such clever pilots as Frank Snow, Foster Eldridge, Clement Cahoon, Nathan Smalley, Capt. Alvin Cahoon, Frank Foster, Joseph K. Robbins, the Cahoon Brothers (Emulous, Alpheus, James and Benjamin), Alvin Bassett, Richard Hopkins, Willie Snow, B. B. Nickerson and scores of others. Among this fleet there were some mighty fast boats, but first honors generally fell to Captain Alvin Cahoon with his little "Flying Dragon." Sometimes B. B. Nickerson, with little "Teaser," carried away the prize by a close margin. The "Cap'n" would never sail his boat unless everything was



AN EXCITING RACE

"ship shape." It is a well-known fact among ice yacht skippers, by the way, that if you spent an hour sailing, you spent two repairing.

The "Flying Dragon" was built by Captain Cahoon aboard a vessel on his trips to the fishing banks. Many of his spare hours were spent in turning out the runner plank or the hull. It is said that the proud owner once refused an offer of $100 for the little craft. Most of the boats have either fallen to pieces or been used for kindling wood. But in the vicinity of the pond you can find today the little "Dragon" and Nathan Smalley's dozen-passenger craft.

Not infrequently two boats, each speeding at a 60-mile-an-hour clip or faster, would collide; through merest good luck perhaps the passengers escaped, but the boats were generally wrecked.

Special excursion trains were at one time

run weekly to the pond from Hyannis and other points up the Cape, bringing perhaps 100 or more young persons all eager to try their skill at cutting figure "8's" and "pigeon wings." There was no crowding, but plenty of room for all on the big surface. Bonfires of brush, gathered near the big hill, added cheerfulness to the scene and everyone was happy. The dancing steps, popular at that time, were practiced by some of the merriest of the party. The thermometer might have



A BAD SPILL

registered zero or below. Was anyone cold? Not so you could notice it.

Sometimes local residents owning fast horses brought them onto the ice and enjoyed a lively trotting race.

But those days are gone, and the only thing left to remember them by is an oil painting (done by Charles D. Cahoon, the well-known artist of Harwich), which hangs in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Atkins, showing the big fleet and the merry skaters.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your publication. I have been a steady reader since the first number appeared and enjoy thus being kept in touch with the Cape. I feel as though I were a native of Cape Cod myself, having been there summers since 1897 and two entire winters. . . . Have been glad to see the magazine on sale in New Haven."

Wild Flowers of Cape Cod

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

Along the highways and byways in the open fields and woods and in the thickets above the marshes of this section can be found, in their season, plenty of wild flowers.

The chilling winds of March do not tempt us to hurry forth, yet there will be mild days when we hear the note of the robin and catch a breath of south wind, and we feel that the annual resurrection of Nature is drawing near. The buds on the trees are beginning to swell and the tender grass comes creeping, creeping everywhere. Soon a miracle will be wrought, and all nature will be clothed in living green.

Before this marvel is complete, however, we shall find that some of the delicate spring flowers will have bloomed and gone, for a few bloom almost under the snow.

One of the first things we gather, though, is the Arbutus, or Mayflower, and for this we make special excursions to the woods.

Mr. Burroughs says "There are arbutus days in one's calendar—days when the trailing flower fairly calls one to the woods."

With us the Mayflower comes into bloom about the middle of April, and for two or three weeks the hillsides in the open woods will be dotted with them. They nestle among fallen leaves, and look shyly up from a copse of huckleberry bushes or sweet ferns. The Mayflower also grows abundantly in Plymouth, and as it was the first flower to greet the Pilgrims after their first fearful winter, Whittier says they named it after their ship. Here is the poem:

"Let God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here."

God wills it, here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.

O sacred flower of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Plantain-leaved Everlasting is beginning to appear everywhere along the roads or in sterile fields and pastures.

They are wooly-white herbs with entire leaves and whitish corymbed heads. The radical leaves are oval-spatulate shaped with short petioles, while those of the scape-like flowering stems are small lanceolate, appressed, and come to be green above and hoary beneath.

Though not the most showy and beautiful of flowers, it is one of the most interesting. It is a member of the great Composite family and has some curious traits. For instance, the two sexes are represented by different plants, and these plants are usually found separated from each other in well defined groups, like men and women in old-fashioned country churches—here a group of males, there a few yards away a group of females.

The females may be known by their more slender and graceful appearance and as the season advances they outstrip the males in growth. The round headed male plants grow but a few inches high and as soon as they have shed their pollen are of no further use and by the middle of May their heads droop and their stalks wither.

Then the pistillate plants seem to take a new lease of life. They wax strong and shoot up with the growing grass, and their long tapering flowerheads bend with the grasses in the breeze. Mr. Burroughs says, "I have discovered too that they are sunworshipers; that they turn their faces to the east in the morning, and follow the sun in his course across the sky till they all bend to the west at his going down. On the other hand their brothers have stood stiff and unresponsive to any influence of sky and air until they drooped and died." Another curious thing is the females seem vastly more numerous—about ten times more abundant.

You have to hunt for the males but the others you can see far off.

No insects seem to visit these flowers, but the plant is perennial and spreads by offsets and runners like the strawberry. Altogether it is a cheery looking little plant, and its profuseness gives promise of the lavish summer.

Another flower that brightens the spring landscape with its garnered sunshine is the Dandelion. This also is a member of the Composite family and the many-flowered heads are large and solitary on a slender hollow scape which rises from a rosette of pinnatifid leaves lying nearly flat upon the ground.

The flowers are yellow and strap shaped, surrounded by a double involucre. The outer involucre is reflexed and after blossoming the inner involucre closes, and the slender beak elongates raising up the pappus while the seeds are forming; the whole involucre is then reflexed, exposing to the wind the winged seeds—the naked fruits, with the pappus displayed in an open globular head. These downy balls are beloved by country children as "clocks," which fact has been beautifully illustrated in a poem by Miss Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazaar for June, 1901. Here it is:

"I met a little old elfin man,
His hair was white as snow;
He only had one foot to stand,
However the wind might blow.

"Now tell me little old man," I said,
"What is the time of day?"
And then I took my breath and blew
Till I blew his hair away.

"It's two, four, six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Eleven o'clock," said he;
And then his little old head was bald,
As bald as it could be."

The dandelion seems to be a plant of many virtues, and in the suburbs of the city children may be often seen with knife and pail going to the meadows to gather the young sprouts which are valued as a pot herb.

A History of the Cape Cod Canal

By GEORGE EVERETT BURBANK

The Cape Cod Canal is a subject both old and new, and has been talked about since the days of the Pilgrims nearly 300 years ago; but not until the year 1914 did the canal become a reality with the waters actually flowing across the Cape from Bay to Bay. We know that this almost natural water course was used by the Indians and early Pilgrims, Myles Standish being the first one to propose a canal in 1625. In 1736 the isthmus was spoken of as the place where a canal had been talked about for 40 years.

The first survey was made in Washington's time, 1776, and so reported to the Continental Congress. The canal was talked of in 1791, also 1798; and in 1818, the Massachusetts Legislature gave a company permission to survey. In 1824 the United Senate gave permission to survey and it was thoroughly done between Buzzards and Barnstable Bays. In the years 1825, 1826 and 1830, canal matters were again taken up.

But the most hopeful outlook for canal building in our day and generation was in 1860, just previous to the opening of our Civil War, when a committee appointed by the Legislature (in accordance with the Governor's message) caused a very careful and minute survey to be made to determine the best location, rise and fall of tides, locks and water sluices, with a breakwater on the Barnstable end. They reported an estimated cost of from five to ten million. The survey cost $50,000.

In 1870 a charter was granted to Alpheus Hardy and others, that was five times extended. A little digging was done at North Sandwich and Scussett Beach. In the summer of 1880 work apparently began in earnest near Town Neck in Sandwich. A gang of 500 Italian laborers, with wheelbarrows and shovels, worked steadily for a month, piling huge mounds of soil on either side of an excavation; but, upon the contractors failing to furnish money on pay day, work was suspended, and a riot among the workmen barely averted, the State being called upon to remove the Italians out of town.

In 1883, the privilege of the Whitney charter was granted to Frederick A. Lockwood under the name of the Cape Cod Ship Canal Co. They caused to be built an enormous



SECTION OF BREAKWATER

dredge costing $75,000, and undertook the enterprise at $1,000,000 per mile, the canal to be completed in one and one-half years.

This mammoth dredge was brought in through the beach bank in March, 1884. By the terms of this charter the company were obliged to spend $25,000 in actual construction before a given time; and, in order to do so, vigorous methods had to be inaugurated. Although the big Lockwood dredge was eating her way into Scussett marshes. it was not using up money fast enough, so the company decided wharfage might, and, accordingly, hundreds of huge oak piles were shipped to Sandwich and a huge wharf built on the marsh where there was no harbor and no traffic.

Towards the end of three weeks they were shipping these half-ton piles by express, so

great was their haste to spend money. They had acquired such momentum, that, before they could stop, $40,000 had been spent instead of $25,000.

The charter was saved for a time, but the company died of over exertion, leaving as a monument, a ditch (a mile long), the charred remains of the dredge (which the boys burnt Fourth of July night, 1896), and the rotting piles of an unfinished wharf.



EXCAVATING WITH STEAM SHOVELS

In 1896, the Maritime Canal Company obtained a charter, but nothing came of it.

January, 1897, the Cape Cod Canal Company petitioned for a charter, but nothing ever came of it. In 1898, seven Cape Cod Canal bills were presented and among them, one that favored the Government furnishing the material and the State "Convict Labor from the State's Prisons," but this was strongly opposed.

We next hear of the canal when the bill to incorporate the present company, The Boston, Cape Cod and New York Canal Company was petitioned for, March 23, 1899. A hearing was given May 12th. Senator Post, of Berkeshire, gave a luminous lecture on the history of efforts to build Cape Cod canals from 1676 until now. Many other senators favored the bill, but of no avail, for it was refused a third reading and rejected. May 16,

Senator Post again made a plea, moving for reconsideration. The heart of the Senate softened, and the matter was tabled. Tuesday morning, after a long debate, the Senate ordered the Bill to a third reading by a vote of 15 to 10. On May 26, the Bill reached the House, and after a lively discussion by a dozen or more members, was passed to be engrossed by a vote of 120 yeas and 29 nays. On June 1, 1899, Governor Walcott affixed his signature to the Bill, which gave the Boston, Cape Cod and New York Canal Company their charter.



BARGE TRAFFIC IN THE CANAL Photo by McIntire, Sandwich

September 29, 1899, the company deposited the $200,000 with the State treasurer, also filed at the office of the Harbor and Land Commissioners, detailed "Plans of Location and Construction" (including specifications for bridges and approaches). Later on in the Fall, was deposited with the Treasurer of Barnstable County $500 each for the towns of Sandwich and Bourne. July 17, 1900, their charter was amended; and after a lapse of nearly five years (May 18, 1906), a set of entirely new plans were filed, but were not approved and accepted by the commissioners until a year later, May 8, 1907.

During all these later years, these canal schemes were sort of stock watering affairs, instead of being conducted along true business lines, and for that reason the Legislature lost confidence whenever a company made application for a charter; and the railroads, too, were always in opposition and against the building of a canal paralleling their lines of traffic. But when the name of August Belmont became a factor in the enterprise (in the year 1904), the Railroad Commissioners and Harbor and Land Commissioners did all they could to aid this great work. But even after this company had deposited the money with the State, and with the towns of Sandwich and Bourne, and filed all plans and specifications in compliance with their charter, the officials of the State still doubted (with such restrictions upon their charter) if work ever would be done.

Just at this stage, too, Engineer William B. Parsons discovered the presence of quicksand, which caused him to shake his head in

a doubtful manner, and for the time being canal matters hung in the balance. The late Charles M. Thompson, engineer in charge, who had been in the canal business since Lockwood's time (1880) and who gave almost his whole life working for their interests, asked for one more meeting that he might explain his theory. Having surveyed and studied the canal zone for twenty years, his wish was granted, and he gave such a reasonable explanation that it seemed proof-positive that not enough quicksand existed to interfere with construction. And, accordingly, forthwith preliminary work began.

February 6, 1907, nearly eight years after the bill was signed, the Canal Company advertised for bids for construction, giving a time limit until the 28th day of March, at 12 o'clock noon, to receive proposals. On the last mentioned day, the contract for building the Cape Cod Canal was awarded to the Cape Cod Construction Company for $11,990,000.

This company consisted of DeWitt C. Flannagan, backed by the Belmonts, Engineer William B. Parsons, a former member of the Panama Canal Commission, and John B. McDonald, contractor for the New York Subway. They in turn sub-let the contract to the Dignon Construction Company of New York for the stonework, and the dredging work to the Furst-Clark Construction Company of Baltimore.

The first stone began to arrive for the breakwater in June. But none was allowed to be dropped until the Secretary of War gave his approval of so doing, which was on June 17, 1909. On Saturday, June 19, at 3.30 p. m., the first stone, weighing one ton, was dropped overboard in 40 feet of water. From that time, work went steadily on, until 10,000,000 tons of stone had been used in the construction of the breakwater.

June 22, 1909, August P. Belmont officially dug the first earth midway of the canal zone, in the presence of a company of fifty or more men, representing more wealth than had ever before stepped upon Cape Cod soil at any one time. And in their presence, and in the presence of County and Town officials, said: "In digging this first shovelful of soil, I promise not to desert the task until the last shovelful has been removed."

A silver spade at Bournedale village
First stirred the ancestral soil.
"A certain pride I have," said August B.,
"In building this canal from sea to sea!
My highest aim in life
To see fulfilled—The Pilgrim's wish!
I stand on hallowed soil,
Through which they travelled, sailed and fished."

During this season the right of way was obtained, and negotiations made for the removal of the railroad tracks. The first work at the Buzzards Bay end was begun by the mammoth bucket dredge Kennedy, followed later on by others.

In October, the foundation for the big roll lift railroad bridge at Buzzards Bay was consummated. The next bridge constructed was the highway bridge in Bourne, followed later on by the bridge at Sagamore.

On the Sandwich end, the big suction dredge McKenzie began digging in from the sea, Oct. 16, 1909. She had worked one week when a terrible gale sprang up and she put for Provincetown, remaining there one week before returning. She did splendid work until November 9, when a gale sprang up from the north, and she was obliged to flee again for safety.

During this storm the two lighters at work on the breakwater were cast ashore and destroyed, the crews having a narrow escape. The several vessels lying at anchor loaded with stone were in imminent peril. Our old town of Sandwich was all excitement. The new motor-power lifeboat from Provincetown was sent for and came across the bay through the mountainous seas; also the Manomet lifeboat and crew came overland with horses. The U. S. Cutter "Gresham" was telephoned for. She came and "stood by" until all danger was over, the vessels holding to their anchor and not a man lost.

The McKenzie sailed again from Provincetown on the night of November 28, arriving

off Sandwich at 4 a. m. the following morning, the bay being as calm as a mill pond. In an hour's time, without any warning, the wind suddenly changed from south to northeast, assuming hurricane proportions. Captain Cromwell of the tug Buccaneer (70 years old) set about the task of again pulling the McKenzie to Provincetown in the face of a 70-mile gale.

During this storm I thought of things present; I thought of things past; I thought of the Bradford storm of 1635, winding oaks and pines during the height of that twenty-foot tide. I thought of the storm of '51, when Minot's Light and its keepers went down to death with their duty well done. I thought of the "Portland" storm of '98, I thought of all those souls who met with such an awful fate.

I thought of this present storm of 1909; I thought of what might have happened beneath the waves of that salt sea brine. I thought of the dredge McKenzie; I thought of the tug Buccaneer. I thought of Jimmie, our Sandwich boy; I thought of his father, too; I thought of all the crew somewhere out on the waters deep and blue—but where! No one knew! Fifty souls or more were frantically struggling to reach Provincetown's harbored shore.

The waters from the old canal inside the Sandwich marshes were brought through the beach bank by means of a small orange-peel dredge. The following spring, on the morning of April 6, 1910, a channel was made with shovels through the narrow strip of sand, letting the water into the sea. At 11 a. m. it started on its course, cutting out the sand so rapidly, that, at 3 p. m. (four hours afterward) a channel fifty feet wide had been made, with a depth of twelve feet at high water. The McKenzie, which was in Plymouth Harbor, was at once notified, and was towed, on April 8, across the Bay to Sandwich, where she passed through the opening into safe anchorage. The second big suction dredge, the No. 9, came May 2, 1910.



SUCTION DREDGE AT WORK

During the winter of 1911, two land excavators were built, which were used to take the top soil down to water level ahead of the dredges. After awhile these two suction dredges encountered so many rocks that they were unable to continue in the work, compelling the company to install dipper dredges, and to carry the spoil out to sea in large

scows. Accordingly, two large dredges were built, one at each end of the canal, the Governor Herrick, at Sagamore, and the Governor Warfield, at Buzzards Bay, being launched in due time. These were followed by the dredges Capitol, National and International on the Sandwich end; and on the Buzzards Bay end, the mammoth dredge Kennedy and the huge dredge Onondaga, the latter said to remove sixteen cubic yards of earth at a scoop.

While the suction dredge Federal was working her way up Monument River, steam shovels and trains of cars were daily carrying thousands of tons of soil off on spur tracks either side of the canal. And, thus the work went steadily on till August Belmont sailed through his monumental canal on June 22, 1914, five years to a day from the day he removed the first shovelful of earth.

Two months previous to this, April 21, and only a few hundred yards from the identical spot where the first shovelful was removed, the barrier across the canal at Bournedale was broken, and the waters of Barnstable and Buzzards Bay met for the first time. Mr. Belmont, taking a glass in each hand, mingled the waters from Barnstable Bay (which he held in his left hand) with the waters from Buzzards Bay (which he held in his right) saying as he did so: "May the meeting of these waters bring happiness and prosperity to our country and save some of the misery which the waters of the Cape have caused in the past!" Mr. Belmont and Mr. Parsons, in the presence of canal officials, shook hands across the narrow stream of water which made Cape Cod an island.

The first cargo into the canal was 2,000 tons of coal brought in by the barge Cassie, December 14, 1910.

The first passenger boat in the canal was the steamer King Philip, April 15, 1911, from Boston, bringing in as excursionists over 300 Technology students.

The next passenger boat was the Dorothy Bradford, on June 9, 1914, bringing in 1,340 passengers. As the gangplank was put out, Selectman George S. McLaughlin said: "I welcome you all to our city of Sandwich!"

The first pasenger boat to sail through the entire length of the canal (from Sandwich to Buzzards Bay) was the Rose Standish, from Boston to New Bedford, on July 28, 1914.

The following day, July 29, the canal was officially opened, and those who were on the spot to witness the passing of the vessels to mingle with the thousands of people and enjoy the exhilarating breezes from old ocean, under a clear, blue sky and a bright sunshine, felt as though nature herself was wholly in accord with this grand celebration!

Furthermore, on this same day, our old town of Sandwich was celebrating her 275th birthday, and to do her honor, August Belmont, in person, left his own fleet of vessels (for a brief half-hour) to join with us in helping make the occasion one that will always be remembered and pass into a life-time history. His speech was short and to the point. He alluded to his ancestral past, the age of present development, and the future prosperity which he hoped the old town would derive from the building of this new waterway. At the close of his speech, in the presence of the Governor, State officials, invited guests, townspeople and multitude assembled, William L. Nye, chairman of the reception committee, and president of our Sandwich Historical Society, had the honor to present to August P. Belmont, in behalf of the town of Sandwich, a loving cup as a token of love and respect, for the courage and perseverance he had in undertaking the largest enterprise in New England; also, to extend to him the good will and fellowship of our community. He being a life member of our Sandwich Historical Society, we, as members, feel proud to have his name enrolled upon our books.

The first vessel to pass through the canal after it was officially opened, was the yacht of Dr. Samuel Crowell, of Dorchester and Dennis, on July 30. He was the first man to pay toll for a passage through the new water-

way, paying $8.00 to go through and $12 to return.

The first tow through the canal was on August 12, 1914, an ocean tug and three barges.

The first sailing vessel that went through was a three-masted schooner, on September 5, 1914; and the first ocean steamer, the Dutch steamer Terbergen, November 17, 1914, being 350 feet long and 3,826 tons burden. She was the largest vessel up to date that had passed through.

During the first six months, it is said 2,000 crafts of all kinds had availed themselves of the privilege of passing through the new waterway.

In length the canal is eight miles long, 25 feet deep at low tide, 300 feet wide on the bottom at each end, 100 feet wide on the bottom at the narrowest part, spanned by two highway bridges and one railroad bridge, which, when opened, has a width of 160 feet. Both sides of the banks are riprapped with stone. Also, on posts five hundred feet apart, electric lights show the way by night over the entire course from Wings Neck Light to the end of the Sandwich Breakwater, a distance of twelve miles.

A saving of some sixty miles or more is made by sailing through the new waterway.

The toll for passing through varies according to size and tonnage of the vessel. During one day last year (July, 1915) nearly $2,000 was taken in, the largest toll ever yet taken in one day.

Seventeen million cubic yards of material have been removed in cutting the channel across the Cape, and ten million tons of stone used in erecting the three thousand feet of breakwater at the eastern entrance.

In the five years only six men have lost their lives in the building of this $12,000,000 canal.

In conclusion, I will say that there are five men whose names will always be remembered as most influential in the carrying out of this great project.

Through the efforts of DeWitt C. Flannagan of New York, the $200,000 was deposited with the State Treasurer in order that the charter might be held and maintained.

Through the intelligent foresightedness of William B. Parsons was made possible the feasibility of removing 17,000,000 cubic yards of material that the waters might flow across the isthmus.

When the finding of quicksand was about to halt the proceedings, and almost caused the company to entirely abandon the project, the late Charles M. Thompson came to the rescue, by giving such practical reasons from an engineer's standpoint, that all dangers arising from quicksand could be entirely overcome.

And, last and greatest of all, August P. Belmont, the only living man who has dared in the face and eyes of the State and Nation to finance to a completion the building of the Cape Cod Canal.

TO MY FATHER

MARO BEATH JONES

Whence sprightly step and raven locks
As three-score-ten is passed?
Why year by year at each birthday
Seem'st younger than the last?

Why foldless brow and sparkling eye?
Whence vigor unimpaired?
What the secret thou hast with thee—
Shall it with others remain unshared?

Ah no—the answer is plain at hand,
Nor magic lies therein:
The strenuous life exemplified,
A frame uncursed by sin.

No dissipation's baneful blight
Hath marred the form God gave to thee;
No vice hath seared thy character,
From habits foul art ever free.

And with all this, as do the years
Their course relentless roll,
Thou hast that grace all-requisite:
Thou hast a youthful soul.

FREEDOM'S BIRTH

ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

Roll back your waves, old Ocean blue,
That beat on Cape Cod's peaceful shore,
And tell the people of the earth
That Freedom's spire stands there secure.
That little band of Heaven-born souls
That floated o'er your foaming crest,
Found here a shelter for their bark
Secure at last from tyrant's quest.

Within your rugged, outstretched arm,
Where white man ne'er had slept before,
These Pilgrims rested for a space
And thanked their God upon your shore,
That they, at last, had found a land
Where troubled hearts could find relief
From haughty monarch's stern commands,
That made their land a home of grief.

At anchor safe the Mayflower lay,
One hundred souls comprised her band,
And in her cabin wrote the scroll
That marked the birth of Freedom's land.
Where, graven on that granite spire
That lifts its head to Heaven on high,
Will tell the ages yet to come
The "Compact" was not made to die.

Lift up your head, Oh! Pilgrim tower,
On Cape Cod's naked, outer rim,
Above the early mists of morn
And gleam across the Ocean's brim,
A beacon light to troubled minds
That seek our shores for Freedom's air,
And burn the message in their breasts,
A welcome to this land so fair.

Long may your granite walls defy
The Ocean's storms and Winter's gale,
And tell the stranger at your feet
That you are firm, what e'er assail!
'Twas in the shadows of your dome
These martyrs knelt in humble prayer,
And broke allegiance to thy Throne
And signed the sacred "Compact" there.

Jonathan Bates, last surviving member of the celebrated firm of fur dealers, died recently in Boston at the age of 84. He had a summer home on the Cape.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE

A Farmers' Institute was held at Eastham on Wednesday, Feb. 9, under the joint auspices of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society and Cape Cod Pomona Grange.

President Thomas C. Thacher of the B. C. A. S. presided.

Dr. Twitchell of Maine spoke on "The Soil and the Man," a good, practical talk on farming, showing where improvements could be made in some of the farming methods of Cape Cod.

After his address he answered a number of questions asked by persons present.

Hon. Thomas C. Thacher spoke on the Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Cape Cod Farm Bureau and Rural Credits.

There were about 75 present.

After the Institute a meeting of Cape Cod Pomona Grange was held. There were 91 present at the evening session.

CHATHAM ON THE BOOM

Chatham is one of the busiest towns on the Cape in the way of annexing new enterprises. The town's latest is a cold storage factory, capital for which is now being raised at this and adjoining villages.

Chatham's first venture was the Chatham Bars Inn, built about three years ago by Charles W. Hardy, a summer resident. Next came the mammoth Marconi wireless station at North Chatham, constructed two years ago at a cost of $2,000,000. A few months ago the Weld Manufacturing Company built a big factory and has received large orders. Now the cold storage plant, headed by a resident of Boston, it is said, will be capitalized at $125,000, and work will start at once.

Frederick Tudor of Bay End Farm, Buzzards Bay, again possesses the license plate No. 1 for his automobile. Mr. Tudor has received the same number for the past several years.

THE LOST SPARK

By RALPH C. ELDREDGE

Around the stove in the "General Store" of the little town of Bingham, sat a group of men, whose lives were in daily danger; for they derived their living by hard and severe toil from the waters of the broad Atlantic. Morning after morning from one to five A. M. one can hear the chug-chug of their motor boats as they meet down the harbor channel between walls of seething foam into the ocean after their catch of cod and pollock.

As they sat thus, a man entered and shook the snow from his oilskins.

'Hello, boys. I'll be with you in a minute."

Captain Spouser hung his dripping oilskins on a nail by the door and came over to the stove and sat down on an empty cracker box.

"It's your turn for a yarn," spoke up one of the group nearest the captain.

"All right, here you go," began Captain Spouser, as he blew clouds of smoke into the surrounding atmosphere.



"I sez, somewhat indignant, 'What the Dickens?' "

" 'T wasn't what one would hev called clear the other mornin' when I started for the shore, but the minute I came in sight of th' landin', I sez somewhat indignant, 'What the dickens is that new craft doin' on my moorin's?' "

"I went down, untied my skiff, pushed off, and started to investigate."

"I was looking intently at the new craft, and saw she was painted white, about twenty feet over all, I should judge, and mind ye, no spars in sight. Thinks I, 'She's going to hev some put in I guess. Looks kinder as though she went by sail some time or other.' "

"I had got about half way to her when all of a sudden a feller straightens up out'n her, and catching a glimpse of me beckoned for me to come alongside. Soon as I got a whiff from his pipe, I knew at once who was in that boat."

"Sez I, 'That's Captain Aleck Livermore.' "

"You see, he and I burns the same kind of powder and being the only 'two of a kind' in this place, naturally, I knew who was who."

"He must'r got a corresponding hint, for he recognized me the next instant, and yells, 'Howdy, Spouser?' "

"Yellin' was one of his characteristics; it didn't make any difference whether you was alongside or half a mile to windward."

" 'Mornin',' says I, kind of curt and kind of pleasant, too, for Aleck hadn't been to town for considerable time. 'So you've monopolized my moorin's, eh?' I asked shaking hands with him."

" 'Oh! I'll clear out before long!' "

" 'Say,' I questions. 'who's craft is this?' "

" 'Well,' says he, kind of mysteriously, I

thought, 'tell me what you think of her first.' "

" 'Humph! Looks like a good roomy craft. Kind of sharp forward for much of a sea.' "

" 'I am the owner,' he bursts in, kind of straightenin' up like. 'I'm goin' to take out parties from the New Hotel this summer.' "

"If a bomb had exploded in my skiff, I couldn't have been more surprised or scared."

"Scared? Who for?" questioned one of the men.

"Why, for those he took out," Spouser answered.

"Well, to continue, the next question I asks Aleck, was: 'Where's your spars?' "

" 'Spars!' he sez, in such a way that I looked at him surprised."

" 'That's what I said.' "

" 'Why, Spouser, 'aint goin' to hev any.' "

" 'What?' I cried. 'Then how do you expect to take out people?' "

" 'Why, I've got a gasolene motor, a jim dandy, that goes with the first turn, no backfirin', spark plug and vibrator all in one, and ———' "

" 'So the company has hired you for agent,' says I sarcastically.' "

" 'What?' he comes back, 'do you deliberately take me for an agent?' "

" 'No!' says I, warmin' up to the occasion, 'I wouldn't take you for an agent if you'd give me all the profit and pay **me** a salary besides.' "

"That made him mad, and after a spell he invites me aboard—Yes he did—and he would prove to me that that engine of his couldn't be beat. So aboard I climb, fastened my skiff to his moorin' and cast off. 'Twas about half ebb and down the channel we went, or rather drifted."

" 'Hussel up and start her,' I sez."

"He fussed several minutes turning some screws, valves and sich like, and lastly he brung to light what looked to me like a oil can with a crooked nose."

" 'What you goin' to do with that oil can?' I demanded."

" 'Why, my dear Spouser,' he answers, 'This isn't an oil can. It's scientific name is squirt can or perhaps primin' can.' "

" 'Well, hustle up and use the scientific arrangement afore we git to Richard's flat,' I sez, casting my weather eye around."

" 'Aleck squirted in some gasolene, then turned her over, but no sound resulted. Again and again he turned that fly wheel, but always with the same result."

"At last I see 'twas time for me to do somthin', for I was gettin' kind of nervous with them breakers gettin' almighty near—so I hove over the anchor."

" 'Goes with the first turn, eh?' I sez, catching a turn around the cleat and coming aft."

" 'Shet up,' he growled, 'and git back where you belong.' "

"Then Aleck pulled out a book of instructions. Pretty soon he looks up and sez, ' 'Tis that blamed spark, I've lost it.' "

" 'Where, overboard?' I asked innocently.' "



"Like a Streak of Greased Lightning."

"He didn't give me any answer, but grew red in the face, then purple."

"Well, I let him work over that blamed engine till I got disgusted. Then I walked aft."

" 'What's this?' I asks, taking hold of a small handle and moving it back and forth. Well, it seems like Aleck had hold of a spark

plug, I thought. Anyway, he jumped about twenty feet, more or less, and give an awful yell."

"'What's the matter?' I asks, looking up."

"'You dum fool, shet it off,' he yelled again."

"'What?' says I, innocently."

"'Don't you know? Can't you see?'"

"I looked first at Aleck, then at the engine, and then I saw gasolene dripping from a pipe, so I starts in screwing down the shet-off."

"'Taint that,' he yells, 'It's the switch.'"

"'I don't see any,' sez I, reaching around that engine. 'What's this handle?'"

"'That's it,' he hollers."

"So I pulled it in the opposite direction, and Aleck yells, 'Hurray!'"

"'Now, what in Sam Hill was the matter with ye?'"

"'Why, I was tightening up those wires on that plug, and you shoved that switch on. Gee! I thought I had hold of a red hot iron and somebody was pourin' hot water all over me,' he added as he rubbed his hands."

"In a minute or so he turned that fly wheel again, and I'll be darned if that engine didn't go. Yes sir, she did, and by heck, she parted her moorin' as though 'twas a piece of yarn."

"Down the harbor we went like a streak of greased lightning. A few minutes later I asks Aleck what was the matter with the engine."

"'Wal,' says he, grinnin', 'I never put the switch on, and therefore I didn't have any spark to explode the gas.'"

"So there Aleck had been all that time trying to start that blame thing, and I had to pop out what was wrong arter all."

"Mail's in, boys, I'll see you later."

If you have a friend who might be interested in this publication, send the name and address to The Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, and a sample copy will be sent.

TAKIN' TEACHERS

By ELIZABETH KENDRICK HOLT

They asked us to take the teachers,
An' tho' Pa wan't hardly agreed
I knew with the hens an' the garden
'Twould be easy to find the feed;
'An the south room upstairs was empty
Sence a year a-back, when Sue
Hed married an' gone to Rhode Island.
Besides, 'twould be somethin' new—
Takin' teachers!

The neighbors warned us aginst it,
'Twould be trouble, they said, an' care.
They'd be late to breakfast on Sundays
'An forever a-washing their hair!
Well, I don't grudge a body their restin'
An' cleanness don't fret me a mite,
So we ran the resk an' took 'em,
An I'm sure that we done just right
Takin' teachers!

They led us a chase that winter—
I almost fergot my name!
I couldn't fly round like I useter,
But I flew some, just the same!
They coasted an' skated an' tramped it,
Tho' they worked like beavers, too,
An' we learned a heap in the meantime
Just as some other folks do,
Takin' teachers!

We learned to be young all over
Tho' our hair was turned some gray,
An' when they'd begin their schemin'
We'd git as excited as they.
We learned to make fudge an' read Shakspere
An' they helped our grammar a lot,
An' the price of grain an' the mortgage
We almost, at times, fergot—
Takin' teachers!

But evenin's before the log fire
They'd curl on the rug at our feet
An' tell us their hopes an' their troubles,
An' our friendship grew tender an' sweet.
Come vacation time they left us,
Went home fer a little spell,
An' Pa spoke up kinder lonesome,
"Don't you think we're a-doing well
Takin' teachers?"

Hiram Crocker of Santuit, aged 95 years, is the oldest resident of Barnstable.

"Cape Cod"

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Cape Cod Interests
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Editorial

CAPECODITIS

IT is pretty difficult to refrain from writing "booming" literature if we write about Cape Cod at all. We have a severe attack of capecoditis and it persists in cropping out every time we sit down to our typewriter to evolve editorial matter for this publication. Did you ever hear a Californiac talk about his State? If so you know how we feel. A Californiac will never admit that there is anything in all the rest of the world quite as good as California. He talks California all the time he talks and he talks all the time. According to him, California has the Garden of Eden whipped to a frazzle. It has all the climate worth having, all the scenery there is worth mentioning, the finest men and the handsomest women. He won't admit that it even has a rival. When you get him started you can't stop him, and it isn't difficult to start him. All that is necessary is to give a faint word of praise to some other locality.

Such continuous boosting becomes tiresome after a while, and we don't want to get the habit to the extent of making everybody tired. We admit that we like Cape Cod. We wouldn't be publishing this magazine if we didn't. But we must be candid enough to admit that possibly there may be other sections of the country that have claims to a modicum of fame. No section has a monopoly of climate and scenery—but on the other hand there is no place that exactly resembles Cape Cod. Therein lies its distinction. It is unique—it is different.

There is something in the psychology of reiteration. If one asserts that a certain thing is true, after a time one becomes not only to believe it himself, but he convinces other people that it must be so. It is said that 90 per cent of all our claims to knowledge comes from something that we have read or from something that is told to us by someone who has read it somewhere.

Our job is to convince the world that we think well of the part of the earth on which we live, so at the risk of becoming tiresome, we say so frequently. We have seemingly convinced a great many people that Cape Cod is what we think it is. The letters we are constantly receiving proves it. Capecoditis is spreading rapidly since we began our task.



MOST of the town meetings have been held on the Cape and the guiding hands for the ensuing year have been selected. Appropriations have been made with due regard to the need of good roads and liberal allotments made. A contest which attracted considerable attention was the successful one waged by Thomas H. Nickerson for the office of Selectman in Harwich. "Though a purely local fight," says the Boston Globe, "it had features of general interest, centering, as is believed, on the taxation of banks. As assessor, Mr. Nickerson took a firm stand for what he believed to be a fair valuation of the property of the Cape Cod National Bank and the vote accorded him is taken to mean indorsement by the citizens." These local contests are fraught with deep meaning for

the towns involved and are just as important to their interests as are the more pretentious struggles for the control of metropolitan affairs.



THIS month "Cape Cod" appears in a new cover, drawn especially for it by an illustrator of note, George Reiter Brill of Philadelphia. Mr. Brill is now a resident of Monument Beach and is artistically installed in a studio there. His work is exceedingly versatile. He is an artist with the brush and pen, a sculptor of no mean reputation and a designer and builder of low-priced, but artistic bungalows. Not only has he produced the cover design for this issue, but also the line drawings which illustrate several of the stories which it contains. We plan to have a distinctive cover design each month and our readers will undoubtedly have the opportunity to become more familiar with Mr. Brill's excellent work.



CONSERVATION of our natural resources includes not only the products of the land, but also the products of the water. Legislation along this line is being sought and if obtained it will be effective in protecting the migratory fish during the spawning season. The culture of shell fish other than oysters is also being urged and Cape Cod has an unexcelled opportunity to make shell fish production a most important industry.



ONE of the claims to distinction which this magazine prides itself in, is in the fact that it is a "home product." Its contents are from the pens of Cape Cod people, it is planned, published and printed entirely on the Cape, and such illustrations as it contains are the work of Cape Cod artists and photographers.

ALL windmills have arms. Some have arms and legs.

THE fact that some men are going down when they think they are going up is one proof that the world is round.



SAVE your adjectives for serious occasions or you may be out of kindling when you want to build a fire.

SUNSET AT THE BEACH (CHATHAM)

By L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE

Tell me not of skies Italia,
Or of Oriental strand,
For I wish not for scenes fairer
Than I find in this, our land.

Never brush of artist painter
Pictured scenes so rich and rare;
Never penciled lines were fainter
Than those tinted lines of air.

Gold and crimsons' gorgeous blending,
Amethyst and purple hues,
Emerald and sapphire sending
Softer lines of greens and blues.

Rippling waters smooth and tranquil
Catching every rainbow hue
Of the distant skies above, 'till
The waves seem sunset, too.

Pearly bars of western daylight
Open till the skies are dim,
And the shading, nearing twilight
Chants a quiet, vesper hymn.

Thus we watch the gathering darkness
Gazing o'er the dusky sea;
And we find our words are powerless
For the blest reality.

Beautiful our own New England;
Beautiful her sea-beat strand—
Worship true we yield our free land
Where our own Penates stand.

"Your magazine grows more interesting each month and I am sure that you will have a very large circulation in the near future"—From one of our subscribers.



THE NORTH STAR

By A CAPE COD HAPPY JACK

"I see that Nathan Crowell's son has joined the French aviation outfit over in Europe," remarked Harvey A. Breeze, the Cranberry King, to Cap'n 'Bijah Holmes, as the members of the "Uplift Corner" met on the piazza of the Mattacheesit Club for their afternoon's smoke-talk. "You remember Chester Crowell, Nathan's eldest boy, don't you, 'Bijah?"

"Well, seein' as I've chased him out of my strawberry patch in years past, picked him up at the bottom of the bo'rdwalk steps an' toted him a matter of nearly two miles to his home with what we all thought was a broken neck, an' taught him to sail a Cape Cod cat better'n he'll ever navigate one of them flyin' contraptions," replied the old sea captain, "you might say as I do remember him, Harvey, so to speak."

"When he left here to go to school up to the Technology in Boston," remarked the Honorable Stanley M. Brixton, with a note of inquiry in his voice, "I thought he was headed for a job as a mining engineer, but I never expected to see him landed in the middle of a man's sized war, nor thought he had pluck to face the fire."

"You never can tell," offered A. Perley Poole, the ex-Wall Street broker, who, despite the fact that he had made his 'pile' in that hotbed of frenzied finance, thought his old home town of Osterville a good enough place to spend it. "His father didn't make such a bad soldier during the 60's when he swore four years onto his age to pass the muster officers, and one of those officers, old Jeremiah Sears, lived opposite his home and knew when he was born and the hour of the day, at that."

"You're dead right, Perley," broke in the Congressman, with a laugh. "Will you ever forget Nathan's story of his first experience under fire and how he ran so hard to get out of the fight that he led his whole company by

several yards into a Confederate masked battery?"

"Got a medal for bravery, didn't he?" asked the Cranberry King, jabbing a knife-blade into the butt of his cigar in a vain endeavor to make it draw better.

"Yep!" returned the Honorable Stanley M. "Something like that, though I'll give him credit for not wearing out many coats pinning the medal on his breast after it was presented."

"Fust days in a new career 're mostly always full of mistakes," remarked Captain Holmes, with a reminiscent gaze across the waters of Vineyard Sound. "I ain't forgot my fust cruise as a cabin boy an' that antedates Nathan's army cruise by several years."

"Give us the yarn, 'Bijah," demanded the Cranberry King, "We Codders always heard that you ran away to sea, but I don't think you ever told us the particulars."

"Well, like's not I never did for it wasn't nothin' to brag about," began the old sea-dog, as he crossed his legs and settled the dottle in the bowl of his pipe with the tip of his little finger. Captain Holmes had never taken kindly to cigars, as he always swore that after 'burning up three of the contraptions,' as he put it, he always smoked a pipeful of 'real' tobacco to know that he'd had a smoke. "I wasn't born within sight of that," waving his arm toward the ocean, "but I had it in my blood an' between a mother who wanted her only son to follow in the footsteps of his grand-dad an' fill a Methodist pulpit, an' a father who, from knowin' by experience what a seafarin' life was like, an' tryin' to head me off into a merchantile life, I was in a tair way to sneak off to the nearest port an' ship on the first craft that left there.

"I reached the age of fourteen without breakin' my neck, gettin' into jail or findin' some easy-goin' skipper to take me off my parents' hands without their knowin' it, an' I've of'en thought I must have been a han'ful for pa and ma to steer the "straight an' narrer path."

"I was always a monkey for climbin' from the very time I fust began to toddle. Trees, fences, rocks and roofs, an' I always played they was a ship's deck or spars. Our old home was a pretty ancient affair, even for those days, an' had been added to an' added to until it had as many roofs as an old Spanish galleon has decks, an' they looked about as funny, at that. One of my greatest stunts was to climb to the very peak of the main roof, slide down the steep pitch, bump off to the roof of the kitchen annex with a bigger bump onto the lean-to shed an' finally pitch off that for a nine-foot drop to the ground.

"I had been practicin' on this stunt so long that I knew just when to roll over so's to miss a rusty nail that'd worked up through a rottin' shingle, how to bump off each roof on to the next lower without danger of goin' bodily through into the kitchen or shed an' just which part of the eaves to drop from to make the best landfall.

"My calc'lations were always right as far's I went, but once I didn't chart the position of the 'other feller,' an' just as I had made my flyin' start from the very tip of the ridge, I heard voices in the shed an' recognized one of them as that of the parson who held down the job in the Methodist pulpit my mother had designs on for me. Not to be caught in a play so childish I speeded up the best I could an' shot off the lean-to roof jest as the parson stepped out of the shed door. I tried to throw myself one side, but only made things worse an' landed all the harder on the poor man's head, knockin' him clean off his feet an' into a tub of purple dye-water that mother had been usin' for her old grey poplin, for in those days, folks didn't throw away their dresses every time the styles changed as they do now.

"I had the luck to bounce off the dominie's head on to the grass at the very feet of my astonished an' outraged mother, an' collect-

in' my scattered wits before she could speak, I streaked it for the road, disappearin' in a



"I Bounced Off His Head."

cloud of dust in the general direction of New Bedford, at which place I finally arrived.

I've been over the road between my old home an' New Bedford many times since, but with the dread of what was behind me, for, in my boyish mind, crime against the parson looked like ten years in jail for me, that first trip seemed the longest, hardest, dreariest journey ever made by man or boy. I had the good luck to get lifts from carters an' farmer's wagons for the greatest part of the way, but at that, I thought I'd never get enough miles between me an' that purple-dyed parson.

I struck New Bedford at a bad time for my ambition to ship on a whaler, as most of the vessels of that kind were off on cruises or not expected to start for some months, so, without a penny in my pocket an' no friends in the town, I should have been scared to go to them anyhow, I was glad to take any berth offered an', when an old down-east skipper of a disreputable coasting schooner, who had been watchin' my frantic search of the docks, called me aboard his boat an' offered me the exalted position of cabin boy, I bit like a dogfish.

The boat, which was named the Comfort, because she hadn't a single one to bless herself with, hailed from the port of Biddeford, Maine, was in the coasting trade between New England ports and Savannah, Georgia, an' had dropped in at New Bedford for a cargo of whale-oil, an' at the time I went aboard of her was waitin' the tide to clear the port. I found out afterward that she had lost the services of her late cabin boy through desertion at that port, an' when I came to look back on my brief an' stormy career on that old hooker, I can't blame the lad an' only wished he'd jumped his berth at some other port an' time.

I don't remember much of that run South for I was too sick, both from the smell of the oil an' the pitch of the boat, but I recollect the old Comfort carried a heavy helm an' had a drift to loow'rd that almost equalled her headway, but more by good luck than seamanship, we finally managed to make Savannah without spreading our cargo an' timbers from Barnegat to the Capes. We did buck a howlin' sou'west'r for two days an' the better part of the third, while off Hatteras, which put us some hundred miles off our course an' mussed up our top-hamper, but nobody seemed to mind that but me, an' I didn't count.

"At Savannah we loaded a cargo of naval stores for Boston an' put to sea on one of the finest days I ever saw, but we must have had a dead sure hoodo abor'd, for before we got abreast Cape Henry, the Comfort was pounding into the teeth of another gale, this time from the no'east, an' makin' a foot of water

in her hold for every six inches her limited crew could pump out of her, so, to save the old hooker from sinkin' under our feet, the skipper decided to run into the Chesapeake an' ride out the rest of the gale at anchor in Lynnhaven Bay.

"While there we lost two of our foremast hands, who, goin' ashore to see the sights, never showed up when the weather cleared, so the skipper, either to get to sea or, what is more likely, to save the wages he owed them, left them behind. Now, the loss of two hands from a vessel as undermanned as the Comfort, the coasters in those days weren't bothered with Seaman's Acts (Q. E. D. Seamen's?) an' government inspections an' carried even smaller crews than they do now, called for some shiftin' of berths so as to make up a workin' sized starbo'rd an' larbo'rd watch.

"Our craft was right in fashion as far as bein' undermanned was concerned, only more so. There was the skipper—he's never called captain on these coasters—an' the mate who stood alternate watches; Chips, the carpenter, who was also bos'en an' a foremast hand when he wasn't doin' other jobs; Cookie, who gave a hand in rough weather, but never stood a night watch; three foremast hands an' the cabin boy. With two out of three of the deck hands missin', the skipper promoted me to an A. B. an' put me in his, the starbo'rd watch. I hadn't been a huge success in my late job as cabin boy, for, as I told you before, I was sick on the whole trip South, an', durin' the last storm, had twice upset the men's grub in carryin' it from the galley to the fo'k'sle head, but I felt all the pride possible in my rapid promotion an' even had hopes of the mate's desertin' so's I could get his job.

"The first night out the skipper had the long watch."

"What's the 'long watch,' Cap'n Holmes?" inquired H. Hamilton Hess, who, as an expert in advertising, was wont to acquire information along all lines.

"The 'long watch' is from one to seven in the mornin'," was the reply, "an' the doggonest, lonesomest, hardest watch of the whole twenty-four hours. You come off watch in time for breakfast, you're too sleepy to eat and turn in for a daylight nap that is sure to be interrupted by all hands bein' called to make or take in sails, an' you don't get any more real sleep until your next night watch below—sometimes not then.

"This skipper of ours had been in the habit of givin' the helmsman the course an' then spreadin' a rug aft of the after-hatch an' sleepin' through the long watch when it came his turn. Of course, the mate, for fear the skipper would catch him asleep on his watch, didn't dare to do this.

"It was just my luck to draw the trick at the helm on the fust long watch after my promotion, an' while I had half-way learn't how to steer the boat in daylight, I dreaded the job in the dark an' alone as I knew I'd be. I didn't know how you kept a vessel on her course when you couldn't see anything to steer by, but plucked up the best thing I had in the way of courage, an' relieved my man at the wheel just as the skipper came on deck.

"It was the blackest night I ever remember; the moon, in its fust quarter, had set in the western horizon just after twilight, some five or six hours before, an' it was so chunky black that you felt you could poke holes in it with your fingers. The whole thing, with the slat of the sails an' the creak of the old timbers 'got my goat,' as the small boys say.

" 'Can you steer, boy?' boomed the voice of the skipper like a foghorn out of that inky blackness. Evidently I was still a 'boy' if he had, under pressure, made an 'able seaman' of me.

"Yes, sir, I replied, tryin' to make my voice sound as much like a big grown man's as possible an' probably givin' a better imitation of the squeak of a cornered rat.

"Don't you 'yes sir me,' he roared, 'say aye, aye, sir' when you're aboard this craft.'

" 'Aye, aye, sir,' I answered, the last bit of confidence oozin' out of me.

"Well, if you can steer, you lay your course for the North Star an' don't you let her fall off her course or jibe, and if you go to sleep on your trick I'll fix you so's you won't be able to sleep or eat for the rest of the voyage."

"The North Star! The whole black dome of Heaven was full of the twinklin' jewels, but just which particular gem he was talkin' about was as far beyond me as I aft'rw'rds learn't was its real distance from the earth an' I was too scared to take a sportin' chance an' the dread of what might happen if I guessed wrong, dragged from me in almost a wail: 'But I don't know which one of them million is the North Star!'

" 'Don't know the North Star?' demanded the astonished skipper. 'What kind of a dashed-hinged sailor do you call yourself?' "

"I felt like telling him that I hadn't dared to call myself anythin' since I'd shipped with him an' that he'd done all the callin' when he'd dubbed me an A. B., but I thought better of it."

" 'You don't happen to know the Big Dipper, by any means?' he sarcastically inquired."

"Now, every country boy knows the Big Dipper an' what part of the sky to look for it, so I answered up real pert and prompt an' admitted that I did."

"Don't you dare use no land-lubber talk aboard this ship,' yelled the skipper. 'It's aye, sir' and 'no, sir' for a sailor, an' dashed blamed little of that, too.'

"My 'aye, aye, sir' was very, very meek an' then he went on to say that the two stars of the Dipper, on the opposite side to the handle, pointed directly to a thick bunch of stars, an' that the big one in the centre of the bunch was the North Star that I was to steer for, an' after standin' back of me for a while to see how I handled the wheel, finally rolled himself up in a rug an' went to sleep.

"The wind was light an' from the west'ard an' beyond havin' to give the wheel a spoke once in a long while, the vessel might have been left to sail herself. I got so drowsy that I began to count to myself to pass the time—sixty slow counts to the minute—an' I can tell you the minutes seemed hours an' the hours eternity. Along about six bells (there was no strikin' of bells on that old hooker) I must have dozed off without knowin' it for I woke up with a start to find the Comfort still plowin' along with the wind on her port, or as we call it nowadays, larbo'rd, quarter, an' it was not until days after that I realized, while I slept, a shift of wind had brought her gently about an' headed her straight for Cuba!

"It wasn't long after this before the skipper showed signs of life, an' after a stretch or two an' a rough shake, like a dog who had been asleep, he stepped out from the line of the masts an' cast his eyes for'ard an' aloft.

" 'What the blankity, blank, blank do you mean by goin' to sleep at the wheel, you dashed hinged son of a land-lubberly mud turtle, you?' an' the enraged skipper's big fist would have been half-way down my throat if the laws of cubic dimensions hadn't made it impossible.

"I tried to gracefully lie out of it with a mild, 'Why, skipper, I haven't been asleep for a minute'—and I hadn't—for it was probably more like an hour.

"Don't lie to me, you dashed-hinged pot-wrastler,' yelled the frantic man as he danced up an' down an' madly wavin' astern over my shoulder with the fist that wasn't doubled up under my nose. 'Didn't I tell you to steer for the North Star, an' there she is behind your dashed-hinged back, you unmentionable lubber!"

"Givin' the wheel a couple of spokes in vain hopes of convincin' the skipper I had nothin' on my mind but my duties as a helmsman, I looked back over my shoulder at the star he was pointin' to, an' in as calm a voice as I could muster under the strained relations, said: 'Oh! that star, skipper? The devil! Why, we passed that long ago!'

"Like the little lad who stole his mother's beach plum preserves, what followed was too painful to remember, even after all these years."

The Dream of a Relic Hunter

IN the hazy warmth of a September afternoon, I was speeding over one of the Cape Cod highways, hoping to reach that evening a delightful haven at the tip end of the Cape.

As we were bowling along at thirty miles an hour, there was a sudden jar and abrupt halt that nearly threw me from my seat. While the man at the wheel made some emphatic remarks, all alighted to repair damages.

Seeing a lonely chimney rising amid the pines a short distance ahead, I sauntered on to have a few friendly words with the occupants of this house.

As I emerged from the pine-bordered road, what was my surprise to behold a large, old-fashioned mansion apparently deserted and fast going to ruin.

In the glow of the afternoon sun, shining on its weather-beaten shingles and crumbling bricks, it stood partially concealed by a heavy growth of silver poplars and lilacs, as if trying to retreat from the noise and tumult of a well-travelled Cape motor road.

I followed the path of some prowling summer excursionists, like myself, to a well worn door-stone and hastened forward with the delightful expectation of exploring its quaint old interior or of finding some time-worn souvenir, such as a tarnished door-knocker or hand-wrought iron latch.

After wandering about its empty rooms and thinking what interesting tales its walls might impart, I rested on the western door-step in the mellow glow of kindly autumn sun.

Lulled by the melancholy chirp of the crickets and the lazy cawing of the crows in the distant pines, I soon arrived at that delightful state of the lotus-eater where I cared not at all for punctured tires or whether we reached the crooked fore-finger of the Cape that night or the next week.

I sat again in an ancient colonial kitchen, with its array of shining pewter on a large dresser in the corner. A crackling fire of pine boughs blazed in the broad fire-place and cast its gleam over the ancient low-studded room. Hanging on the crane a huge black dinner kettle bubbled merrily and sent forth appetizing odors.

At one end of the long brick hearth sat a black cat with gleaming yellow eyes, which



"I Sat and Dreamed"

were fastened steadily on some one at the other end of the hearth.

What a quaint, interesting looking person this occupant of the settle was! A tall, angular old man. He was dressed in the home-spun garments of the fashion prevalent a

century and a half ago. A powdered queue of white hair hung down his back and his ruddy countenance indicated either a life on the ocean wave or long hours in the fields of a Cape Cod farm.

The old man seemed to be busily engaged in filing down the edges of a rough hand-made bayonet.

In the corner beyond him stood a large, old-fashioned flint-lock musket, while a heavy, iron sword, made by some village smith, a well-filled powder horn and a shot bag hung above the mantle. On the edge of the hearth, at his feet, lay an open bullet mold and the remnants of an old pewter plate.

All these ancient fire-arms seemed to indicate defense against the British cruisers hovering off the back of the Cape. These, often, at that time, came ashore to stock up on fresh mutton and poultry or to press into the service of the mother country some poor fisherman.

As he worked and muttered to himself a quaint old woman entered the room. In the apron tied over her homespun dress she seemed to carry a heavy burden which she deposited on the settle.

Stepping up to the corner, she pressed a panel in the wainscoting, which flew back, disclosing a small secret recess leading to the closet beyond.

Into this opening she dropped a stout canvas bag and several silver candlesticks on which her gaze rested lovingly.

Carefully closing the panel she turned to the old gentleman and exclaimed:

"Prithee! old man; if those pilfering old Englishmen land on the beach tonight and follow the pasture road to this farm, this one bit of treasure will be safe from the marauders, I vow."

The old man nodded an emphatic assent. A few minutes later he hastened out to make all secure for the night or to take a last observation from the pine knoll, near at hand.

He had been gone only a short time, when he came rushing back, shouting:

"Those tarnel red coats have already landed and are making their way up through the pasture lane."

Grabbing his ancient flint-lock, he rushed back to the door with the old lady and the black cat at his heels.

With his ancient three-cornered hat pulled down over his eyes he took his stand in the doorway and demanded angrily of the approaching red coats what called them on his premises.

I could not hear the reply, but it seemed to anger the old man beyond reason. With



"He Leveled His Musket"

a roar of rage he levelled his musket at the intruders and a terrific crash re-echoed among the pines.

The shriek of the calliope whistle was not that of the answering British fire but my auto tooting a summons from the highway.

I glanced hastily over my shoulder into the kitchen, half expecting to see the quaint old man, the black cat and the furnishings of the ancient room again.

But lo! they had all vanished, nothing remained but the dismantled interior with the crumbling bricks and heaps of fallen plastering on the floor.

Springing up I hastened to the chimney place and peered into the corner where in my dream I had seen the old woman deposit her treasures.

The wainscoting had been torn away by some relic hunter, probably to adorn some modern bungalow living room.

The ancient cubby-hole, back of the chim-

ney remained, but in place of silverware my hand brought forth a few ancient kettles and a three-legged skillet, which had escaped the ravages of the souvenir hunters, also a goodly array of cobwebs and lime dust of many years' accumulation.

Another shriek from the road warned me that the sun was fast dropping behind the pines. With the iron skillet under my arm and with my hands full of trumpet vine, gathered from the gray old walls, I clambered into the auto.

As I glanced back at the desolate old house it seemed to gaze after me with a longing look as if it wished I might tarry longer and learn some more of its time-old secrets.

What tales these deserted homesteads of the Cape might tell of raids by British soldiers, of pirates' hoards buried in the sand, or of the tragic ship-wrecks which have strewn the coasts of Cape Cod.

Although those times are no more, summer visitors today on the Cape may while away many pleasant hours in recalling these scenes and traditions of the vanished years.

A Memory of March

By LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

IT is the season of melting snows. Only a few fast disappearing banks are seen in the corners of the fences and against the north sides of buildings. The days and nights are of equal length and King Winter's army of snow and ice and biting winds reluctantly retreats before the advancing force of birds and flowers of approaching Spring. But it does not go without many protests and an occasional return that makes you draw your furs closer about your throat and hold your muff before your face to break the biting wind. For it is in March, more than at any other time, that the wind blows on Cape Cod—no gentle breezes, but gales that make "tacking" necessary in order to cross the road, and that leave you breathless and panting when you go to call on your next-door neighbor.

Perhaps you never enjoy home so much as on an evening in March when, with an interesting book, you settle yourself in front of a crackling fire while the wind whistles around the house, shrieking at the corners and rattling viciously at the windows. However, it is with a different feeling, a few hours later, that you go from room to room, with a lighted lamp in your hand, vainly hunting for that banging shutter. And it is positive torment to try to sleep while the wind mill whirrs and rattles noisily, or wails and groans like some poor criminal on the rack.

The bay, that a month ago was a glistening stretch of ice, is now a mass of blue-green waves, and each crest breaks in the sun into rainbow spray. In the early morning, a narrow strip of ice fringes the shore, but it slowly disappears as the sun climbs to the zenith.

All day long the sky is full of masses of low clouds that are driven in from the sea, blotting out the sun and throwing a dark shadow over the whole landscape. Or, perhaps, for whole days, the sun is hidden and the rain falls in monotonous sheets against the window pane and turns the roads into almost impassable rivers.

This is the season when every hillside is gullied by vagrant streams, when every brook becomes a torrent, and every river a flood. The orchard is changed to a pond and the apple trees rise from the muddy water like the trees along the banks of the Mississippi during a flood. If there comes a sudden "cold snap," the pond is coated with ice and the boys and girls put on their skates and play tag and puss-puss-in-the-corner among the apple trees.

In the morning the ground is frozen; at noon the half of the earth sidewalk that is in the protecting shadow of the fence, is still frozen, while the other half is a soft oozing mass of mud. And as the night approaches, everything slowly freezes again, retaining

the depressions that were made in the mud, so that walking is worse than riding over a corduroy road.

But the frost gradually leaves the ground, the water disappears and the mud dries up. We begin to see the crows in the fields or silhouetted against the sky. And we count them for luck. One morning we are startled to hear the honk-honk of wild geese and look up to see a triangular flock of them trailing off to the north. In the woods, the chickadees and pheobes chirp plaintively, and the arrival of the first robins and bluebirds marks the passing of March and the approach of April.

In the evening the houses are encircled by low hedges of fire, as the neighbors, assisted by all the small boys in the village, "burn off the grass." The low, red line creeps slowly onward, enthusiastically guarded by dancing figures that, silhouetted against the red glow, look like hob-goblins. When it reaches the end of the lot, it is beaten out with branches and old brooms and another line is started. In the middle of the back yard is a great blazing "bon-fire" that is fed with the accumulated rubbish of the winter, and guarded by dancing goblins and weird witches.

March is also the month when local politics flames its hottest and the post office and store are the places where the qualifications of each candidate are long and energetically discussed. Everyone who isn't running for selectman or constable or school committee has a brother or other relative who is.

Three weeks before town meeting, the warrants are displayed in the post offices and each article is discussed pro and con. The north end of the town can't understand why anybody should petition "for a road from Hen Saunders, 'cross the fields to the county road"; and the south end of the town thinks "it's a fool notion of them north-enders to want the harbor dredged and a wharf built."

As the day for town meeting approaches, the discussions grow hotter and the usual pipe of the ordinary voter is discarded for the election cigar. A candidate for office can see a voter a mile off, and will go far out of his way to say "How-de-do" and ask how fishing is this spring.

When town meeting day arrives, all possible business is suspended and the men, dressed in their best, gather at the town hall. The election of the officers is followed by the meeting itself, when Cap'n Nickerson, tall and broad shouldered, with a big, brusque voice, acts as moderator, just as he has every year for the past quarter of a century. The town politicians gather in one corner, where, as the different articles come up, they are discussed in a whisper, and then the orator of the group addresses the town meeting in such a convincing manner that everyone votes just as he should. There are certain well-known citizens who always attend: Nate Howes, slender, stoop-shouldered, who in a querulous voice, assures everyone "this town is spendin' too much money and will go to the dogs, if we don't do different." Phineas Perry, big framed, wearing a grimy suit of corduroy, who opposes every motion that is made, just from habit. And Lysander Phinney, round and ruddy, who is always thinking of something else and when the carrying of a motion is followed by applause and the stamping of feet, asks "What's it all about, anyway?"

And all the time the women sit in the gallery, busy with their knitting, but nevertheless following last year's town report and listening to each motion as it is made and acted upon. And they whisper to each other: "How much better we will do it when we get the chance."

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THE GRANGES OF CAPE COD

A. W. HIGGINS GRANGE EDITOR

Pocasset Grange, No. 280

Program for Lecturer's Hour for Dec. 9th.—Discussion by the ladies: "Do You Prefer a Large or a Small Kitchen, and Why?" Mrs. Minnie Baker, Mrs. Lena Lawrence and others.

Song—Miss Esther Hammond.

Paper—The Home, Mrs. F. K. Irwin.

"How Much is a Home Worth?" Mrs. Sadie Phinney.

Reading of the Ten Commandments for Women, by Miss Martha Landers.

Surprise— (This was a dialogue, "Lost in a Fog," by Mrs. Lena Fuller and F. K. Irwin).

Program for Dec. 23rd.—Roll-call. Each patron responded with a Christmas story, quotation, poem or clipping.

Miss Helen Jacobs read a long Christmas story.

The Lecturer read a selection from "The Birds' Christmas Carol.

Instead of having a tree, the gifts were piled on a table and each person, blindfolded, was led to the table and given the first package touched.

A surprise treat of Christmas candy was enjoyed by all.

The meeting of Jan. 13 was New Year's Evening. Each patron gave a New Year thought or resolution in answer to the roll-call and there were several appropriate readings.

The new Lecturer of Megansett Grange, our nearest neighbor, was present and spoke briefly.

Jan. 27 the officers of our Grange were installed by our past master, Robert S. Handy, assisted by Miss Etta Handy. Refreshments were served and the Lecturer spoke upon the Lecturers' Conference at the State Grange meeting and in regard to some of her plans for the coming year. Six visitors were present from Megansett Grange and remarks were made by some of them.

EDNA SWIFT HANDY, Lecturer.

* * * *

Dennis Grange, No. 260

On Thursday evening, Jan. 6, the following officers for the ensuing year were installed by Rev. A. H. Wheelock, assisted by Mrs. Harvey L. Howes:

Master—Wendell S. Howes.
Overseer—Andrew Creelman.
Lecturer—Frank Willis Howes.
Steward—Henry W. Howes.
Assistant Steward—Stanwood Howes.
Chaplain—Miss Minnie A. Howes.
Treasurer—A. L. Crowell.
Secretary—Gerard Chapman.
Gate Keeper—E. W. Newton.
Ceres—Miss Ruth L. Howes.
Pomona—Hannah Whittemore.
Flora—Miss Mabelle Howes.
L. A. S.—Miss Evelyn Crowell.
Executive Committee—Joshua Crowell.

At the close of the installation ceremony the Grange listened to a short address by State Chaplain Rev. A. H. Wheelock, followed by a short musical program.

Thursday, Jan. 20, this being the first meeting of the new officers, the first part of the Lecturer's hour was devoted to sort of getting acquainted again.

Light refreshments were served and this was followed by a roll-call and a short literary and musical program.

The attendance was very good, and the old-time Grange enthusiasm seemed to prevail.

FRANK WILLIS HOWES, Lecturer.

* * * *

Eastham Grange, No. 308

Jan. 11, installation of officers—Officers were installed by Mrs. John Bursley of West Barnstable, assisted by Mr. Bursley and Mr. Chas. Campbell:

Master—Winfred J. Knowles.
Overseer—Archie R. Ryder.
Lecturer—Julia M. Ryder.
Steward—Henry Clark.
Assistant Steward—James P. Brewer.
Chaplain—Mrs. Sarah Smith.
Treasurer—Harry Collins.
Secretary—Jennie B. Smith.
Gate Keeper—William B. Higgins.
Ceres—Albina Brewer.
Pomona—Adaline Rogers.
Flora—Susie F. Wiley.
Lady Assistant Steward—Alta H. Knowles.
Executive Committee—Chas. Sisson.

Fifteen visitors present. Supper served after installation.

Jan. 28—Ladies' Night, in charge of Mrs. Pauline C. Bradford and Miss Rosa N. Sparrow.

Singing by the Grange.

Reading by the Lecturer.

Reading—"How Bess Entertained the Minister,' Mrs. Mabel Chase.

A peanut hunt was enjoyed by all, some finding several peanuts and some not even a shell.

Squares of white cloth were then passed around with needles threaded with black, and each member asked to outline some animal without drawing it first. Quite a managerie was collected.

Lunch was served by the feast committee.

JULIA M. RYDER, Lecturer.

* * * *

Harwich Grange, No. 349

Jan. 7 was a special meeting to work the third and fourth degrees on seven candidates. Lecturer's hour consisted of:

Reading—Charles E. Hamer.

Vocal Trio—Mrs. Moody, Miss Murray, Mrs. Rose

Reading (with violin)—Mr. and Mrs. Peltier.

Jan. 14, "Poultry Talk," Prof. L. B. Boston.

Poultry report for 1915 of a sister of Harwich Grange.

Song—Mrs. Kurtz.

Reading—Miss Tobey.

Piano Selection—Marian Hall.

Jan. 28, installation of officers, conducted by Bro H. E. Morris, past national deputy, assisted by Sister Adeline Hassard of Brewster Grange.

Address by Brother Morris.

Quartette—Brothers Peltier and Cahoon, Sisters Moody and Rose.

Reading—Quarrel Scene from School for Scandal, Sir Peter Teazel and Lady Teazel, Brother Hamer Sister Lillian Cook.

DAISY J. ROSE, Lecturer.

* * * *

Brewster Grange, No. 272

The new officers were installed at the regular meeting on Jan. 7 with a large attendance present One hundred and fifty-six patrons were served at the feast following the installation.

The year just closed has been a very successful and pleasant one for Brewster Grange. There was perfect harmony between all the officers, and they can feel much gratified with the accomplishments of their year in office.

The feast committee, with its able chairman, Mrs Clara Consodine, has been a factor in the success of our year's work that should not be overlooked We all appreciate the untiring efforts of the committee, as well as the good things they spread before us.

Despite the many stormy Grange meeting nights the average attendance was about seventy, a large increase over last year's. A great willingness and



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desire on the part of all of the patrons to do what they could to make the Lecturer's hour interesting prevailed all during the year. Many who had never taken part before, by having them in groups were more than willing to do their part. Our quartet composed of Dr. Crocker, Rev. Mr. Chase, Harry Southwick and Stephen Brown, gave great pleasure during the first part of the year.

An unusual number of good papers on topics vitally interesting to the patrons were given during the year. There were debates and readings. Singing in our Grange is always welcomed on our programs, and this year we have been quite fortunate in being able to have so much of it, solos, duets and chorus singing. The young peoples' chorus and "Ye Oulde Choir" chorus are worthy of special mention.

The rose drill given in June and the star drill in December were both heartily received. The open night for the children was another feature, which not only gave the patrons great pleasure, but the children of the patrons also. The children look forward with pride and joy to doing their part for their mother's and father's grange.

A prophecy for Brewster in 1940 was one of the interesting features of the year, written and read by Miss Elsie Snow.

Besides the Children's Night there was Flora's Night, Boom Brewster Night, Safety First Night, Pilgrim Night and Bird Night, all of which were full of interest.

We hope to have even a more successful year this year, giving our new Lecturer our hearty support, as well as all the officers. Remembering our motto of last year:

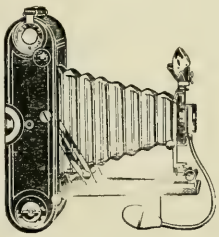
"Everyone his part, however small,
All together make the perfect whole."

MARY S. KEITH, Past Lecturer.

* * * *

Megansett Grange, No. 342

Jan. 6 was the installation of officers. Installing officer was Mrs. Florence Bursley of East Sandwich.



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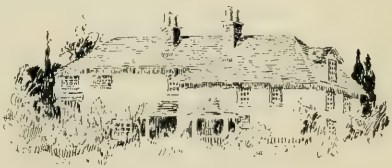
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Jan. 20:

Piano Solo—Leah Davis.

Paper—The Advantages of a Small Kitchen," followed by a discussion. Topic for discussion: "What Can We Do to Keep Our Money in Town, led by H. F. Hall.

Chorus Singing—Grange.

MRS. ADA L. HEAD, Lecturer.

* * * *

East Sandwich Grange, No. 139

On the evening of Jan. 11, the officers for 1916 were installed by Past Master Smith of Cotuit Grange. After the installation ice cream and cake were served.

A newspaper clipping, sent in by Mrs. Effie D. Jones on the question of more comfort and pleasure in the farm home, was read by Laurence Hinkley.

Jan. 25 the meeting was called to order with 15 of the 16 officers in their chairs.

A talk was given by John Bursley on the potato question and what shall we do for fertilizer this year? A general discussion followed, bringing out many helpful ideas to meet the lack of commercial fertilizer.

A reading by Mrs. A. W. Higgins, entitled "The Calf on the Lawn."

S. FREMONT CROCKER, Lecturer.

AIR LINE TO NANTUCKET

The United States government has decided to have an aeroplane mail service between New Bedford and Nantucket. Recently the government issued a call for bids for the aerial mail service, the first of its kind to be attempted by the post office department. It is proposed to have the aeroplanes carry the mails from New Bedford to Nantucket, with stops at Woods Hole and Oak Bluffs. Two trips a day each way will be made in the summer months and one in the winter and fall. The mail will be limited to 3,000 pounds and it is expected that the trip will be made in two hours.

Provincetown's Research Club has unearthed the fact that the steamer Empress, the first steamboat to run there, began her trips in 1842, following the old packet and made trips between that town and Boston by way of Plymouth.

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The editor of this magazine has a large number of excellent stories from which to make selection for future issues. Many of them display considerable literary merit and they will be published as fast as possible. In the meantime there is a call from our readers for sea incidents such as might be obtained from the experiences of some of the older sea-faring men. Contributors should bear in mind the fact that the numbers of the magazine are of necessity planned more than a month ahead and not be disappointed if their contribution fails to appear in the next issue after being sent in.

Hon. Thomas C. Thacher has announced his candidacy as a delegate from this district to the Democratic National Convention. At the Baltimore convention in 1912, Mr. Thacher was active in the support of Woodrow Wilson and was selected to notify him of his nomination.

Capt. E. R. Gear has succeeded Charles T. Waring as superintendent of the Cape Cod canal. He is well known as chief pilot for the Sound Line of steamers to New York.

Eben S. S. Keith, ex-senator and former member of the governor's council, is being epoken of as one of the delegates from this district to the Republican National Convention. Mr. Keith is one of the most popular Republicans in the district and his selection will undoubtedly follow.

Provincetown is to have a museum for the preservation of the many relics connected with its history.

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Plantation Mild Coffee, 1 lb., 21c; 3 lbs., 60c; 5 lbs., $1.00. Well cured, mild flavor.

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Cape Cod Cookery

Italian Spaghetti—Place in boiling water ½ package spaghetti, cook until tender, drain. Into spider place one large finely chopped Spanish onion, heaping tablespoon butter, fry a light brown. Pour in 1 can tomato soup, ½-cup water. Boil 5 minutes. Lastly add 1 cup mild cheese shaved fine. Pour over spaghetti. Serve at once.

Macaroni—Macaroni, vermicelli and spaghetti were at one time made only in Italy. Today it is made to a great extent in the United States. Macaroni should be kept in a cool, dry place and tightly wrapped. There are many ways of preparing this appetizing and nutritious food. Macaroni should always be placed in boiling salted water, if not it becomes soggy.

Apples Baked in Bean Pot—Wash and cut in quarters Baldwin apples. Remove seeds and core. Pack in bean pot until ¾ full. Pour over them 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup water. Sprinkle a little with cinnamon. This receipt calls for a 2-quart bean pot. Apples baked this way are rich with syrup. Bake slowly for three or four hours.

Apple Tapioca—Let stand over night 1 cup of tapioca in 2 cups water. In morning add pint of boiling water; cook until tapioca is clear. Pour over apples that have been stewed, but not lost their shape Place in mold and cool. Pineapple can be used instead of apples and is very good. If one likes it sweet, add little sugar. Serve with cream.

Brown Bread—2 cups of real Rhode Island (white Indian) meal, 1 cup of flour, 1 cup of molasses, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 cup of hot water or sour milk; raisins if desired. Steam three hours and do not let your water stop boiling.

Johnny Cake—½ cup corn meal, ½ cup of flour, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, 1½ (level) teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 egg, ⅛ cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix and add ½ cup of milk. Bake in hot, well-buttered pan for 10 minutes.

Baking Powder Biscuits—2 cups of flour sifted with ½ teaspoonful of salt, 4 teaspoonsful of baking powder, 2 tablespoonsful of butter; add nearly 1 cup of milk; roll out or drop from spoon. Let stand 10 minutes and bake about 20 and butter tops when done.

Apple Bread Custard—Beat yolks of two eggs well with ½ cup sugar, add 1 cup finely rolled bread crumbs, 1 cup very finely chopped apple, pinch salt and 1 quart rich milk; lastly, fold in gently the well beaten whites. Place in pudding dish, bake in pan of hot water until firm in centre.

Paramount Pictures

There are enough people in the town to support a picture theatre catering to those who desire to see a good, clean, interesting and entertaining run of photoplays.

Paramount Pictures enjoy a national reputation for their high quality. The players in these productions are noted for their excellent work.

We have made arrangements to show the newest Paramount Pictures as quickly as they are released.

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Chronology of Events

1818. The South Congregational society of Barnstable incorporated.—The lands lying in Harwich, Orleans and Brewster belonging to the Potnumaquet Indians (then extinct) were sold for $300.

1819. Major George Lewis, a native of Barnstable, one of the early settlers of Gorham, Maine, died there this year. He served in the Revolutionary war and was in the battle of Bunker Hill.

1820. The town of Brewster appointed a committee "to keep the meeting-house clear of dogs and to kill them if their owners will not keep them out," and compensation of $3.00 was voted therefor.

1823. Site for light-house on Monomoy Point granted to the United States.—Lower Bridge Company, of Yarmouth and Dennis, incorporated.

1825. The Sandwich Glass Factory established in this town commenced operations by blowing glass July 4. The company was incorporated the next year, with a capital of $300,000.

1826. Congress appropriated $3,600 for preservation of Provincetown Harbor.—Sites granted to the United States for light-houses on Long Point, Provincetown, and on Sandy Neck, Barnstable.

1827. Sandwich offered a reward of $100 for the killing of a wolf, that was destroying sheep in the woods.

1828. Site for light-house ceded to the United States at Nobsque Point, Falmouth.

1829—Several estates at Truro set off to Provincetown.

Harold W. Sears of West Dennis has started making cedar posts, chairs, etc. for summer cottages, getting his material from the near-by swamps. He has made some very fine pieces of furniture. This is recommended to the attention of those who think a man has to go West or to South America to find "opportunities" nowadays.

The first submarine boat was tested in Plymouth harbor in 1774.

NANTUCKET SOUND AT TWILIGHT

Where the slow swell of sunset-colored sea
Gleams in the solemn departing, what far goal
Lures the pale human kindred? I and she
Deep in the breathless beauty bathe the soul.

—M. S. R.

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47 William St. NEW BEDFORD

Delicious Way of Serving Apples

Apples and Dates—Wash, wipe and core large apples, fill centres with chopped dates, cover with sugar. Place little water in pan and bake. Serve with cream.

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The advertisers in this magazine deserve your patronage. They make it possible for us to give you a magazine that would be impossible were it not for them. They are reliable and can be depended upon to give fair treatment.

Manuscripts which are intended for publication should be addressed to the editor at Wareham and a stamped envelope should be enclosed.

Mention this magazine when patronizing advertisers.

The standing of the
GRADUATING CLASSES
Of the Cape Cod High Schools in the Washington Trip Fund Contest

Is being supplied every week to the local newspapers. Owing to the fact that the standing is changing continuously, it is impractical to publish the standing in the magazine. An up-to-date list will be supplied to anyone desiring it, at any time, who will address the Business Manager, Sandwich, Mass.

The contest closes March 20th, 1916; and all subscriptions received before midnight, Monday, March 20th, will count. The result will be announced the next day, instead of March 25th, as was originally determined. The various contesting classes will be notified immediately.

Address communications about the contest to the

Business Manager,
CAPE COD PUBLISHING COMPANY
SANDWICH, MASS.

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The product that makes Fresh Cranberries the year 'round a possibility.

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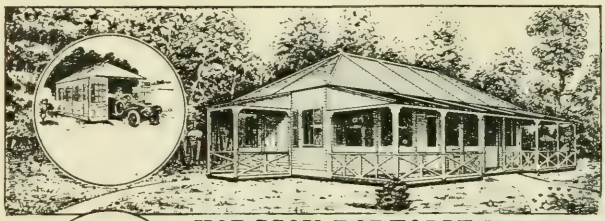
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Send for our illustrated catalog.

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Advertisers in this magazine get a circulation many times in excess of the number of copies actually printed. No copy is ever destroyed and every one is read from cover to cover. There is no waste circulation and it reaches the people who have purchasing power.

Reservations for

THE WASHINGTON TRIP

SHOULD BE BOOKED EARLY BY

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASSES

IN ORDER TO GET THE BEST FACILITIES

The contest conducted by the Cape Cod Magazine should make it easy for any class, with a little work, to procure at least part of the funds for the trip.

Go into the contest determined to win at least one of the prizes---and in the meanwhile book your reservations through

THOMAS COOK & SON

336 Washington Street BOSTON, MASS.

upon the wreck and the shore. He found the vessel, upon his arrival, broken to pieces, with the wreck of the wine vessel some four miles from her, also broken up. There had been, he was told, some 200 men to visit the wreck, some coming a distance of 20 miles, helping themselves to whatever they came upon on the shore. The gale had not yet subsided and continued for several days after his arrival. Captain Southack secured the pirate's cable and ax anchors, and issued an advertisement threatening with the displeasure of the government all who were found with any of the shipwrecked goods upon their premises. Several cart loads of goods were reclaimed and sent to Boston, via Billingsgate (Wellfleet). One hundred and two men, the crew of the pirate ship, were buried upon the beach.

"For many years after, as the legend runs, a man of very singular and frightful aspect, every season used to visit the Cape. He held but little intercourse with the people, but from his ejaculations during his troubled sleep, and blasphemous and ribald remarks which at that time passed his lips, he was popularly supposed to hold intercourse with evil spirits, or of being disturbed with recollections of the bloody scenes in which he had been engaged. He was generally believed to have been one of the pirate crew, who came down here to visit a concealed hoard in order to supply his present wants, and when he died, a girdle filled with gold pieces was said to have been found upon his person. For many years after coins were found upon the beach, and the Wellfleet Oysterman told Thoreau in 1852 that he had seen the iron caboose of the Whidah on the bar at extreme low tide."

Other encounters are mentioned in history of the contact of Cape Cod people with pirates and many a Cape Cod skipper related hair-raising stories of fights with pirates along the Spanish Main and in the China seas. Perhaps some Cape Cod man became a pirate himself, but no record can be found of it. The days of pirates are over and no ship flying the black flag can be seen along the sandy coast. The days when Cape Cod skippers and Cape Cod crews sailed upon every sea and experienced adventures far beyond the dreams of a Stevenson have gone, and children of today have no blood-curdling stories told them by the old salts, as was the case upon the Cape up to a generation ago.

The writer recollects an old sea captain who told stories in his younger days of his adventures with pirates. One in particular remains in memory as vividly as if it were related yesterday and ran something as follows:

"I was about 20 years old and one of the crew of a brig that sailed from Boston to the East Indies. One day we sighted a ship, and as it came nearer we saw the Jolly Rodger at its mast head and clapped on all the sail we had, but she was too fast for us and sent a solid shot through our rigging. We were obliged to heave to and be boarded. The pirate captain and his boat crew came aboard and made us give up the contents of our money chest. Then he set the brig on fire and left us. We took to the boats with what little provisions we could get before the fire reached the stores. We were in the boat 28 days and our provisions and water gave out. Four of the crew died of thirst and their bodies were thrown overboard. There were three men besides myself left, starving. At last the men began to get crazed and to talk of drawing lots to see which of them should be killed and eaten by the others. This impulse was resisted as long as possible, but at last the time came when it was the only hope that remained and we cast lots. It fell upon me to be the victim and I prepared to die that the others might live. My breast was bared and one of the men with arm raised was about to plunge his knife into my vitals when we heard a gun shot in the distance, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, discovered a sail upon the horizon. The ship had discovered our signal of distress and had fired one of her guns to let us know that we had been seen. The verge of death,

under such frightful circumstances, comes to few men, but I lived to see the pirate captain who had been the cause of our distress hanged at his own yard arm in the harbor of Calcutta."

Dennis: A Quaint Town

By One Who Loves It



MANY have wondered how Dennis got its name. It was named after Rev. Josiah Dennis, the first minister to settle in the town. In 1865 Dennis had a fishing fleet of forty-eight vessels, and nearly 1200 seamen hailed from this one Cape Cod town. Not a single ship hails from Dennis today. Some fast and famous clippers were built in Dennis by the Shivericks, the foremost shipbuilders on Cape Cod. Some of the vessels were noted for their swift voyages to and from Calcutta and San Francisco. The Civil War changed all this.

Dennis extends from Cape Cod Bay to Nantucket Sound, and is a town of ponds. At North Dennis is a large, modern summer hotel and a summer colony of cottagers from Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City and other large cities of the west. Dennis is a beautiful town full of satisfying scenery. You will want to visit the old whaling ground and the old Indian cemetery among the hills.

Comprised in the town of Dennis are the villages of North Dennis, East Dennis, West Dennis, South Dennis and Dennisport. In all these villages will be found comfortable homes and a general air of prosperity.

At North Dennis there are abundant opportunities for fishing. Cod, bluefish and striped bass are taken in great quantities about a mile from the shore and lobsters are plentiful. There is a mile of beach front—firm, clean, white sand—that is just ideal for bathing. From the bluff, back of the bathing beach, on clear days, you have a view to Provincetown to the north, nearly twenty miles distant across the bay. On the left Plymouth coast is visible; to the southwest is the Yarmouth shore. Inland a short distance is Scargo Hill, and from this lofty point the view of Cape Cod and the sea is even more magnificent. On a clear day you can see the island of Marthas Vineyard clear across the sound. At the foot of the hill is Scargo Lake, a picture of tranquil beauty. There used to be an extensive salt industry at Dennis, salt made from the brine of the sea by the ancient evaporation process, but even the old salt works vats are gone and no trace of them remains.

It was in Dennis that the commercial possibilities of growing cranberries for market was first realized, and while it is not an important cranberry-producing town as compared with others in the Cape and Plymouth region, many small bogs bring a more or less steady income to its inhabitants. It was in the early forties that a resident of Dennis discovered that the wild cranberry vines, growing near the shore, were made more prolific by the sand that was blown over them and the experiments made by him resulted in the methods which has made possible the great cranberry industry of the Cape today.

Quaint is a name that may properly be applied to the Dennis villages. Although large in area the town is small in population, but it has produced many men who have become noted and prosperous, and is today the home of a happy and contented people and enjoys good roads, good schools, good churches, and all that goes to make life pleasant, profitable and happy. The summer vacationist has long since found it out and it is a prime favorite with some of the people of the middle west cities, who enjoy the contrast with their home places that can be found there. Hustle and bustle is left behind, and quietude and peace prevails while they sojourn in this Cape Cod town that stretches across the Cape from bay to sound.

Strawberry Culture On Cape Cod

L. B. Boston

THAT Cape Cod has soil adapted for the production of small fruits could not be better demonstrated than is shown in East Falmouth. Strawberry growing is the principal industry of that section, and some idea of the amount of business done may be estimated by the shipments made from Falmouth station. Information received from the railroad shows a shipment of six cars of berries per day, on the average, during the berry season which means for about four weeks. About half of the cars are iced, and consigned to various commission firms in Boston.

It is somewhat difficult to determine the exact number of acres devoted to the growing of strawberries in this section, but the writer, by soliciting information from various sources, finds that there are from 300 to 400 acres grown. The past spring, approximately 100 acres were set out, and for the most part in new land.

Practically all of this industry is owned and managed by Portuguese settlers, and these people have gone there within the last 25 years, the past 10 years having seen the greatest growth. Undoubtedly nine-tenths of all the land under cultivation has been cleared of wood, and it is no uncommon sight to see a field of strawberries growing among oak stumps. The soil is a medium loam of good depth for the most part, and responds readily to cultivation.

The general method practiced by the people is somewhat different from that of any other locality. A man owning a piece of land in scrub oak, let us say, will first clear it, doing practically all of the work by hand, piling roots and stumps along the edge of the field until such time as it may be burned. Plowing follows and the land is fitted for strawberries. The plants are set in rows five feet apart, with plants 14 or 15 inches in the row. All setting is done in the spring, during April or early May. The bed is cultivated and hoed during the early summer, and about the time the plants begin to send out runners the soil is drawn up towards the row from either side which makes a ridged bed 4 feet wide with a space of about a foot between each row. All of this ridging is done with hand tools, and



four runners are placed by hand to form a square around each parent plant. Commercial fertilizer is used exclusively, and applied by hand around each plant that is set out, about three weeks after the setting. On two year-old beds the fertilizer is sowed broadcast on the rows.

The matted row system is used entirely, and the beds are not kept longer than three years. A new piece of land is cleared each fall and winter for the new bed, and the old bed, during late summer, is gone over with a spiked-tooth cultivator to thin out, and all beds are mulched with pine needles which serve to keep the berries clean the following year.

These Portuguese farmers, as yet, have no well defined system of rotation, at least not a rotation that includes a soil building crop. There are a few beginning to practice the plowing in of rye, but as one of the men told

me, he couldn't afford to lose the crop from his land by turning it under, a philosophy this man and many others will soon be realizing should be reversed.

The present practice is to grow a crop of corn on the plowed under strawberry bed, and this may be followed by turnips, after which strawberries are set again. Of course, practically all of the land these people are using is new land, and, therefore, strong land, but already many of those who have grown berries for several years claim the yield is growing less, and in many cases this is laid to the commercial fertilizer used, when actually it is that the soil has lost some of its humus, and the fertilizers do not make up the deficiency.

These industrious, hard-working people are making good, but are handicapped by not working more as a unit. Co-operation among them may be a long way off, but it must come, or they will die in a hard fight. Co-operation must come in time, however, for they are being driven to it by necessity. Paying the highest price for everything, and taking whatever the buyer has to offer for their berries, or buying at retail and selling at wholesale, is the easiest and best way for these people to eventually get pushed to the wall.

The present season has been a poor one for these people, due to several reasons, and already there is springing up a feeling of unrest which points more and more to a desire on their part to get together, and stand as a body in the buying and selling of their produce. When such a time does come it will not only mean more prosperity to them, but to all of Falmouth and the Cape.

A trip through the Falmouth section, and a talk with the strawberry growers, will give one added faith in Cape Cod and her agricultural possibilities.

The annual Barnstable County Agricultural fair will be held on Aug. 31, Sept. 1 and 2.

POPE FARM AT ORLEANS

Another example of what may be accomplished on Cape Cod agriculturally is supplied by the farm of Mr. Lemuel Pope of Orleans,



Two Months, Two Years, One Year Old

who has a large tract situated in the very heart of the village. One of the unusual sights on Cape Cod, besides his well-cultivated fields, are his oxen, his sanitary dairy, and several full-blooded bulls.



Thoroughbred, Imported From Scotland

The Yarmouth High school base ball team has won the championship of the league this season. The Harwich team has held the cup two years.

The woods and fields of Cape Cod that were ravaged by fire last year are literally covered with blueberries, and the residents in and out of town and summer people are picking the fruit while in its prime.

CAPE COD BOARD OF TRADE

Office of Secretary, Sandwich, Mass.

Following is the letter which won the second prize (a five dollar gold piece) in Class A in the Cape Cod Scholar's letter writing contest last year. This letter was one of several hundred submitted by pupils of the upper two high school grades, which were sent to friends and relatives living away from the Cape:

North Chatham, Mass.,
March 24, 1914.

Dear Friend:—

I met our city friend, Jed Winters, in Boston recently, and we were soon busily in conversation.

Suddenly, Jed inquired: "How do you ever live on Cape Cod? Nothing but beach grass, sand, mosquitoes and gnats for company!"

"Why, there isn't a healthier place in the United States," I began. "The air is pure and invigorating. Just enough of that salt twang to it to exhilarate one; while in certain inland places one can get the good pine-woodsy smell.

"Many people have gone into the shellfish business on the Cape from which they reap considerable profit. There is a great demand for Cape Cod quahaugs, oysters, and clams, to say nothing of scallops.

"Another industry is that of raising cranberries. Thousands of barrels of these berries are raised yearly on the Cape. The bog is made from uncleared land which is low and marshy."

At this point I became so interested that I ran into a man so, begging his pardon, I continued:

"Down on the Cape there is room enough for one to swing oneself; while up here you have to elbow your way along.

"Many people give as their reason for not coming to the Cape, that it is too slow. Come down and see. We have moving pictures, dances, good motoring, baseball, wireless stations, fine hotels, and I understand that during the coming year we are going to have aeroplane meets near Pleasant Bay. On a bluff overlooking the bay stands the club house of the Pleasant Bay Yacht Club. Anyone wishing to train to be an athlete should try the Cape. If you want to exercise all your muscles at the same time, try clamming. I venture to say that they will become hardened if this practise is continued.

"Bathing and shooting are good here. Poultry raising is now becoming quite an industry. Several large duck farms are now running and it is surely a paying business."

Now, do you know Jed is coming down next summer with twenty of his club friends for an outing, and we'll give them the time of their lives, won't we?

Sincerely,
RALPH ELDRIDGE.

IF you like the Cape Cod Magazine and desire to see it thrive, become a subscriber at once. We need all the support we can get in order to make it what it is designed to be, a magazine for the whole of Cape Cod. A generous supply of subscriptions have already been received and the sales on the news stands and trains have been large. We are proud of the way the magazine has "caught on" and of the measure of co-operation that has been accorded the publishers thus far.



CAPE COD DRAMATICS

The farcical comedy, "My Uncle From India," given under the auspices of DeWitt Clinton Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Sandwich, at Sandwich, July 19, Harwich, July 21, Cotuit, July 22, and Bourne July 24, proved that dramatic talent is not lacking among the residents of the Cape. In the cast were Lester Gurney, Miss Annie A. Douglas, Carl E. Perry, Allison E. Cook, Edward D. Nickerson, Charles S. Lloyd, Lewis J. Whitney, Clarence P. Rounds, Kenneth M. Eldredge, Samuel B. Corr, Mrs. W. L. McDermott, Miss Anna J. Davis, Mrs. Edna E. S. Davis, Dr. Edward Talbot, and Charles D. Brice. The amateurs were rehearsed under the direction of Walter S. Howard, a retired stage director of note, and the play was given with credit to him and the actors. The accompanying picture shows a scene in the play.

Harwich had a special town meeting on the evening of July 22 to consider the acceptance of an act by the General Court (State Legislature) empowering the Cape Cod Water Company, a corporation recently organized for that purpose, to supply water to the towns of Chatham, Harwich and Dennis. The act was accepted by a vote of 33 to 27.

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Direct from the farm to your table, by express or parcel post.

Mail or phone orders to any part of the Cape and vicinity given special attention.

Mayo's Duck Farm

Walter H. Mayo, Proprietor

EAST ORLEANS, MASS.

For Sale—25-Acre Farm

Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings worth all we ask for the property.

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Write me about improved and unimproved property in Falmouth, Mass.

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Real Estate

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A remarkable example of what may be accomplished by energy and initiative on Cape Cod is Mayo's Duck Farm, at East Orleans. The farm, started on a modest scale, some years ago, has assumed large proportions. And what increases the wonder of its owner's success, is that he did not choose land that was particularly adapted for duck raising, nor, for that matter, apparently, for anything else. The farm is situated on a large tract of hilly land; which would hardly be chosen by the average agriculturalist for any kind of a yield.

Eighteen thousand ducks can be hatched and raised at one time. The average life of a duck is a few weeks, and they grow to a weight of 5 or 6 pounds or more. The feathers alone, which are used for various purposes, amount to about two tons in a season.

The mammoth incubators and brooding houses are wonderful sights, especially when filled. These brooding houses have a capacity of 2000 a week.

The modest and genial proprietor, Mr. Walter H. Mayo, deserves a great deal of credit for his wonderful success; and should serve as an inspiration to the young people of Cape Cod as to what may be accomplished in other lines of endeavor right on the Cape.

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Checking accounts of summer residents are solicited.

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Our Special 60 Day Offer Dating from June 28

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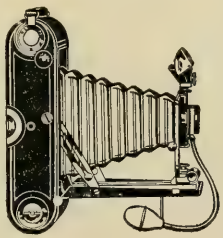
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Designer and Builder of Seashore Houses

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IT IS HOPED that this advertisement will meet the eye of somebody who is in quest of a GENTLEMAN'S SUMMER HOME and has FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS to spend therefor.

The advertiser wishes to sell his summer place, together with its complete furnishings, for the price named above. This estate is situated on the south side of Cape Cod, about half way between Woods Hole and Provincetown.

Has four acres of land, with three hundred feet of water front. Pine groves, large young orchard, macadam streets. Modern dwelling with every possible city improvement and convenience (except gas). Stable, garage, dance hall, poultry houses, etc.

Sale will include all furniture, rugs, silver, glass, linen, pianos, billiard table, boats, all in a high state of preservation. Nothing is run down or shabby. I want to find a prospective purchaser who can appreciate the very best and is willing to pay for it, yet able to realize that it would cost close to twenty-five thousand dollars to replace what is here offered for fifteen.

No triflers or professional bargain hunters.

Address F. C. M.
Care of CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.
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Whether a thing is good or not, the first thing you do is to examine it closely. That is just what we want you to do with our lumber, for if you do we are sure you will place your order with us. Come down to our yard and look around and you will be convinced that what we say is true.

EDWIN K. GREER, Wareham

FOR SALE

A 16 foot Flat Bottomed

Power, Pleasure Boat

Well found and in perfect condition. Has 2 1-2 h. p. Palmer engine. Seats around the sides and capacity for 8 or 9 persons. Folding automobile canopy top with side curtains. **Price $100.**

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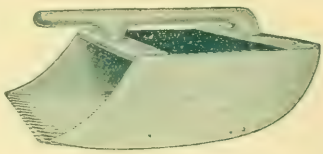
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C. M. ROBBINS

Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 5

From the Publishers' Desk

Very shortly there will occur on Cape Cod what may be likened to the GENERAL EXODUS; when it will seem as if someone has waved a magic wand, and presto! Cape Cod has changed from a live populous region, with a population counting up into hundreds of thousands, to a rural community of some thirty to forty thousand souls. This, to some, is its normal aspect, and is just as they would have it all the time; others would have its normal aspect as it is in the height of its popularity in the middle of the summer.

But be this as it may, the pity of it is that the Cape should be bared of its human freight just when it has the most to offer. For September and October are the two most beautiful months of the year on Cape Cod. And if we dared to prophecy, after the poor weather of this Summer, we would say that by contrast the coming September and October will be the two finest months Cape Cod has ever seen.

True, many of our summer residents must go back to make arrangements about the return of their children to the schools; but this is not true in every case; there are many who would gladly stay if they had any idea of the splendors of Cape Cod during the two Fall months, when it seems that nature helps her to array herself in her best.

It is in this spirit that our message is addressed this month. Stay on the Cape as long as you can: through September and October if you can, and you will not regret it. Come back for week ends during the Winter whenever you can get or make the opportunity. Larger numbers of people are doing it every year; and the fact that they do it more than ever after trying it shows that they enjoy it.

But to those who cannot possibly get back, we will offer a substitute. Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine for a year, and have it sent to your winter home. Thus you will ensure a little of the Cape Cod breeze percolating into your Winter haunts: it will bring back to you pleasant memories of the delightful times you have had on the Cape in the past, mixed with anticipation of the good times in store for you on the Cape in the future.



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THE FINISH OF
A MARATHON
An Event of
Exciting Interest



THE HORSE
STILL A FEATURE
At the County
Fair

THE BARNSTABLE COUNTY FAIR

By AMBROSE E. PRATT

IT was on the fifth of May, 1843, when the first meeting was held to take measures for forming a county agricultural society. The project was greeted with some incredulity on the part of many who evidently gauged the agricultural resources of the Cape by the description of a witty scribbler of that day who said that the Cape chiefly produced "huckleberry bushes and mullin stalks." There were, however, in that gathering at the Barnstable Courthouse a band of enthusiastic supporters who had a far better appreciation of the situation and resources of the county. As a result of the meeting held in May, at which the Honorable John Reed presided, the organization known as the Barnstable County Agricultural Society was formed with these officers: President, Hon. John Reed of Yarmouth; vice presidents, Clark Hoxie of Sandwich, and James Small of Truro; treasurer, James A. Davis of Barnstable; secretary, C. H. Bursley of West Barnstable; trustees, John Jenkins of Falmouth, Meltiah Bourne of Sandwich, Charles Sears of Yarmouth, William Howes of Dennis, Enoch Pratt of Brewster, Obed Brooks, Jr., of Harwich, Isaac Hardy of Chatham, John Doans of Orleans, John W. Higgins of Eastham, John Newcomb of Wellfleet, Joshua Small of Truro and Thomas Lothrop of Provincetown. A constitution was subsequently formed and sixty members were soon enrolled, and during the winter of 1844 the legislature granted an act of incorporation which was accepted by the society May 8, 1844, and the office of corresponding secretary was created, Frederick Scudder of Barnstable being chosen to that position. In 1861 this office was discontinued. The society entered upon its work with no little degree of enthusiasm and all the officers as well as the members were determined to make the new organization a flourishing one from the very start, and it is a fact that as the years have rolled along the same spirit which actuated the officers in the early years of the society's existence has prevailed. The records show that the first exhibition was held in the Barnstable court house, September 4, 1844, and proved a gratifying success in every way. The total amount of premium awards were only $146, and today they amount to several thousand dollars. The annual exhibitions have always been held at Barnstable with the exception of two, one being in Orleans in 1851, and the other in Sandwich in 1852.

Not until 1857-8 did the society acquire any property at Barnstable when a building was erected for exhibition purposes and a hall for public meetings. This building and lot with the improvements on same cost $4,268. Of this amount $2,050 was paid by voluntary subscriptions. An additional plot of land was given to the society by Messrs. Francis Bacon and James Huckins. This was valued at $250. In the spring of 1862 the Cape was visited by a severe gale and storm and this building was totally destroyed. A new building was erected on the same site which was paid for by popular subscriptions in the county and sympathetic friends in Boston. The new building, which is the one used at the present time, was dedicated October 15, 1862, the address on that occasion being made by the Honorable George Marston. During the later years of the society many improvements have been made,

so that today it has one of the most complete fair grounds in the state. The total valuation of real estate is $9,000. The society has been the recipient of several donations, including the Percival Fund which amounts today to $511.56, and the Dr. Azariah Eldridge Fund of $418.78, the incomes of which are to be used in offering silverware for premiums. Then there is the Thomas C. Day Memorial Fund of $1000, the income to be used for repairing the hall. The society has personal property to the amount of $525.

To give some idea of the Barnstable Fair as conducted over half a century ago, and to show what interested the Cape people in those days, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of East Brewster, the well-known author and journalist in writing to the Yarmouth Register on the subject: "Looking Backward; the Fair of 1851," has this to say:

"Wednesday, October 8, 1851, was surely a great day in the good town of Orleans. It was the day of the 'Cattle Show,' held under the auspices of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society, and Orleans, then in the heyday of its prosperity, was the place selected for the great event. The famous hostelry of Mr. Simeon Higgins was thrown wide open to the multitude of visitors who came from all parts of Cape Cod to participate in the festival. The hospitable proprietor had generously given over his spacious premises to the Society for the day's fair. We may be sure that as he moved among his guests in his broadcloth and beaver hat, mine host Higgins was the typical boniface of these hearty and wholesome days, and as he welcomed President Jeremiah Mayo of the Society we can imagine the dignity of that eminent citizen thawing under the fire of Simeon's quibs and jests. There was no railroad to Orleans in those days. The horse was king. The clamor of hostlers and stable boys greeted the arrival of the carriages that brought the visitors from their home towns. All was bustle and merriment. The ladies were gorgeous in the ample costumes which were the pink of fashion at that period, and their escorts were proudly in attendance clad in all the bravery of holiday attire. And why should they not have a good time? Never had there been such a prosperous season. Three hundred and twenty-nine thousand, two hundred and forty-two barrels of mackerel summed up the catch for the year. Then the whaling had been very successful. There was money in every purse and it was going to be spent that day.

"Just to see the hostlers jump around as that fine span driven by Recording Secretary Charles H. Bursley of Barnstable enters the grounds. Close on his heels comes Vice President Walter Crocker of the same town, and then in quick succession come Treasurer and Collector Eben Bacon and Corresponding Secretary F. W. Crocker, both also of Barnstable. Vice President, the Rev. Enoch Pratt of Brewster, famous historian and excellent theologian has a kindly word for everyone, and he is mentally taking notes for future use in his literary work. Far off Falmouth is ably represented on the executive committee by Mr. Zenas Doty, and distant Sandwich send Mr. John B. Dillingham for service on the same body. Edward Thacher represents Yarmouth; Nathan Jenkins, Barnstable; Thomas Hall, Dennis; Obed Brooks, Jr., Harwich; John Kenrick, Orleans; and James H. Knowles, Eastham.

"Then the members of the sub-committees get down to business. 'Domestic Manufactures' is headed by Mr. Charles F. Swift of Yarmouth, statesman, author, editor and sterling citizen and neighbor. 'Stock' by President Jeremiah Mayo of Brewster, distinguished soldier, postmaster and merchant. 'Horses and Colts' by Seth Crowell of East Dennis, county commissioner and lover of horses. Mr. Nathan Crosby of East Brewster, shopowner, one of the pioneer merchants of Chicago and, with his brother Isaac, founder of the great Crosby wealth, is one of Captain Crowell's assistants on this important committee. The other committees are 'Sheep and Swine,' 'Dairy and Fruit,' 'Vegetables,' 'Farming Implements,' 'Fruit and Forest Trees' and 'Plowing,' all headed by prominent citizens whose names are part of the history of Cape Cod, among them being Amos Otis of the distinguished family of that name, author and financier, and grandfather of Charles Otis, editor of the influential Wall Street Journal. There were no frills about this utilitarian list! We do not 'Music' or 'Entertainments,' but there was music 'to beat the band,' and entertainment! You can trust the worthy Simeon Higgins to furnish that. But wait until you read the premium list for the 'fancy' articles of domestic manufacture. For the best piece of carpeting, not less than 20 yards, $4, $3 and $2. Best piece of stair carpeting, not less than 10 yards, $3 and $2. Best hearth rug, $2, $1 and 50c. Best piece of woolen cloth, ⅞ of a yard and 10 yards in quantity, $2 and $1. Best wrought woolen hose, not less than four pair, $1.50 and $1. Best thread hose, not less than four pair, $1. Best wrought counterpane, $1.50 and $1. Best 10 yards of undressed flannel, $2, $1 and 75c. All exhibitors are admonished that 'all articles presented for premiums must be manufactured within the county and since the last exhibition.'"

We are unable to find an account of total receipts or expenditures, but we have no doubt the management came out all right. When you compare the purchasing power of a dollar at that time with what it is today, these premiums are indeed very generous. The population of Cape Cod in 1850 was 35,276, and every rod of land maintained its man, while the ships owned and manned by Cape Codders sailed on every sea; from Orleans alone in 1855 fourteen whaling vessels employing 155 men searched the ocean for the monsters of the deep. "Hard times" were yet to come and the inhabitants of Barnstable County were lavish spenders and royal entertainers. They lived well because they could afford to do so.

With the exception of changes of program made necessary by almost revolutionary changes in methods of earning a livelihood on Cape Cod, the present management of the Barnstable County Agricultural Society keeps strictly to the main idea which gave birth to the society in 1844. No longer is Nausett the "granary of the Cape." Not now is it the custom for all Cape Cod youth to follow the seafaring life. The vast resources of the West have been opened to the world, and while agriculture has lost much of its ancient prestige in Massachusetts, new and scientific methods of farming and the introduction and development of such crops as asparagus and cranberries offer great encouragement for a revival of the industry. We should like to give an extended sketch of the fair of 1851, but our space is limited. However, we hope that in this short notice of Barnstable County's great festival of the olden time we have revived the memories of that pleasant day in the minds of those who took part in it, for there must be many among our old inhabitants who remember the occasion. To the younger generation it will be profitable to reflect on the lives and works of the worthy men who upheld the credit of Cape Cod in field and in mart, and whose first thought was the advancement and prosperity of their neighbors and friends on the old spot. You will notice that in the names which we have quoted from the old list of officers there is a familiar tang. Many of those names figure in the list of officers of the society at present, and there is the same spirit of helpfulness actuating them. The facts on which this article is founded are taken from a rare and curious old poster in the possession of President Thomas C. Thacher of the Barnstable Agricultural Society.

The Society has always been governed by Cape Cod men and the people of Barnstable County generally stand by their own men and home institutions. Through all its history the Barnstable County Agricultural Society has devoted itself to agriculture and kindred subjects, so that today it is one of the very few societies in the state that does so. The people of the Cape and the ever welcome summer visitor within her gates, always look ahead with keen anticipation to the annual cattle show and fair of the society. They have every reason to take just pride in the Barnstable Fair. Then again, it is the one great event of the year here on Cape Cod when all meet on one common ground and enjoy themselves. This has been so for upwards of seventy-one years and the society has never entertained any proposition to the contrary. When one looks back over the years that have gone and realizes what those gatherings have meant to the good people of Cape Cod—yes and particularly of those dear ones gone before—where once a year, if at no other time, they would meet and compare notes on things agricultural, and discuss matters of social and political importance, it is most gratifying that this annual custom is destined to remain indefinitely. It has often been commented upon by those visiting the Fair for the first time, that the whole atmosphere seemed charged with good cheer and abounding welcome and the people there congregated appear not unlike one great big family. Truly a very pretty compliment.

The society has had as presidents many men well and favorably known in the county.

(Continued on Page 38)



Painted in 1898 THE WRECK By Charles S. Raleigh

The Wreck

A Remarkable Description of a Marine Disaster, Illustrated by Painting

By CHARLES S. RALEIGH

THE VESSEL as here illustrated, is one of a class of American ships built to engage in the trade to San Francisco, China, Australia, East Indies and the several important ports therein, of an average capacity of some twelve hundred tons, firmly and substantially built to withstand wear and tear, equipped with all modern improvements, with a certain outfit of length of beam when under canvas, to maintain the record already firmly established by the American Merchant Marine of this nation; of being the fastest vessels in their several voyages to the principal ports of any similar class of craft throughout the marine of the world.

Now our friend, the commander of this particular vessel, had sailed on this present voyage from Boston to Hong Kong in China, and in due time reached there successfully and discharged the cargo in good order and condition, and, after all business being closed, was ordered to proceed to Manila, in the Philippine Islands, there to load a cargo of hemp, sugar, etc., for the return trip to Boston.

Thus, after traversing thousands of miles of ocean, surmounting all difficulties of wind and weather changes, naturally most perplexing and trying at times throughout that vast area, we locate him and his ship about the middle of September, after an expeditious passage to the north and across the Gulf Stream of Florida, "heading in" to make the land in the vicinity of Cape Ann, or Thatchers Island Lights, as his "reckoning" shows. Position of ship, as per chronometer, was carefully determined at noon of that day which gave as true latitude, 42°-31′-30″. North. True Longitude, 69°-58′-45″ West. Depth of water per lead sounding, 75 fathoms. At the same hour, Thatchers Island Lights bore from ship, by compass, W. ¾ S.; distance 35 miles. Boston Light, S.W. ½ West; distance, 60 miles. Wind variable from Westward; liable to change. Barometer steady. It will be of interest here to state that the commander, with the general importance connected with approaching the American coast during the month of September, was fully alert to that more or less risk attending that procedure. Therefore, every precaution was adopted to meet any emergency, he knowing from previous experience and other reliable sources that the run of northwest winds he had been having for some time during the passage into northern latitudes, on the then period of the moon's position in its phases, would very likely bring about a reaction to falling barometer and somewhat warmer weather, due about the 16th or 17th of the month. And, as expected, his anticipation came true in a manner least thought of—and most disastrous. Yet, he was fully prepared for the supposed changed result as far as knowledge and perception were possible in the care and safety of his ship.

Furthermore, from the time of his passage around the Cape of Good Hope and northward to the Equator—even up to this certain day—no opportunity was afforded him to exchange longitudes with any other craft, excepting one bark, bound South, near

the Equator, who, in the exchange, showed a longitude 10 miles to eastward of our commander's position on that noon which, as a verification of the true longitude, was useless, as neither could know which was correct. Therefore, as is the custom among seamen, in like affairs, he computed the longitude from his own chronometer and the other vessel's, too, intending to verify the result by making the land and keeping a strict lookout both day and night.

NOTE—Chronometers, as is well known, are liable to change their rate by jars, sudden chills of cold, etc., from the rate given when received on board to start on voyage, and the accumulated rate, or otherwise, in the case of long passage at sea without a true verification by known land or other unfailing method, oftentimes is most disastrous. Therefore, all captains at sea are very careful and watch closely that superb instrument.

As the day wore on, the wind continued light and variable from the westward, inclining slightly to the northward, and every advantage was taken, under the circumstances, to get the vessel nearer to the land, to raise the lights of Thatchers Island, if possible, and shape a course for Boston Light and get a pilot on board.

Both anchors were got over the bows, range of cable of 20 fathoms overhauled, tow rope secured handy, and all pertaining made ready and all work executed ready for harbor, as is usual and necessary in such cases.

Onward glides the vessel toward the objective, and carefully in her several courses and distances corrected, and established at certain periods. As the day wanes toward evening, the captain's anxiety increases, for the breeze flutters out to calm and the barometer commences to fall! The sounding lead is at regular intervals kept going, and the depth of water recorded, and drift of current with lead on bottom, is shown to be northerly and westerly—about one knot.

At 5 p. m., in 25 fathoms, with an ominous overcast gathering, the wind strikes in from eastward and breezes up. Light canvas is taken in and snugly furled. Ship's position is changed, with head off shore, to meet to the best advantage the new condition. Barometer keeps falling and wind increases. All sail is quickly reduced to lower topsails and fore topmast staysail, and all aloft and below secured for a dirty night. Dark, gloomy mist and rain enshrouds all; the sea arises, and directly with a heavy squall of wind, terrific thunder and lightning, settles in to southeast, and pipes a heavy gale. At 7 p. m., working up the ship's several courses, distances, etc., from noon, by the log, it was found she had made a true course S. W. by South, and a distance of 18 miles, which placed her in Lat. 42-24 N. Long. 70-11 West, from which position Thatchers Island Lights bore by compass N.W. ¼ W.; distance, 28 miles. Bakers Island Lights, W. ½ S.; 26 miles. Now at this date, Sept. 18, in the rush of that howling gale, the seas looming like small mountains, breaking over bows and weather-rail. Vessel like a huge log in the crashing waters, under storm canvas, pressed down by giant force, forging one mile ahead, and four to the leeward, nothing above or below to verify position true of ship. With the ever-present thought that no effort of mortal man could alleviate the difficulty of that disastrous predicament, and doubtless the embarrassing thought would surge through the captain's memory like a flash about the 10 miles' difference of longitude, given to him by that stranger some time ago. Was it in his favor, or against? None could tell—and the lead, at every difficult cast, told the water was shoaling!

Along the bleak and death-dealing shores of Massachusetts on that fearful night, amid the rack and destruction that generally attends such a visitation, keen eyes and courageous hearts were on the lookout from every lifesaving station with a devotion truly and grandly heroic—an abandon of self-interest throughout those dismal, pain-racking hours, as to be verily magnificent when viewed from the standpoint of frail humanity. Each single watchman tramps and forces his harrowing way on his prescribed beat, with his "coston" ready in a moment to flash good tidings to the helpless mariners

who may unfortunately need such encouragement. Pushing over the sandy beach with the tremendous surf roaring like unto a thousand furies, the blinding spray of the sea, grasping the sand in its relentless tentacles and hurling it with battering-ram impetuosity for hundreds of yards inland. There you will surely find that hero in the execution of his duty, with an eye ever fixed beyond the merciless foam of the pitiless surf, ever on the lookout for those hapless ones that may need his services on such a night; and if such an occasion arises and the tell-tale rocket of distress illumes the blackness of the night in his vicinity, quickly is the flashing reply sent that they are noticed, and help is near.

Then away with a strength approaching the superhuman, he pushes on toward the "station," flung again and again to the beach by the furious elements. Again and again he rises and bravely and tenaciously struggles on through that intense hideousness to assist his fellows at the station. With a speed superb against all obstacles, the boat and lifesaving material is rushed to the scene of conflict, and in the near opaque darkness of the terrible night, with an effort of time truly astonishing, the life line is shot and secured, and another act of mercy and heroism is consummated.

And then, if the possibility of the life line becomes ineffectual through the superior strength of the gale retarding the looked-for event, then those men become even more glorified, as in a twinkling they launch their life boat as a final effort, and wage their lives into the dread valley of death through the fearful surf—an act so sublime and infinite as to amaze the human understanding.

Away off shore that memorable night at 7 o'clock p. m., we last noticed our captain and sturdy crew, on board the stately craft, struggling in the grip of the elements, and the soundings at that hour showed 39 fathoms, together with the other incidents, as recorded on the "log slate." With the gale increasing in strength, ship's head off shore to westward, and laboring heavily.

From thence onward, with the destructive impetuosity of a multitude of demons yelling, the increasing hurricane howled through the rigging and bent her lofty topgallant, royal and skysail masts like reeds, and soon thereafter, with gigantic force and a report, perceptible above the roaring sea and the screaming bellow of the tempest, away flew the mass of canvas of the over-burdened topsails and staysail, clear from the straining "holt ropes!" And as the mountainous sea, with additional fury broke over fore and aft, every movable article upon the decks, supposed to be thoroughly secured for any gale, was torn off and hurled overboard. And the captain, officers and crew, lashed to weatherside, aft, many of them with years of experience that had buffetted the disasters common to the seas in all climates, knew, with anxiety and dread the certain circumstances, arrayed against them that night in the steady fury of the gale blowing "dead on a lee shore."

At 2 a. m., without a break in the force of the wind or the slightest change for the better in the aspect of their surroundings, another cast of the "lead" was secured. The first officer, with a twenty-fathom mark in hand, held the line and estimated 10 fathoms as the lead struck the bottom (ere the leeway of the driving vessel dragged out the remainder to his hand). It may have been more, probably less; who could tell. Then with calm fortitude of the true commander under such a crisis, came the order under those circumstances, so difficult and dangerous to perform on such a night: "Clear away, and let go the 'port' anchor, and then the starboard one, and veer to the 'clinches!" The last resort from the dreaded lee shore.

Let us dwell for a time on the import of that order and the pregnant danger to all concerned in the performance thereof. Amid the multiplied horror of that night, every soul on that deck had known for hours, as a certainty, that without a miraculous change

in the direction of the wind, the vessel was doomed, on the force she was being driven by the gale, and death most probably for all the crew. Yet with a resolution and daring, prompted by the near impossibility of successfully accomplishing such a task with the fearful odds against them, to reach the bows of the ship after a rapid outline of plan from the officers to work in unison and attain their object, They started, each clinging with a vise-like grip as he worked himself forward. Again and again were those hardy fellows nigh overpowered in their slow progress by the tons of water plunging over them. Taking their utmost strength to hold their place, thus, with a grim perseverance and resolve they pushed forward, and at length reached the goal of their endeavor. Then as surely and as speedy as possible, grasping any point of advantage on the forecastle deck—after what seemed hours—the "shank painter" was found and eased away, while another tripped the "catch" of the ring "stopper" of the port anchor, and out ran the overhauled range of 20 fathoms and the remaining cable around the body of the windlass.

In the meantime, others of the crew had worked their difficult way, under the temporary shelter of the forecastle partition, a more perilous undertaking surely, as the lee side was buried nearly continually two feet or more above the "covering board" by the lurching in the heavy sea, and to reach the fastenings of the lee anchor, with a huge volume of water continually bursting over the weather side, was an undertaking seemingly impossible. Yet it was done, and the starboard anchor followed its mate a few minutes later, as was agreed on as per order. Out flew the cables in a flame from the "lockers" below around the sturdy windlass until the 90 fathoms on each cable were exhausted, and then with a tremendous jerk that shook the timbers of her frame throughout, as the body of the heavy windlass received the dreaded jar—and luckily withstood the extraordinary shock. Gradually her head felt the strain and slowly "came up" to the wind and sea, and the cables, straight as iron bars, arrested her movement to the leeward.

What an immensity of relief to those unfortunates at the changed position in that racking contest. Minutes passed into the hour, their sturdy craft laboring, heavy cables and windlass grinding ominously as each successive "roller" burst over the bows, deluging the decks fore and aft, as she rose and fell at the command of that raging sea. Yet not a break in the intense blackness or a lull in the crash of the mighty gale. The 25-pound "lead" on the bottom, showing eight fathoms as near as could be ascertained. Think of the acute anxiety of the captain in the appalling situation around him, beyond all human assistance. His anchors and cables grinding and surging on a rocky bottom; his ship, a weak opponent against those mighty foes of sea and wind, tossed as a shuttle, pitching and rolling, veering and hauling now hither, now thither, as she tugs at her straightened cables; his last and only hope!

At length, in a more terrific burst of wind by the prodigious rise of the vessel on the "comb" of a monstrous sea, crash went the cables! Again her head flew to the leeward, buried in the swirl of waters in the trough of the merciless sea without a visible sign from within or without of help to aid her in that trying hour. All life on that deck at the moment of the latest catastrophe was impotent to assist one jot. Fiercely they had to cling to the spot occupied, with a forlorn grip of acute despair—which to loosen for an instant—meant the end to them.

With hearts palpitating at the certainty of their swift approach to dissolution, and the awful shocking picture of their total helplessness amid those fearful surroundings—yet hope, God's greatest gift to the human consciousness—lingered near them and helped to buoy those unfortunates somewhat in their supreme affliction.

Then those words were passed from each

to the other. Words so prolific of total despair when coming from the lips of a commander of a ship anywhere—probably the last command:

"Every man look out for himself."

Let us all give thanks that so many of those "that go down to the sea in ships" escape the hearing of those words of such awful import, indescribable despair to all concerned.

Just as the first glimmer of the coming dawn was piercing the obscurity of the night through the envelope of misty rain and flying scud overhead, the ship, impelled by titanic force of wind and seas, crashed to her doom on the hidden rocks of the submerged reef. Crash followed crash as the pointed and ragged rocks beneath penetrate the planking and tear huge holes of destruction through the oaken timbers of her solid frame. Over all, as it were with renewed strength, dashes the sublime mighty sea. A short time elapses as she drags more and more on the reef by the grinding destruction of the frames of her bottom. The keel "parts" some 35 feet from the "sternpost" and away goes mizzen and mainmast by the abrupt displacement over the side unto the reef and foaming waters, bringing all connected with them in their fall in one complete wreckage of masts, yards, sails and everything belonging thereto.

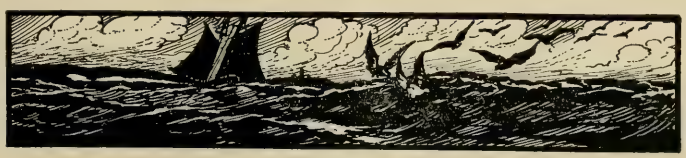
Who can surmise or have a depth of conception of the utter distress of that appalling moment? Wreck above and below. The terrific roar of wind and sea over that horrible hidden reef of sharp, cruel rocks.

. The captain, true to the time-honored precedent as a commander, clung to his position of trust; and as the timbers and the keel were torn out by the immense pressure, and spars, rigging and all attached fell in indescribable confusion around him, and officers and crew, one mighty "roller," with thunderbolt energy, tore away his point of security, as also three of the crew, and as the force of water entangled them in the splintered wreckage, swiftly they passed, "where the wicked cease troubling and the captive is free."

As the grey dawn advanced from out that night of desolation and doom, a break in the tense obscurity revealed the position of the wreck and its probable survivors to those on duty on the shore. Then was enacted a scene of heroism, as the life-savers, with the self-denying devotion a thousand times apparent, rushed to the rescue, recuperated by the piteous sight from their weary vigil of that frightful night. Quickly the line is shot and with difficulty at length the life line is secured and "crotched" in the "shears" on the shore. Quickly the "breeches buoy" is on its way to the wreck, and one by one the survivors of that once noble craft are hauled in safety over the merciless reef and surf and hurried to a safe haven of comfort and rest within the shelter of the life savers' humble station.

"OH YOU CAPE COD"

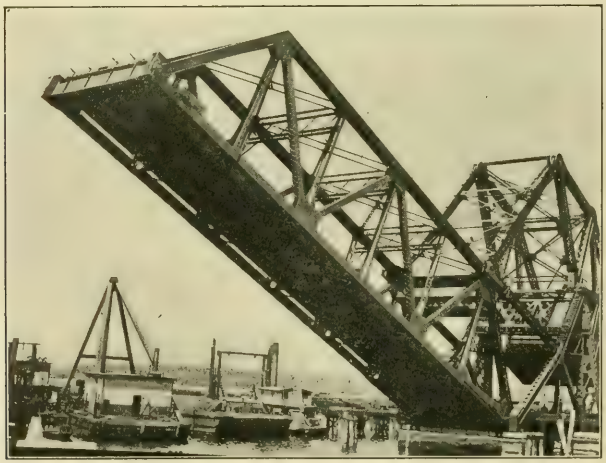
The Pilgrim Publicity Association recently attended the annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. Twenty-five miles north of Chicago, bowling along in an automobile, some kids spied two Pilgrim hat bands and shouted: "Pilgrims!—Oh you Cape Cod!" This shows that to many minds the words "Pilgrim" and "Cape Cod" are closely related.





WRECK OF
A SCHOONER
Showing Use
of Breeches Buoy

AT BUZZARDS BAY
THE DRAWBRIDGE
Opened to Let
Dredger Pass



Holiday Land

By E. D. MAY

JUST A RAY OF SUNSHINE, but it has found its way between grim brick walls and peeps smilingly through the window, creeping its winsome way across the papers on my desk.

Looking from the windows of this tall building, longingly my eyes rest upon the sparkling waters of the old harbor—and beyond, over the broken outlines of misty islands and drifting smoke to where earth and sky seem to meet. The sunlight lies warmly and caressingly over it all, its golden shafts gleaming upon a tiny white sail as it flits gayly along like a little white moth trying out its wings. And my thoughts follow softly in its wake, although I have taken passage in a larger boat. The name of the boat is Holiday Land.

Down among the islands and through the narrow channels, past the many little lighthouses we go until the broader waters of the Bay are reached, and then one steady onward sweep until we find the land again, this time but a narrow thread, almost a part of the sky-line.

And the quiet monotony of the sail changes to eager impatience as the shore line gradually grows more distinct and the turrets of the "Castle" herald dear old Provincetown.

It is always the same—the placid water front of the old West End, with its broken wharfs and tiny houses—with now and then a more pretentious one; the old and the new all jumbled in together, rubbing elbows with the utmost good nature, the gruff old sea cap'n and the suave business man—the old fishing boats and the jaunty yachts—each independent of the other, yet all good fellows together with an independence born of Cape Cod.

The tide is low today, and there is some delay in swinging the big boat to the landing.

Did it ever occur to you how quiet—how patient—how utterly absorbed the crowds upon the wharf are, as they watch the manœuvres and scan with eager expectancy the faces of those upon the decks? Only an occasional voice calling out to some recognized loved one—the clang of the officer's bell, the terse sharp orders to the crew, and the creaking of ropes and heavy piles cuts across the breathless watching. Then the dropping of the gang-plank and the spell is broken.

The cry of "Right this way to the Central House—Atlantic House—Gifford House"—rises above laughing voices, and the dull thud of hoof beats and low rumble of carriages above the steady tramp of many feet upon the wooden planks.

And as the crowds swing up the street, some with confident step of those who have been there before and know just which way to turn—some evidently following some painstaking plan mapped out on the trip down, or perhaps weeks before—others with indecision plainly written in every line of their faces—down the way rings the musical call of the magaphone:

"Turn to your left
At the head of the dock.
Only a few minutes' walk
From the head of the dock
To the ——————"

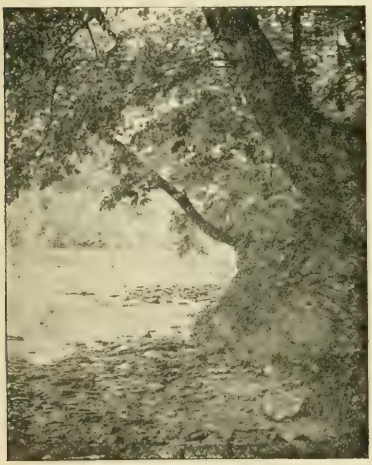
Dear Old Provincetown. It never changes. The cold dreary winters with the snows and biting wind and sleet never chill the warmth of the summer's greeting. One slips into his place as naturally as though he had been gone but a day, and looks for and finds the same faces in among the new. It's home, once you have been there.

You can hardly wait to unpack and settle before rushing out and joining the throng on the "plank walk," and how you do enjoy the feel of those boards as you journey toward the East End or the West End on the lookout for memories' pictures in the real.

With a sigh of relief you note nothing new, nothing changed—a new fish-house or two perhaps—and the children have grown a bit and their eyes are blacker and their cheeks redder than ever—and there are more cats than you ever saw before—and the parrots have added a few words to their vocabularies—but that's about all—except over everything and everybody you feel the gladsomeness of the summer, the delight of sunny days—the witching spell of the blue waters. And a great content fills your heart that you are once more among God's people, to live their life in simple ways and goodfellowship.

PLENTY OF GAME

There is plenty of game to be found on the Cape. Flocks of young quail are frequently seen from the roads, also an occasional partridge or pheasant. A little later ducks and geese will begin their southern migration and will stop in the Cape ponds awhile to rest and feed. It is not an uncommon sight to see a deer in some parts of the Cape and foxes furnish sport for hunters.



BY THE POND'S EDGE

HIGHLAND LIGHT

Highland Light is visited by thousands of tourists during the summer. It is located at North Truro, about 10 miles from Provincetown, on a high bluff, and is visible for



many miles at sea. There is a naval wireless station nearby and a life-saving station about a mile away. Below the light the waves break against the clay cliffs in a storm with terrific force. This summer visitors have been much interested in three stranded coal barges, high and dry on the sand, which can be seen from the edge of the cliff.

Old Home Day at Harwich was celebrated July 29 when a large crowd gathered on Doane's field at Harwichport to witness the ball game and balloon ascension in the afternoon, after seeing the fine swimming exhibition given by Miss Rose Pittnoff. In the evening there was a balloon ascension with fireworks at Brook's Grove, Harwich Centre, and a grand ball in the Exchange Theatre as a fitting end to the celebration.

Hundreds of people lined the banks of the Cape Cod Canal on August 7th to see the passage of the New York Yacht Club fleet. The two cup defenders, Vanitie and Resolute, were among the craft, together with numerous fine steam yachts and sailing vessels.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Origin of the Cape Cat Boat

By M. R. PHINNEY

HOW MANY times have you seen a story in some publication of how the name "Cat Boat" first originated and where it came from? A few writers say it came from down south where the waters are shoal and a light draft boat is needed, while other writers claim Long Island and the Connecticut shore for its home.

There is only one home for the so-called cat boat and that is Osterville, Cape Cod, Mass. There she was bred and born, and no style of boats ever built can sail as fast in all weathers and carry the loads, and when fifty years old be on the job like a "Cape Cat," which goes to show that spirits are all right at times if not too tightly corked up in a bottle.



THE CAT BOATS ARE EVERYWHERE

There are very few summer people out of the thousands that visit Cape Cod every year who have sailed in the strange little boats and have heard it called the Cape Cat, who know anything about how the name originated. Ask skippers to explain and nine times out of ten they will say: "I can't tell, unless it is because the boat is so quick in turning around or jumping from one sea to the other without stirring up much of a fuss."

In 1850 Andrew Crosby and his two boys came to Osterville and settled on what is known as West Bay. About that time all the boats along the Cape shore were called sharpies. These boats were about twenty feet long and sharp at both ends. They were not very good sea boats, and would not carry a very large load of fish, and as fishing was the only industry of the Cape a boat was needed that would carry a large load to and from the fish traps.

Andrew Crosby was an old ship builder, but was so feeble that he went out of doors very little. He passed most of his time in the study of spiritualism.

During one spirit manifestation he claimed that he was told to have his boys build a boat by the dimensions that would be given from the dining room table on a certain night. On this night the old gentleman and

his sons gathered about the table, which was soon raised up and down twelve times. This they took to mean that the boat should be made twelve feet long. Later manifestations revealed the width, depth, length of water line, where to put the mast, how long the mast must be, and everything that first class draughtsmen would give you at the present day.

The boys, Horace and C. Worthington, began on the boat by the spirit plans. The work went along well until they came to cut out a rib for the forward set. Horace said that it was not right. Worthington said that he had measured it three times and that the dimensions were correct. Horace said he would go and ask his father, which he did. The old gentleman went to the table and rapped. The answer was that the rib was wrong, but Worthington held to his opinion and was going to put the rib in.

"Well," said Horace; "if you think you are right I will go and tell father and we will try the spirit again." The spirit again said the timber was wrong.

For four hours the boys measured and tried all ways to put the rib in place, but it would not go. Both then went in to ask their father again. For three long hours the aged man claimed he was in conversation with the spirits. At last he said: "Boys, take one quarter of an inch off the bottom and it will fit," and sure enough it did, and the work went on.

The day that the boat was completed the spirit named her the Eva. All the boatmen along the shore laughed at the boat and said that no boat would sail with the mast right up in the eyes and with no keel. All the old sailors were around when the new boat was launched and many were there with their boats to give the new one a trial. As soon as she was in the water Horace set the sail and started with the fleet after him. The old sea dog that related this story, and who was there at the launching, said the Eva would sail three miles while the others were sailing two.

The men who were standing on the wharf were discussing the boat, when one said: "She comes about as quick as a cat." Another said: "She is a little witch cat for sailing," and at that time the name of "Cape Cat" originated. It has stuck to that class of boats ever since.

There is no place on the Atlantic coast where more cats have been built than at the Crosby shops on West Bay—at the present time there are five Crosbys, all direct descendants of the Andrew Crosby who built the first cat. They are Charles, Wilton, Herbert, Daniel and Manley. All have shops along the bay and they turn out the boats to be sent to the different parts of the world. Last winter one was sent to England as well as a number to Cuba.

During the past year about 75 boats have been turned out from these shops. One of the shops built eighteen of one mould which will be used by a club at Wiano Beach.

During the life of the Cape Cat it is estimated by the builders that about 2500 Cats have been built at the Crosby's shops.

Remembrances of the Old Salt Works on the Cape

BY "MOSS GROWN"

SALT WORKS! Yes, I have seen many of them. There were rows and rows of them on my grandfather's farm. And my grandmother! Well, she wore herself out taking care of them. She had only fourteen children. Generally three of them were in arms. Many a time when grandfather and the boys were at the Flats (know what they were? Well, I'll tell you later). Many a time when grandfather was at the flats with the boys and a rainstorm came up, grandmother would walk half a mile, carrying one child, leading another, and the three-year -old toddling behind—to the salt works to cover them up before the rain came on. Rain freshened the salt, you know.

Women were expected to attend to the home duties in those days, which included, besides the salt works business, bringing water from the well, which was always in a hollow at the foot of the hill on which the house was built. Why in a hollow? Why, less work for the men to dig. Besides these slight affairs, the tending of the "critters," as the animals were called; pigs and hens and sometimes the milking of the cows, though on my grandfather's farm the milking was done by the state boy, for there were such even in those days, and a large family being not enough, grandfather generally took one or two for their keeps.

My grandfather was a good man. O, yes, indeed. He was a typical Baptist deacon. Kind to the poor, a thrifty farmer, whose word was as good as his bond. And grandmother! She was an angel, though grandfather didn't know it. But then, even in these days angels in human form are not appreciated sometimes.

What has that to do with salt works? Sure enough. I am diverging from my subject.

Salt works, my dear, was the term applied to the early method of making salt.

A huge mill with arms drew water up from the ocean, which was deposited in large tanks. These tanks, many feet long, were in rows, each tank the width of itself from the other, with huge roof-like covers on rollers to slide when the tanks were to be uncovered, to the frames which fitted in between. The sun shining on the tanks when open, helped to absorb the water and to settle the salt in thick layers on the bottom, from which through outlets, the water, when the salt had been extracted, was let off and the salt when dried was ready for use, both for home consumption and sale. This was like our coarse salt, but I think it was sometimes ground for table use.

There were acres of these salt works on Cape Cod. In all of the towns? No, but most of them. Yarmouth, Orleans, Eastham and Wellfleet, and I think Truro and Provincetown, but Provincetown was noted mostly for fish flakes. What are fish flakes? Well, that is another story.

Where is salt obtained now? Why, my dear, you go to school. You study geography, don't you?

The Highway Commission is doing great work in widening out the curves on the road between Wellfleet and Provincetown.



THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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VOL. 1, NO. 5 Lemuel C. Hall, Editor Samuel B. Corr, Business Manager SEPT., 1915

EDITORIAL

TOWN MEETINGS on Cape Cod present a queer anomaly. The annual town meeting in about all the towns on the Cape and vicinity assumes the nature of a holiday; and it is nothing unusual to see practically all activities suspended, and everyone flocking to the Town Hall. Every voter who possibly can (and for that matter, every non-voter who happens to be in town) makes it a point to be present. This is probably true in the case of all towns where the old form of town government still obtains, and is proof conclusive that the love of democratic government still runs high in the breast of the average American.

But rarely does a special town meeting have a fair proportion of the voters of the town present, regardless of how important the matters to be considered are. To cite several instances: One town voted to charge 10 per cent on unpaid taxes, the maximum allowed by law. Approximately ten voters were present, and the town has over 700 registered voters on its list. Another town at a special meeting voted a new company an appropriation for a matter vital to the interests of the town, by a vote of 33 to 27, about 10 per cent of the total registered voters being present and voting, as the town has a registered voting list of nearly 600.

And still another town voted an appropriation of $10,000 at a special town meeting, when just about one-third of the voters on the registered voting list were present.

It is hardly reasonable to expect that all of a town's voters would flock to a special meeting; but it would seem that a fair proportion of the taxpayers and those who have the interests of their town at heart would make as much effort to attend a special meeting as they do the regular meeting, especially when, as often happens, the matter or matters considered at the special meeting are just as important, and sometimes more so, than the questions considered at the annual town meeting.

BEGINNING with the next issue, the Cape Cod Magazine will demonstrate its usefulness in still another direction. During the Pageant of Cape Cod, which was performed on the banks of the Canal last summer, a book was issued embodying the Pageant. Through an unfortunate accident in the office of the printer where the book was being printed, the forms dropped on the floor and were completely smashed, when but a very few of the books had been printed. The Pageant management did not deem it advisable to undergo the expense of a complete new edition, and the matter was dropped; although a large demand had been created, and many requests came in for a copy of the book, regardless of price. Beginning with the next issue, the book will be reprinted in the Cape Cod Magazine serially, on an average one episode appearing in each number. Thus subscribers will, by keeping the numbers of the magazine in which the episodes appear, have the entire pageant book. This plan has met with much enthusiasm wherever it has been broached, and will make just one more reason why people wish to keep the back numbers for reference. As one subscriber writes: "Enclosed please find one dollar for

a year's subscription to the Cape Cod Magazine. I happened by chance to see one at a friend's home, and am just delighted with it. I feel that my collection of books will be incomplete without that among them. Please send me the back numbers, for which find enclosed. . . Wishing you the best kind of success for your little book, I am, very truly yours, Mrs. L. F. D."



WITH Eugene Noble Foss again a candidate for governor the Cape is assured that it will receive its share of political attention. Mr. Foss made his first campaign on the Cape and has made several there since. Last Fall one of the Boston papers announced that he was making another "Cape kidding trip." We shall expect to see him again this fall and shall be disappointed if he does not wear his threadbare suit of black with which we have all become so familiar.



SOME Boston papers persist in poking fun at Cape Cod newspapers and print fictitious items, supposedly funny or ridiculous, credited to mythical journals. If anyone is looking for ridiculous newspaper items let him peruse the columns of the Hub papers and he will find plenty of material for his scrap book. No Cape Cod editor would cumber his columns with some of the piffle that we see every day in the Boston papers.



PROBABLY no man is more familiar with Congressional life in Washington than Ambrose Pratt of Sandwich, who has been private secretary to a number of Congressmen. We hope to induce him to tell about some of his experiences in a future number of the Cape Cod Magazine.



MORE places suffer from a lack of confidence and public spirit on the part of its inhabitants than from any other cause. Always say a good word for the place in which you live.

A REAL FIGHTING FISH

A tarpon, the first ever taken in Cape Cod waters so far as is known, was captured in a weir maintained near Race Point by the Fisherman Cold Storage Company recently. Placed in the zero cold storerooms of the company, the fish has been viewed by many citizens. It weighed about 75 pounds when brought to land and measured more than six feet in length. Its scales were three inches in diameter, of an opaque, horn-like substance, and covered with a thin cuticle of metallic lustre at the point where the scale was most firmly joined to the body. The tarpon is found in numbers in waters off the Florida coast, and the species ranges as far south as the coast of Brazil. The fishermen of Pensacola are said to dread the presence of the tarpon in their seines, the tarpon being strong, lively and a smasher of things generally when cornered in a contracted space. In an endeavor to escape, tarpons are said to have killed and wounded Floridian seine users, by striking violently against them in their wild leaps for liberty.

The tarpon caught by the weir crew of Provincetown gave evidence of its virility without undue delay. At the instant when a gaff was stuck into the fish that fish sprang from the water inside the trap netting directly into the weir boat and for a brief while had things all its own way, thwarts and all loose boat furnishings encountered in its flounderings being sent flying. Said Captain Frank Raymond of the boat in question: "That was the liveliest thing in the way of a fighting fish that I have ever seen in all my weiring career."—Provincetown Advocate.

Eastham's tax rate for 1915 is $17 on $1000, Brewster's tax rate is $11, a reduction of $3 from last year. The state has taken one-third of the Nickerson estate's $12,000 corporation tax, this estate paying the largest tax paid in Brewster.

A Trip From Wellfleet to Boston in the Packet

BY ROSEMARY

WHEN we were children, with what anticipation did we look forward to a trip to Boston in the packet. Grand old ship it looked in our eyes.

Is the wind right? What time will she start? When is it high water? "Time and tide wait for no man," but time waited for tide in those days.

Good old "Nelly Baker" and "Lilla Rich," rivals and friends they were.

Which sails today? The Lilla Rich? Then Capt. Baker is the skipper. Capt. Harding sails the other.

The Lilla Rich? O, yes! that's a good ship. Sparrow will give us a good dinner.

Let's get on board early in the day. She may start sooner than we think.

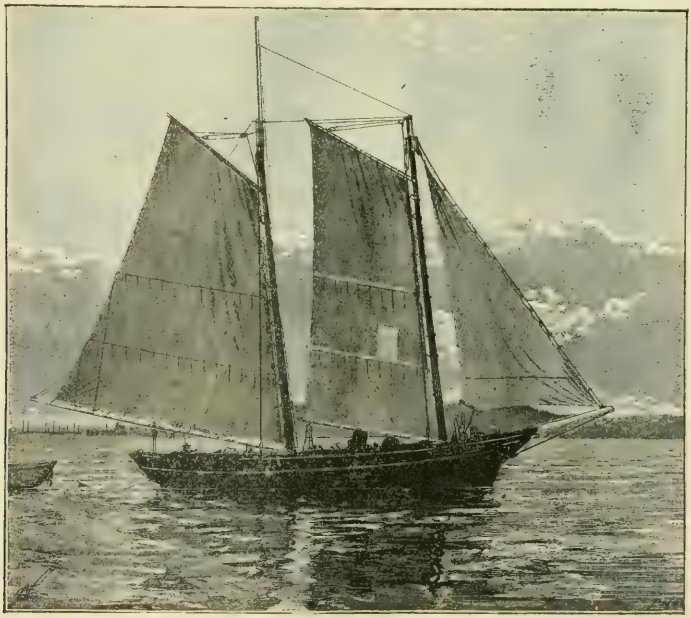
Mackerel—barrels and barrels and barrels. See them brought on board. And the schooners off in the deep hole just come in from Bay Chaleur.

"Where are the glasses, Cap'n? Yes, I can see them plainly, Emma Higgins and Mary Steele. They'll come in at high tide."

Hear them roll the barrels of mackerel down the wharf. Doesn't it sound like thunder?

One day in a thunder storm when I was a little girl, I said, "Mamma, is God rolling barrels up in Heaven?"

Listen! Over the bridge comes a wagon.



THE PACKET SET SAIL

Two men, a woman, a boy, a girl, and a cat. Why do you suppose they are carrying a cat to Boston? A lady in the cabin has a bird in a cage. There's trouble.

The lady lies on a sofa and says, in a weak voice: "Captain, do you suppose I am going to be seasick?" He laughs and goes up the gangway. A jolly, old soul is Capt. Baker.

But she is sick before we get to Boston, and so am I, though the queer looking green painted dippers atone to me for mine.

Other passengers come on board. Now they come faster and faster and in groups of two and three. Occasionally a lone man saunters down.

"When will she start, Cap'n? Two-thirty? All right! Then we are booked for dinner." Clam chowder, salt fish, potatoes in their jackets, huckleberry duff and coffee. Hot ginger bread for those who want it, and most of them do.

My! But the dinner was good!

Now we sail. The shores recede. Long out of sight of other buildings we see the tall Congregational church spire. Now it's lost and the sandy shores of Indian Neck and Great Island are left behind. Billingsgate holds our vision. The captain's glasses are in demand, but finally we settle down to story telling and a pleasant afternoon on the briny deep.

All talents are called in play, and a tiny girl is stood on the hatch to speak "Mary had a Little Lamb," and "Pussy Sat Beside the Fire."

Everybody laughs and claps and she timidly hides her head in her mother's lap, wondering at the applause. Then hard bread and water are passed around for lunch.

Not so many appear at supper, for some feed Neptune instead of being fed.

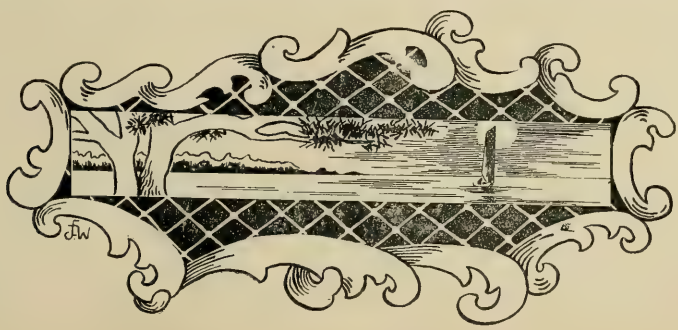
Night comes and most "turn in" early, for morning will see us in Boston. A few who object to the rows of berths in the narrow state-rooms sleep on transoms in the cabin. Queer sounds are heard through the night, not the belching of the waves nor the flapping of the sails alone, but guttural expressions of protest at the physical effects of a sea-faring life.

Morning comes. All are happy, for the buildings on T Wharf loom large and important, and, to our childish vision, gigantic.

Some have been up since daylight and enjoyed Minots Ledge and Boston Light, and the many, then as now, attractions of Boston harbor. Minots Ledge was new then—not so many years since the old one was washed away and the new one re-built.

Boston was our New England pride then as well as now. Historic Boston! How we loved it, and love it still. The dome of the State House was the dome of the universe to us then.

And Cape Cod! Well, we've been North and South and East and West since those times; seen mountains in their glory and cities in their prime. But dear, old Cape Cod! We love it still.



Joseph Crosby Lincoln

BY L. C. HALL

I HAVE never met Mr. Lincoln, but through his books I feel that I have an acquaintance with him that is scarcely less personal than though I were familiar with the man in the usual way. That he is a Cape Codder in spirit and antecedents is evident to one who is of Cape Cod origin himself. No man who has not had an intimate acquaintance with the people and the localities of which he has written could ever have depicted so faithful narratives of Cape Cod personalities and local characteristics as they were a generation ago. No doubt Mr. Lincoln in his youth became saturated with the quaint, dry manner of speech and local vernacular of the people that he has put in his interesting stories. The native Cape Codder has a vein of humor in his composition which Mr. Lincoln has acquired to perfection and which he is able to imitate in the telling of his stories.

The first of Mr. Lincoln's books that I ever read was "Partners of the Tide," and to my mind it is the finest of the lot. Perhaps it impressed me the more because of familiarity with many of the characters and of the locality about which it told. It was human interest fiction, localized and dramatized. "Capt. Eri," too, touched a responsive chord and with "Mr. Pratt" we laughed as we had never laughed before. Then "Keziah Coffin," with its story of the "Come-Outers," with whose meetings I was thoroughly familiar, could not have been more true, and brought most vividly to mind my boyhood days when I used to play hooky from the Orthodox meetings to attend the gatherings that were held in an old house, where, without a preacher or instrumental music of any kind, each told his or her "experiences" as the spirit moved. I can still hear "Amen, Brother," and "God Bless you, sister," as each lifted up a plea for sinners to come forward and be saved.

Book after book continues to come from Mr. Lincoln's apparently inexhaustible fund of Cape Cod lore until it seems as though he must be nearing the limit of his resources, yet each succeeding one continues to interest and amuse, and the quaint, witty and dry sayings of his characters, their nautical vocabulary and Cape Codisms never grow stale.

He tells about plain, homely people and brings out their most lovable characteristics



ONE OF LINCOLN'S "CAPTAINS"

that are hidden behind rough exteriors, who are quick to recognize sham and deception and to puncture balloons of pride and pomposity.

Here and there upon the Cape there still remains men and women with characters as rich as those which Mr. Lincoln tells about. No novelist could ask for a fuller field. The author has so thoroughly absorbed the spirit of his fictional characters that the sayings which he makes them say and the stories that he makes them tell are the exact counterpart in style of the stories and sayings that actually were told and said—the old Cape Cod style is there to perfection.

I think that Mr. Lincoln will agree with me in saying that he loves his characters, and if

at times he presents them in a ridiculous light it is only because he sees beneath rough exteriors the warm hearts and kindly spirits that are so human and lovable. His stories leave no sting. Unlike the authoress of "Cape Cod Folks" he has caused no bitterness and resentment by drawing his characters from real life, but has rather built up composite subjects by combining traits of character and mannerisms exhibited by numerous principals as he knew them or was told of them. Even his localities are composite and elusive to the one who tries to visualize them with exactitude. He has mixed the points of the compass beyond all hope of extrication and has beheaded the names of Cape towns to combine them with the terminals of others. Orham may be Orleans or Chatham, Eastham, or all three, while Harniss may be Harwich, Hyannis or some other place. Ostable may be Barnstable or Osterville for all the reader knows. Yet, at times I am certain that he means all of them.

We hope that Mr. Lincoln will continue to write Cape Cod yarns for many years to come.

OLDEST HOUSE IN SANDWICH

One of the many places of historical interest on Cape Cod is the oldest house in Sandwich, the old Tupper House, built in 1630 by Rev. Thomas Tupper.

Several generations of the Tupper family have occupied this house. Although the exterior is now rapidly decaying, the heavy frame of hewn timber shows the strong manner of the old time construction.

A use has been found for dogfish at last. The little horns found on the fish make excellent "needles" for a phonograph, it is claimed, reproducing the sounds perfectly, without any grating noise and with no apparent wear on them. Neither is there any barking sound.

The N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Company has reduced the rate of fares on the Chatham Branch Road to one half the former rate, and the mileage books of the company can now be used over the Branch road the same as over its main line.



THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE

Dear Old Cape Cod Land

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

Reaching out to the broad Atlantic,
Where it catches the sun's morning ray,
Lies this sacred land of beauty,
Scented sweet with the blossoms of May.
The breeze wafted in from Old Ocean,
Softly sighs as it steals through the pine,
Giving life to the languid and weary,
Better far than the Orient's pure wine.

Your hills and your valleys so peaceful,
How charming thy oak shaded lanes,
The beautiful drives, 'mid the locust's perfume.
Will soothe all your sorrows and pains,
The clear lakes and ponds of pure nectar,
Covered over with lilies so sweet,
Thy villages, quaint and romantic,
And Old Ocean so grand at your feet.

As you gaze o'er this beautiful landscape,
What a dreamland unfolds to your view,
It seems that the angels from Heaven,
Have showered it with sweet morning dew.
The air so pure and refreshing,
Brings roses to cheeks that were pale,
In this beautiful land of sunshine,
'Mid sweet scented forest and dale.

How gently the breath of the evening,
Will fan you to quiet repose,
And send you away to dreamland,
When the shadows of evening close.
The Whip-poor-will calls from the woodland,
And the cuckoo will sing her refrain,
While you slumber so quiet and peaceful,
'Till your cheek is sun-kissed through the pane.

O, this beautiful land of my dreaming,
How sweet are thy forests and shores,
It's just like the land of the blessed.
All Nature in quiet repose,
How my soul ever longs to be with you,
And breathe your sweet fragrance so pure,
And rest in your arms of affection,
Like a mother, all troubles you cure.

God made this a land ever beautiful,
The best in all nature combined,
It's just like the Garden of Eden,
Where forest and flower entwine.
The moon's silver lustre at evening,
At noontide the sun's golden sheen,
Ever kisses the lake and the meadow,
Where sing the birds their songs in the green.

Since the day that Priscilla and Alden,
Told their tale of devotion so true,
In this romantic land of the Pilgrims,
The story has ever been new.
And here, on this soil ever sacred,
The girls are both comely and fair,
With the virtues of pure Pilgrim mothers,
There's none in this world can compare.

They sing of the Lakes of Killarney
And Italy's skies ever blue,
And the charm of the tropical dreamland,
Where life is sweet music to you,
The magnolias bloom in the southland,
And the orange and palm in the West,
But give me my dear old Cape Cod Land,
Where the Heavens and Earth are at rest.



Cape Cod Myths and Traditions

By MARY M. BRAY



THE TOWNS of Barnstable County were settled by the Pilgrims and their descendants. Until recently there has been comparatively little admixture of foreign elements. The inhabitants were from the first, intelligent, practical, religious, though not austerely so. Schools, both public and private, were early established and well attended. Even those who made no pretensions to what was then called "book knowledge," could read and spell, and were familiar with the principles and practice of arithmetic. From the settlement of the county, up to the period of the Civil War, the community was largely a sea-faring one, and consequently acquainted with many countries and many oceans. Such a community is too familiar with varying modes of belief, to be much influenced by superstition. Even when that strange delusion, a belief in witchcraft, held some sections of Massachusetts in its grasp, the people of Cape Cod looked askance, and took no part in the controversy. Among such surroundings, myths gain little credence, and traditional lore is apt to be scanty. Most of the mythical lore, originating in, or pertaining to Barnstable County, centers about the native Indians.

After the Pilgrims had found shelter and safe anchorage in the capacious bay, now known as Provincetown Harbor, they made exploring expeditions along the shores and also farther inland. They found the "earth well wooded with oaks, pines, sassafras, juniper, birch, some ash and walnut." They also "saw a deer, and found springs of fresh water and drank of this New England water with as much delight as they ever drank in their lives."

In these woods, with their fresh water springs, their deer and other game, lived several tribes of Indians. These Cape Indians were inclined to be friendly with the new comers, supplying them with corn and other needed articles, in exchange for trifling gifts. The Colonists had to come frequently to these Indians for corn. The latter raised abundant crops of this useful food material, notwithstanding a peculiar superstition which they held. It was their belief that a crow brought the first grain of corn, and dropped it near one of their wigwams. This grain sprouted, grew up, and produced an ear. These grains produced other ears, and this was the origin of their fruitful cornfields. Because of this, it was very seldom that an Indian would kill a crow, no matter how great were the depredations committed. Whether it was thought that the birds were entitled to a share, or that killing them would bring bad luck, tradition doth not say.

The Indians manifested a child-like curiosity and interest in all the new implements and contrivances used by the English. When they saw the first ship, they thought it a moving island. The masts they called trees, and in their imaginative way, they likened the sails to white clouds. A windmill was to them a wonderful as well as an alarming thing. They were at first afraid to go near the long arms, which were capable of such strange whirling motions; and they did not like to enter the mill lest those sharp teeth which could bite corn into such small pieces, should suddenly draw near and fasten upon them. A plough was another mysterious object. When they saw that it could tear up more ground in a day than they could scrape up with their clam-shells in a week, they looked upon the ploughman as a juggler. They said he was almost "abamicho"—that is, "almost as cunning as the devil."

Scargo Hill in Dennis is one of the highest points, if not the very highest, in the County. At its base lies a beautiful lake of the same name. There is a mythical tale connected with these two, which has been put into

rhyme. The substance of it is this: "A pretty Indian maiden, the daughter of a Sachem, desired to have a fish pond of her own, so deep that the water could not dry away in summer, and thus cause the death of her little fishes. To gratify this wish, the women of the tribe came together, and scraped up the earth with their clam shells for weeks and weeks, until they had made a very large cavity. Then the "braves" of the tribe assembled, and in consideration of her rank and beauty, agreed to bring water and fill it. This was the origin of Scargo Lake. The earth and stones which had been thrown out, made Scargo Hill.



THE OX TEAM IS ALMOST EXTINCT

INTERESTED IN CAPE COD

The following letter, written by one whose name we are not at liberty to sign, but who occupies a conspicuous political position in a mid-western state, is interesting from the fact that it is typical of many which we are receiving, showing that the magafiine appeals to many who are strangers to the Cape.

The letter follows:

"Two weeks since, as I stopped at Sandwich to tranship from rail to auto, in a bookstore I saw your little magazine and purchased all three of the issues then on sale. I knew nothing of Cape Cod and was eager to learn about it.

The map in the July number was at first studied and the names and location of the towns fixed in memory. Many years ago I read Thoreau's Cape Cod, and once read a schoolmarm's "Cape Cod Folks," but the impression left is vague and I was glad to get your magazine—glad to know that Francis Scott Key had been a Cape Codder, that the United Fruit Company had its inseption here, that Webster fished in the lakes, that oJseph Jefferson chose to be buried here and took a boulder for his monument, and to see the interesting pictures.

I am confused somewhat and have missed some of my mail by the numerous sub-divisions and prefixes to the names of the towns, south, east, north, west, centre, etc., when not a road on the Cape goes ten rods in any direct course. The men who christened these places seem to have run short of names, but thec urves in the woods, however, are a constant delight and the woods a surprise.

Without aiming to criticize in any way what you have so well done, I should be glad to see more pictures, read more detailed ancient history of the early settlements from Plymouth to Provincetown and to read a real live romance of the colonial days with the oJe Lincoln Cape Cod, old seaman flavor.

Yours very truly,

G——— D. C———

Cape Cod Board of Trade

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

Following is the letter which won the first prize (a five dollar gold piece) in Class B in the Cape Cod Scholar's letter writing contest. This letter was one of a large number submitted by pupils of the first two-year high school classes, copies of which were sent to friends and relatives living away from the Cape:

West Harwich, Mass.
May 11, 1914.

My Dear Richard:

Niagara Falls is truly a grand city and I have heard much about its lovliness through my mother, and doubtless you have heard of Cape Cod, through your father, but surely not everything.

As everyone is apt to speak well of his birthplace, I shall not be an exception, if I praise the truths of Cape Cod.

This little peninsula, though small in size, is one of the striking features of Massachusetts, and even the New England States would cease to be of the same importance if Cape Cod no longer existed. Should its non-existence really come to pass, many other states would be affected, because of its various productions, which are of so much consequence to them.

Probably the greatest industry of the Cape is the one that has already enriched so many, the one that was started some fifty years ago, and under the labor of a few efficient men, has become what it is today. A person knowing anything at all about the Cape would know at once that this great occupation is the cranberry industry, and next to this, almost reaching the same standard, comes the fishing industry.

The many men who depend upon the sea to support their families are not disappointed, because the Cape's waters are never failing in their supply, and the large amounts of oysters, scallops, clams and quahaugs, the chief shell-fish of the Cape, that are shipped to the neighboring city markets vouch for what I have said.

These are not the only products of the sea, because barrels of other fish, such as mackerel, halibut, cod and sword fish are caught daily in the weirs that are erected by the fishermen for that purpose.

Of course Cape Cod with its fine bathing, its large and comfortable hotels, its beautiful scenery, and its good roads, could not help but be an ideal summer resort. Not only do people come to rest and gain strength, but they come to enjoy a vacation full of fun and plenty of amusing sports.

The men often find pleasure by visiting one of the beautiful lakes of which we have so many. The fishing on these lakes is the best that could be wished for and the game around them is inducing to the huntsmen. Those who do not enjoy such sport, find plenty of good exercise at the golf-link or on the tennis court, while many of the younger boys enjoy a good ball game.

Students who wish to continue their studies during the summer are surprised at the many public libraries of which we are so proud.

All of the people on the Cape are fond of nature, because of the important part she has played in their lives. They have always lived where everything proved her kindness, the large shady trees inhabited by the beautiful birds that sing so sweetly and cheer so many sad lives; the soft green grass; the pretty flowers that bloom in the fields, the bursting forth of the leaves in the spring, and even the changing color and the falling of them in the autumn are signs of her unfailing care.

The people of the Cape are ambitious and aim to improve the different communities, in order to make Cape Cod a better place in which to live and a better place for business and all are looking forward with great anticipation to what the Cape Cod Canal will do for our advancement.

It certainly will help our trade and will surely make the neighboring towns of greater importance.

Cape Cod even now has its business sections, its shopping districts, and its residential centers. What will Cape Cod be in a few years if it continues to increase in population and in its business propositions as it has for the preceding ten years?

That is a question that I cannot answer, but one that should be left for persons who better understand every phase of the conditions of Cape Cod, but I do know that Cape Cod will not cease to progress, but will work on, ever aiming toward that high ideal which is "success."

I am enclosing some pictures and booklets that describe some of the useful birds of the Cape.

Please give my regards to your father and mother.

Sincerely,
FLORA NICKERSON.

ATTENTION

Why not have your Shell Fish by parcel post, direct from the seashore to your table, with the Taste that Tells?

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The Charm of the Dune Fairies

By MARGARET MANN THEODORE

WAY down among the Cape Cod dunes an old gray house is standing. There is something strange about the history of this old house. Though nearly two centuries have gone by since it was built, the old house has never stood empty; if one family moved out, before a caretaker could lock and bar its door and shut the sunshine and the sound of human voices out, a new family has always been sure to pop up from somewhere and move right in.

But there is something better still and stranger yet about this old house. People say that in all its years and changes of dwellers, never once has the old house or its people known the sorrow or sadness or gloom that comes into homes and lives from selfishness or meanness or sin.

The old house was built by a young seaman and when it was finished they moved in—he and his wife and their little baby. What their names were, is no matter. Good neighbors had helped him build his home and it was the custom in those days to give a house-warming after moving in. That is, all the neighbors were invited to come on a certain day or evening; there were games and dancing and a fine supper, then more games, more dancing, and then, with all sorts of good wishes for the new home, the guests departed.

And so, these young people gave their house warming: friends and neighbors came and many brought gifts. They played, ate, danced and at last went home again. All was quiet about the little house.

Now, from the top of a nearby hill, a band of little people were watching and waiting. The Dune Fairies! One by one they saw the house lights wink out till at last not one was left. Softly the wonderful little people came trooping. Never a bolt or a bar could keep them out!

Into the old time kitchen they merrily tripped, and clustered around the great hearth where red embers softly glowed. And standing there, one Dune Fairy left her wish —"Brightly shall the good fire burn, ne'er from it away shall turn child or guest or weary one, until its cheery work is done." Another Fairy left her gift among the homely pots and pans:—"Stew and bake and broil and brew and take heed that well ye do it too!" To the pantry a third Dune Fairy went and looked around on well-filled shelves: "Nothing wasted, nothing wanted; the hungry always shall be fed." So she left her gift and back among the others sped. Next they all trooped into the great living room. On the hearth of the big stone fire-place the back log still glowed and smouldered and gave out its friendly heat: "Glow and gleam and burn and sparkle, warm and comfort, cheer, inspire; child and maid and man and grandsire fairest dreams, fond recollections shall find hid in your heart's fire." She was the tiniest of the Dune Fairies, but her gift seemed far the best.

What remained to give this household? With eager eyes each looked about her, then anxiously thought her list of treasures over. At last a silvery laugh pealed out: "I have it, just the very thing " She flew to good old tabby, curled up asleep in the rocking chair. "Tabby, Tabby, wake and hear me." Tabby opened one green eye. "You shall say what weather's brewing—coming wet or coming dry. When the distant storm approaches, turn you back and raise your fur; but when calm and clear the heavens, face the fire and sound your purr."

"One more gift, the day approaches. Just one more and we must fly!" exclaimed the laughing, happy Fairies. "Let us leave a gift no gold can buy."

Once more they thought and pondered, till

one gentle sweet voice said: "Hark ye, Fairies, I will name it; if in house or field or forest or dell you find a better, speak, 'tis well."

"Name it, name it!" cried the Fairies, "Joy's will be no idle gift."

"This is it, then," said the Fairy, "only selfless thoughts shall here abide. So shall love and tender kindness make this home, what e'er betide, more dear and more delightful than all the world beside."

The little people smiled and nodded into one another's eyes: "Who but Joy, Queen of Dune Fairies, could have been so sweetly wise?"

Just one Fairy dance they danced then, in the mystic circle of the hearth fire's glow. Robes of rose and violet, gold and asure, in and out and round they go. And the back log glowed its brightest, and Tabby purred the music for the dance.

Suddenly one little saucy gleam of daylight crept beneath the window-blind to see what was going on. "Mercy! The dawn has caught us! Hurry, Fairies! Run, run, run!" And helter skelter fled the Fairies of the Dunes: their gracious work was done.

And still that old house is standing; still it holds the Fairies' charm. Gentle thoughts and loving kindness still keep off all ugly harm.

Bayberry Candle Industry

Among the picturesque sand dunes of Cape Cod grow hundreds of patches of small bushes, known as bayberry bushes. Each shrub, which is a variety of the wax myrtle, is loaded with clusters of tiny berries, as small as shot, which cleave in bunches to the joints of the branches. These berries are gathered by women and children, who sell them for two cents a pound.

A bushel of the small berries, which are of a grey pearlish tint weighs from thirty-five to forty-five pounds according to their state of dryness.

About five years ago a resident of North Truro made a tour of the Cape and noticed the vast amount of waste land near the sand dunes and the abundance of low, sage-like bushes, which yield the fruit of the laurel tree. "There is a certain amount of wax on each of those berries," he thought, "so why shouldn't I gather them, make them up into attractive candles, and sell them for holiday and birthday gifts?"

He immediately set to work and formed a company.

The bayberries arrive at the factory in crocus bags, boxes, and barrels. About five bushels are dumped into a huge iron kettle, which stands approximately 3 feet high and is 4 feet in diameter. The next step is to fill this tank with water. The berries might be boiled in this water, but it is better to run steam through them from a boiler. After being boiled in this manner for several hours, the wax floats to the top of the water in a gray mass, which also contains all the dirt and residue from the berries.

A bushel of berries produces about five pounds of wax, the amount varies considerably under different conditions. A coating forms over the surface of the water to a depth of about two inches. After this is skimmed off and broken into pieces, it is boiled again, and much of the dirt settles to the bottom. This leaves the pure, fragrant wax which is of a soft, sage-like green. When this is hot it is run into a large mould. Huge lumps weighing nearly seventy-five pounds are taken from this mould, when it is ready to be used.

Small bits of wax next go to the "dipping" room and are there melted up in a small can about 1 foot long, 8 inches high, and 2 inches wide. This is melted over a small stove.

The ordinary sized candles are seven inches long, but there are some grades not over three inches long, and the largest measure fifteen in length, and one and three-eights in diameter and sell for $1 apiece.

Four pieces of wick are fastened upon a light framework of wire, which is dipped

into the hot wax. Then this is hung upon a rack which rests on a table, another frame is dipped, and so on, until about a dozen sets have received one coating. Then they are dipped and redipped, until they have received in all thirty-five coats, when they are finished.

When done, they are artistic looking objects, tapering to a point, and covered with small humps of the wax. They are much prettier than the moulded candles and sell at a higher price.

They are packed in fancy holiday holly boxes, with a bit of dainty baby ribbon about them.

Orders for bayberry candles are received from many parts of the world. Some came in one day recently from England and Alaska.

There is no danger of the supply of bayberries becoming exhausted, as there are hundreds of acres of worthless land near the sand dunes covered with patches of the bushes.

"A bayberry candle brings luck to the house and gold to the pocket!"—From New York Times.

CRANBERRY TIME

The cranberry harvest on the Cape will commence about September first and continues until nearly the first of November. It is the most important industry (unless the entertaining of summer visitors can be called an industry) of the Cape, and the fact that a very small crop is expected this year, will materially affect the prosperity of its people. Heavy frosts in June injured the blossoms and the crop on many bogs will scarcely be worth picking.

Cape Cod is the home of the cultivated cranberry and has led in its production for many years. All cranberries grown in Massachusetts are called "Cape Cod Cranberries," whether raised in Plymouth, Bristol or Barnstable county.

In the October number of this magazine we expect to feature this industry. Our readers may expect an interesting and instructive issue.

Patronize our advertisers.



THE TIN PEDDLER

How many remember the tin peddler and his cart? The accompanying picture may bring back to the minds of some the old peddler with his high wooden cart, all ajingle with bright new tinware and its load of clean new brooms. Trade with him was a question of barter. So many pounds of old rags were worth a new tin pan, and it took quite a number of empty bottles to purchase a new broom. The old-time peddler was a friend to everybody and his coming was an event. His ability to drive a sharp bargain was respected and the competition of wits was entered into with zest.

Cape Cod Farming

By L. B. BOSTON

In spite of indifferent weather conditions during the past few weeks, agriculture is not wholly at a standstill on Cape Cod.

Mr. W. I. Bodfish of West Barnstable has been very successful in growing vegetables and strawberries for some years on land prepared for cranberry bogs. When every one else sees their garden suffering from lack of rain, in Mr. Bodfish's garden, lettuce, onions, beets, celery, potatoes, corn and berries are growing rank and abundantly. Water held in the trenches about two feet from the surface insures vigorous and thrifty growth all through the growing season. Mr. Bodfish is having fine success with the Ridgeway Strawberry, getting as many as 400 quarts from the same number of plants set the previous year. Celery seems to do especially well on this bog, and with good judgment Mr. Bodfish manages to use this vegetable admirably as a succession crop. To fully appreciate the opportunities some of our old bogs have to offer as sites for gardens, one must see and talk with Mr. Bodfish who so skillfully manages to make things grow.

The Mayo Duck Farm at Orleans has hatched over 42,000 ducklings so far this season, and is employing nine regular "pickers" who dress on the average 2,000 ducks a week. Mr. Mayo has been successful in breeding a large sized duck, and when ten weeks old usually dress from 6 to 7 pounds. An industry of this size which gives employment to 21 men speaks well for Cape Cod and her Agricultural Opportunities.

The traction engine is making its entrance into Cape Cod Farming. The Bay End Farm at Buzzards Bay has been using one very satisfactorily the past month to pull stumps, haul them away, and to break up new land

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with a plow turning a twelve inch furrow. So far no work has been too much for this machine, and has surely demonstrated its practicability for the small sized farm. The farm of Bill and Daniel's at West Barnstable has recently received a tractor, and this will soon be demonstrated in doing the fall plowing.

It is surely a pleasure to see the large field of corn at the Bay View Farm in West Barnstable. The new management of this farm have already made a fine start, and the prospects are good that they will continue to do valuable work for the Cape Agriculturally.

The potato crop of the Cape at the present time does not look promising. The dry spell at time of blossoming followed by the continued damp weather has started considerable blight. A poor yield coupled with the present low price of early potatoes does not spell profit for the potato grower.

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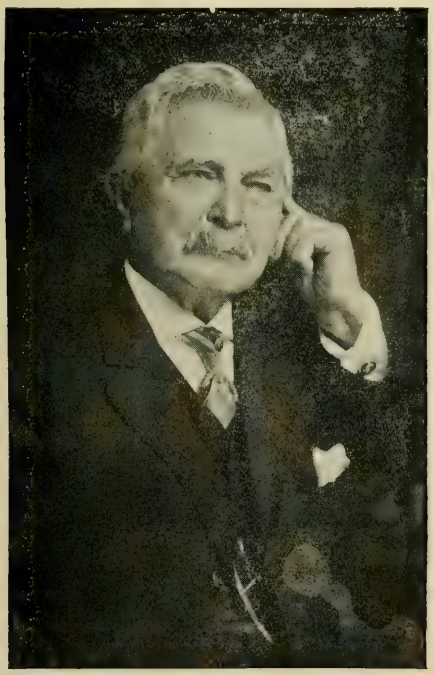
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CHARLES S. RALEIGH

One of the most interesting and versatile characters on Cape Cod is Charles S. Raleigh of Bourne, painter of marine pictures and author of "The Wreck" which appears in this issue. Mr. Raleigh is 85 years of age and his eyesight is somewhat affected, but his memory is unimpaired, and he has a remarkable fund of marine and historical lore at his command.

Mr. Raleigh is one of the few surviving clipper ship sailors, and was as familiar with the Orient in his younger days, as he was



with the streets of his native town. He was in the United States navy during the war with Mexico, and during the Civil War was stationed on a warship in the China seas.

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He was also a teacher of navigation. In his studio at Bourne he has a collection of wonderful historical marine paintings and it is well worth one's time to make him a visit. Like all old sailors he is fond of a "Gam" and never tires of relating experiences from his life. In a friendly call on the editor he related the story of Jonathan Walker, the first slave liberator.

Jonathan Walker lived in Harwich with his wife, Jane. In 1844, in a green-bottomed clinker-built boat, he was at Pensacola, Fla. He succeeded in getting seven slaves away from a plantation with the express purpose of crossing the Gulf of Mexico to Nassau, New Providence, where they could have their freedom under the English flag. When rounding the Florida Keyes he was taken sick and the boat became short of water. He saw a vessel lying at Indian Key and thought it a fisherman, but it proved to be a wrecker with a crew of 30 men. He had the slaves pull along side and asked for a supply of water. The schooner was the Eliza Catherine, Captain Phillips, who had heard of the escaped slaves and of the reward of $1700 offered for Walker's capture. When he saw the sick white man with his black crew he at once concluded that they were the fugitives and summoned his crew and made their capture.

Mr. Raleigh was on the wharf at Pensacola when the Eliza Catherine arrived with all her flags flying and landed the manacled prisoners. Walker was taken to the plantation where he had obtained the slaves and was there branded on his hand with the letters "S. S." (slave stealer) and released. This incident was the subject of the famous poem by John G. Whittier. Walker returned to New England, became the friend of William Lloyd Garrison and took an active part in the anti-slave movement. When he died, in Minnesota, a monument was erected to his memory by Garrison.

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January	Garnet	July	Ruby
February	Amethyst	August	Moonstone
March	Bloodstone	September	Sapphire
April	Diamond	October	Opal
May	Emerald	November	Topaz
June	Pearl	December	Turquoise

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HARWICH OLD HOME DAY

The "Old Home Day" celebration at Harwich on July 30th proved an unequalled success. Owing to the good weather a crowd of over 2000 gathered to witness the first-class program that was arranged. What proved the best event of the day, and what most of the crowd came miles to see, was the Diving and Swimming exhibition by Miss Rose Pitonof of Boston, champion woman swimmer of the world. Miss Pitonof lived up to all expectations and was warmly applaud-



ed. Her program included breast stroke, English overhand stroke, trudgeon stroke, sculling, marching Australian crawl stroke, sculling backwards, Indian float cartwheel, porpoise play, swimming sideways, rolling log, Pitonof kick forward dive, side dive, sailor dive, bull-frog dive, knee dive, front jackknife, back dolphin, chutes dive (striking water feet first, coming up feet first), baby doll dive, life saving exhibition.

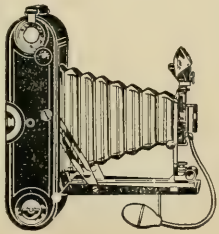
The other events included a baseball game

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between Hyannis A. A. and Sandwich, the former winning by 8 to 0. Two balloon ascensions by Prof. Lawrence Davis of Boston. Band concert all afternoon by Fogg's Brass Band (16 pieces) of Brockton. In the evening fireworks and a grand ball.

Harwich should feel proud of such a celebration. If other towns would follow this example everybody would want to come to Cape Cod.

WILLIAM WILSON.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY FAIR

(Continued from Page 7)

They were elected in the following order: John Reed, Zenas D. Bassett, C. B. H. Fessenden, Charles Marston, S. B. Phinney, George Marston, Nathaniel Hinckley, Nathan Crocker, Charles C. Bearse, Levi L. Goodspeed, Charles F. Swift, A. T. Perkins, Azariah Eldridge, John Simpkins, C. M. Hinkle, Dr. Gorham Bacon and Thomas C. Thacher, who is filling the office at the present time. The present officers of the Society are as follows:

President, Thomas C. Thacher; vice presidents, David Davis, David Crocker; secretary, Marcus N. Harris; treasurer, Henry C. Davis; executive committee, Dr. Gorham Bacon, John Bursley, Aaron S. Crosby, A. Frank Sherman, Alfred Crocker, Frank H. Briggs, Augustus L. Thorndike, Charles R. Clark, Heman A. Harding, Eben S. S. Keith, Charles C. Paine, Lemuel Pope, Jr., Alfred Crocker, Jr., William A. Jones, F. Howard Hinckley, Jr.; superintendent hall and grounds, Albert F. Jones; auditing committee, E. S. Phinney, Fred C,. Swift, Alfred Crocker.

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HYANNIS, MASS.

CHESTER BEARSE
Designer and Builder of Seashore Houses
CAPE COD REAL ESTATE
Tel. Con. CENTERVILLE, MASS.

CHRONOLOGY OF CAPE COD EVENTS

1677. Joseph Burge of Sandwich, who "resisted and abused the watch" during Philip's War, for which he was several times fined, was this year amerced to the amount of £5 for selling liquor to the Indians. As a sequel he was fined 10 shillings for 'swearing in court."—The aged widow Annable of Barnstable was fined £1 for selling beer without a license.

1678. George Barlow of Sandwich, the late marshal, was before the court and bound over, on the charge of being a "turbulent fellow."—Rev. Thomas Walley of Barnstable died.

1680. John Yanno, Indian, son and heir of Yanna, sachem of South Sea, in Barnstable, deceased, sold to George Lewis for £2, 16 shillings, a small tract "lying in the common field at Mattachiest"; also in consideration of £1, 8 shillings, paid in trucking cloth and otherwise by Thomas Hinckley, "granted and sold him lands in South Sea, in Barnstable, which Mr. H. subsequently conveyed to the town."

1681. A new meeting-house was erected in Barnstable; cost of the edifice £100, lot £, 10 shillings.—Indian James indicted and tried for causing the death of Samuel Crocker, Barnstable, by a kick in the abdomen. He was acquitted of murderous intent.

1682. Mr. Edmund Freeman, one of the original grantees of Sandwich, died.

1683. Kenecompsit, an Indian, relinquished for £5, 19 shillings, his right to seven acres of land in common field, Barnstable, to John Lewis and James Edwards.—Sandwich offered a bounty of 15s. for killing old wolves, and 5s. for "pups."

1684. A road from Barnstable to Plymouth through Sandwich was laid out by a jury empanelled by the governor.

1685. An extension of the Sandwich road, through Barnstable, was laid out by a jury ordered by the court. The old foot bridges, which sufficed for the settlers, gave way to firmer structures, suited for teams.—Eastham "voted to pay 10s. for the head of any old wolf, and 5s. for wolves' whelps, to any Indian who shall bring them."

1686. Lt. John Howland of Barnstable licensed "to sell cider of his own making."

1687. A windmill for grinding grain, was erected in Barnstable, by Thomas Paine of Eastham. £32 and five acres of upland and five acres of marsh were appropriated for the purpose, by the town. "Eight or ten acres of upland at the river by John Goodspeed's and the use of the stream" were granted to John Andrews, "to build and keep a fulling-mill on said stream, to full and draw the town's cloth on reasonable terms."



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In all our promises to our customers and will continue to do so as long as we are in business. We are very much alive today and have some special woods to close out at ridiculously low prices to buyers who will step lively. Specify your requirements at once and we'll respond like "sixty."

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The advertiser wishes to sell his summer place, together with its complete furnishings, for the price named above. This estate is situated on the south side of Cape Cod, about half way between Woods Hole and Provincetown.

Has four acres of land, with three hundred feet of water front. Pine groves, large young orchard, macadam streets. Modern dwelling with every possible city improvement and convenience (except gas). Stable, garage, dance hall, poultry houses, etc.

Sale will include all furniture, rugs, silver, glass, linen, pianos, billiard table, boats, all in a high state of preservation. Nothing is run down or shabby. I want to find a prospective purchaser who can appreciate the very best and is willing to pay for it, yet able to realize that it would cost close to twenty-five thousand dollars to replace what is here offered for fifteen.

No triflers or professional bargain hunters.

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WALTER EMERY
EAST HARWICH
Heating and Plumbing

AGENT FOR
KING MOTOR CAR
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IS JUST OUT
Demonstrations Given.

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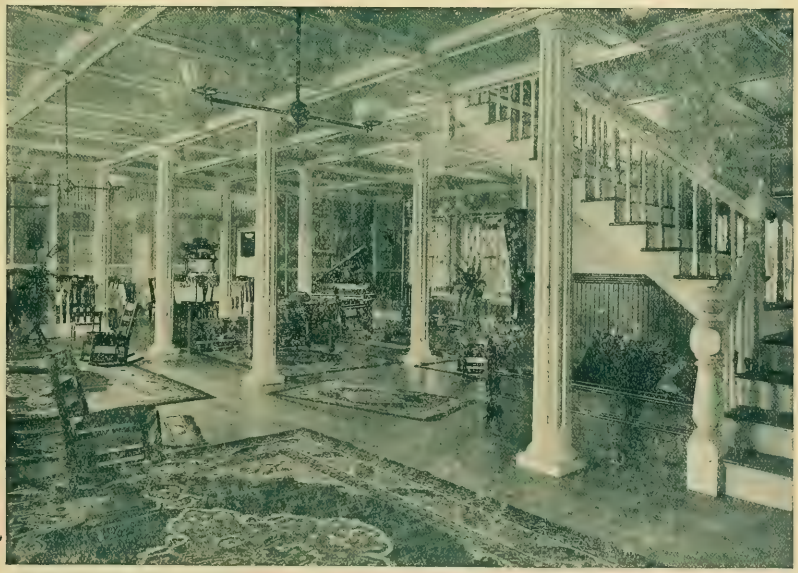
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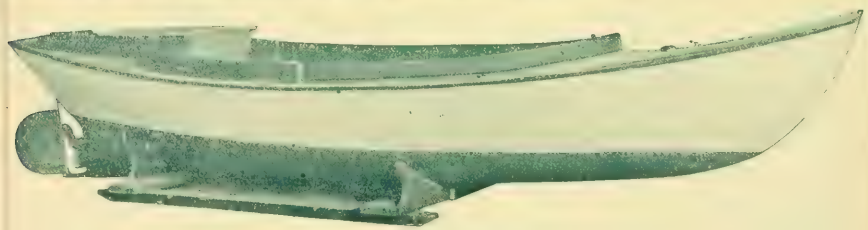


ORDER BY MAIL We have the most completely stocked Drug Store on Cape Cod, embracing everything necessary in the sick room as well as the general stock that the up-to-date drug store is supposed to carry. If you cannot come to our store, we can send you what you want by parcel post.

MEGATHLIN'S DRUG STORE, HYANNIS, MASS.

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Safe and Seaworthy — 20-FOOT SPECIAL DORY — A Good Family Boat

Cabin Boats from 24 to 35-Foot

17-Foot Club Sailing Dory — 16-Foot Shallow Draft Fishing Boat

14-Foot Boat Built Especially for Outboard Motor

Row Boats 10 to 14-foot

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Wareham, Mass.

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CAPE COD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



A FIREPLACE IN A WAYSIDE TAVERN

October, 1915

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SINGLE COPY, 10 cts. BY THE YEAR, $1.00

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We have excellent banking facilities, and you are cordially invited to open an account with us.

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Cashier

J. C. MAKEPEACE
President

PURIZONE VAPORIZER



For use in Deodorizing the ordinary Living Room, Sick Room, Dining Room, Saloon, Office, School Room, Theatre, Etc.

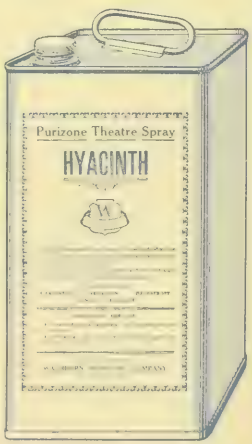
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Largest Manufacturers of Products of This Kind in the East



CAPE COD MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1915

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr.

VOLUME I
NUMBER 6

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sandwich, Mass.

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CRANBERRIES

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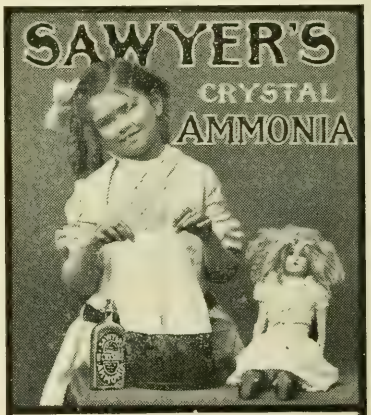
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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 6

From the Publishers' Desk

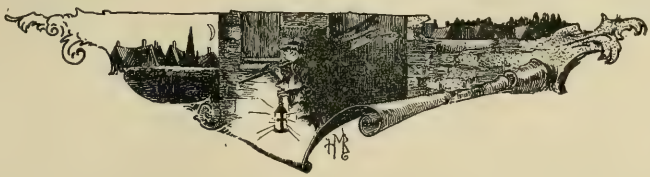
WITH this issue, the Cape Cod Magazine has finished its first half year of existence. That it has justified its existence has already been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt; first, by the ever-increasing list of subscribers; by the large news-stand sales; by the gratifying results in the way of advertising patronage, and the still more gratifying knowledge that the advertising is bringing results to its advertisers.

A fair proportion of the subscriptions are coming from off the Cape; some from as far distant points as California, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Nebraska, and other western and southern states of the Union.

One of our objects is to get the magazine as widely distributed all over the country as possible. Have you any friends, relatives or acquaintances in other parts of the country who would be interested to receive a copy of the Cape Cod Magazine regularly? Why not make them a present of a subscription for a year? We want to send a whiff of "dear old Cape Cod" to those who cannot get back as often as they would like.

It would probably be the finest thing you could do for them. Why not send us a dollar and have us send them the magazine for a year? Don't wait for Christmas, or their birthday anniversary to show them that they are in your thoughts!

With the first number we will send them a neat card showing to whose thoughtfulness they are indebted.





A SCOOP AND A SCOOPER

THE CRANBERRY INDUSTRY

By L. C. HALL

HALF a century ago there were thousands of acres of undeveloped swamp land upon Cape Cod, so worthless that the tax assessors did not include it in their canvas. Today it constitutes the most valuable land upon the Cape, averaging $1,000 per acre as an asset to the owner. This change has been brought about through the discovery of the commercial possibilities of the cultivated cranberry.

The cranberry industry is essentially a Cape Cod industry. Down at Dennis in the forties it was discovered that the wild cranberry vines, when given a coating of sand, produced more and larger fruit. From this accidental discovery, brought about by the blowing of sand from the seashore over the vines on adjacent land, has come the industry of today, which utilizes some 10,000 acres of otherwise worthless land, employs millions of capital and gives work to thousands of people.

Its growth to the present proportions has been gradual. The early experimenters were persistent and had an almost prophetic vision of the importance of their work, yet none of them ever realized that the cranberry growing business would become of such great importance to the world. When Cyrus Cahoon at Pleasant Lake planted a quarter-acre of vines his neighbors thought that he was visionary and never believed that a sufficient demand could be created to consume the fruit. He lived to see the industry grow until a wide market had been obtained and a great agricultural industry created.



SANDING A NEW BOG

In the early history of cranberry growing the pioneers were the Doans, the Crowells, the Halls, the Howses, the Smalls and others bearing typical Cape Cod names.

The title of Cranberry King was accorded to A. D. Makepeace who became the largest

and best known grower of cranberries. He saw in the immense swamps of Plymouth county a fallow field and early invaded it, persuading friends to invest in their development. Today his successors own bogs upon Cape Cod proper, in Plymouth County adjacent, and in New Jersey. Mr. Makepeace may be considered the first Cape Cod man who forsaw that the business of cranberry growing would become what it is today and to engage in it upon a scale comparable with other farming operations which employ large amount of capital.

The Cranberry industry has proved the commercial salvation of the Cape. Coming



CAPE COD CRANBERRIES

as it did when marine pursuits were upon the wane, it provided employment to which the inhabitants could turn, and nearly every family upon the Cape at some time have been cranberry bog owners and have depended largely upon this product for their livelihood.

Included in the land holdings of nearly every family a half century ago there was swamp land of greater or less area. The former fisherman or deep sea sailor turned his hand to the reclaiming of these swamps. He cleared them of the trees and undergrowth, removed the top layer of turf, drained them by ditches, sanded and set out the vines; after a wait of three years he reaped the reward of his labors. The first crop sometimes repaid him for all the labor and money he had expended upon it, and as a bog will continue bearing for years he found himself and family in possession of a steady income. These bogs were usually cared for without the aid of hired labor—a family affair in which the men cleared up and sanded the land, the women set the vines and did the weeding and men, women and children united in picking the crop and preparing it for market in the fall. With average yields of 50 barrels to the acre, and selling prices ranging from $8 to $15 a barrel, it will be seen that even the possession of an acre secured an income sufficient to support a family in those days of cheap prices; the ownership of five acres was sufficient to keep a family in comparative luxury; while 10 acres made the owner a capitalist.

Today the business is drifting into the hands of companies with large holdings. Much capital from away has been interested and there are many companies that control an output of upwards of 10,000 barrels a year. The business is conducted by scientific business methods and no expense is spared to ensure the financial security of the investment.

Selling methods, too, have changed. In the early beginnings of the business Boston was the chief market. Upon the lower Cape buyers would come from Boston on the packets and the growers would be there with loads of cranberries which would be bought outright, payment being made in cash.

The writer remembers being told by one of the pioneer growers of Harwich that in war times he would load 10 barrels of cranberries upon his ox-cart, haul them to Brewster where the packet lay and return with $200 in gold as the price of his load.

Later, consignment to commission houses in Boston and New York became the method of disposal and following this there was a period when the cash buyer made his purchases by the bog side. At the present time there are several co-operative selling organi-

zations which probably sell 60 per cent of the entire crop for the growers. These companies have representatives in every market in the country and through brokers and wholesale dealers supply retailers in every state in the Union and Canada. The cash buyer is still in existence to some extent and there are numerous growers' agents who dispose of the crops of their clients on a percentage basis, as well as commission merchants who solicit consignments which they sell for the grower.

The state of Massachusetts recognizes the importance of the industry and through the efforts of the Cape Cod Cranberry Growers' Association has established at East Wareham an experimental station which is in charge of a competent biologist, Dr. H. J. Franklin, who conducts experiments for the benefit of the cranberry growers and apprises them of the results. He has a quantity of scientific apparatus at his command and a building in which to work. Each year the association holds an annual convention at this place when matters pertaining to the industry are discussed.

Last year there was shipped from the Cape Cod region 435,000 barrels, according to railroad figures. This was an unusually large crop and a combination of unfavorable circumstances made the price unusually low. After starting around $5 a barrel for the early blacks there came a slump in prices and a great falling off in profits for the growers resulted. So low became the prices that a number of thousand of barrels that had been picked were not shipped but were consigned to the dump. Even at the low figure prevailing the larger companies were able to pay dividends as usual.

This spring there were a series of June frosts extending over a period of about two weeks, during which time the growers had to be constantly on the alert, flowing their bogs when danger threatened repeatedly. Many bogs were not so situated as to be able to flow quickly and successively and the frost loss sustained by these was great. At the present time it is estimated that the crop this year will be 50 per cent less than last. It is hoped, however, that prices will be better.



A YOUNG CRANBERRY BOG

Picking begins on the Cape bogs about September first and continues until the middle of October. The shipping season is from September until way into the spring. The

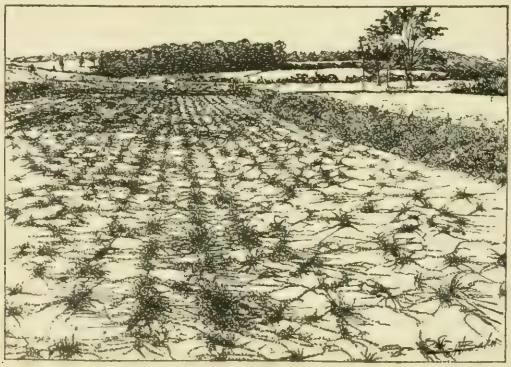
principal method of harvesting is by means of long-toothed scoops which are thrust into the vines and withdrawn with an upward rocking movement. These scoops are wielded in the majority of instances by dark-skinned sons of the Azores who have almost replaced the natives of the soil upon the cranberry bogs. After the berries are picked they pert in the work. The hand-screeners are women.

The value of the annual Cape Cod cranberry crop averages between one and a half and two millions of dollars. Most of this money is distributed among the inhabitants of Cape Cod. A failure of the cranberry crop means hard times for the people and a



THE CENTRAL DITCH AND DYKE

are stored in screen-houses until ready for shipment. They are prepared for market by passing through separators which blow out the refuse and dirt and remove the soft and decomposed berries. They are still further prepared by hand-screening, during which process the poor berries remaining are picked out by nimble fingers grown expert profitable crop makes times good. As a source of revenue to the Cape it stands next to the entertainment of summer visitors. As an agricultural crop its value ranks as one of primary importance to the state. While cranberries are raised in other sections of the country the Cape Cod crop still holds first place and sets the pace.



The PAGEANT of CAPE COD

BY WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON

THE Pageant of Cape Cod was enacted at Bourne, on the banks of the canal. August 15, 17, 18 and 19, 1914. It was a magnificent out-door presentation of the drama that lies in the history and life of this community from the time of the landing of Bartholomew Gosnold and the naming of the Cape in 1602. It led up through a comprehensive view of the development of the Cape during the past three hundred years to a vision of its future. It consisted of sixteen scenes upon land and water, in which all the arts were used to produce a varied but clearly unified community drama. The book of the Pageant was written by William Chauncey Langdon and the realistic episodes were historical, either correct or typical. Only a limited number of the books of the Pageant were printed and its reproduction here will be new to most of our readers.

The Pageant direction was as follows;

William Chauncey Langdon, master of the Pageant.

Daniel Gregory Mason, composer and director of music.

Brooks C. Peters, assistant director of music.

Marion Langdon, director of the costuming.

Lotta A. Clark, director of co-operation.

Paula A. Matzner, director of the dancing.



THE MEN WHO MADE THE PAGEANT Photo by Small

The officers of the incorporation were:

Thomas H. Nickerson, president.

Frederick W. Wilson, vice president and general manager.

Carl C. Craige, director.

J. E. Norton Shaw, director.

P. C. Headley, Jr., chairman of the advisory board.

Eben S. S. Keith, treasurer.

Samuel B. Corr, secretary.

The enactors of the Pageant were residents of the various towns upon the Cape.

INTRODUCTION

The Formation of the Cape

The chief musical motif of the Pageant, the motif of the Life-Saver, sounds clear and strong from the full orchestra, proclaiming the power that conserves all life. As this is still ringing over the waters, there follows in the orchestra the sound of the open sea surging over the world. From one side sweep forward a mass of Ocean Waves, young men and women clad in the colors of the deep sea water, surging across the open in successive tidal movements.

Then there comes to meet them another mass of waves, the Waters of the Bay, clad in the lighter colors of the more shallow coastal waters. The two groups in tidal motion surge up toward each other. As they meet they toss their white scarves into the air like the spray and the foam of splashing waves. The tides recede and come together again and again with the surf splash and the clash of the meeting waves in the dances and in the music.

With the third meeting of the sea currents, as they recede it is seen that they have left behind them lying on the ground long stretches of sand, young girls and boys clad in the colors of the sand beaches and of the sand dunes. As the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay pour up each time, more and more of these Sand-beings remain, rapidly outlining the formation of the Cape between the waters. Then from the shoulder, the upper end of the Cape, there run a number of Sand-beings with scrub pine and oak branches, which they give to the others, who stand waving them over their heads. With this exultant assertion of the formation of the Cape, the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay add their tribute in long graceful movements, like the gentle waves of the tide as it begins to ebb and make way before the land. The Land motif is at its height.

When it seems that the climax of the rise of the land can go no further in power and majesty, there shines out from the music of the Land motif with supreme force and brilliancy the motif of the Life-Saver, dazzling out-shining all the rest. On the in-



TYPIFYING THE FORMATION OF THE CAPE Photo by Small

stant with it there flashes out from the end of the Cape the gleam of the Race Point Light. The light and the motif pass after a simple statement, and again they flash out, this time with other lights along the coast. Again the lights die out and the music goes back to the simple Land motif. Once more the third and last time, the motif of the Life-Saver sounds forth, stronger far than ever before, in triumphant completeness and perfect supremacy, as all the lights of the Cape gleam forth and continue shining to the end. The waters gradually recede before the lasting sovereignty of the Land and of its offspring, the spirit of the Life-Saver, that arises from it, that hovers over it, and that from it reaches out over the waters.

With the last bars of the music the lights go out, the waters of the Ocean and of the Bay retire whence they came and disappear.

Episode 1: Bartholomew Gosnold
(1602)

The Concord, Bartholomew Gosnold's ship sails up the water from the north. Gosnold stands at the prow viewing the country as he passes.

Gosnold—Ho! Anchor the Concord here! Ashore with me, you four!

Sailors—Ho, Ho!

The five come ashore in a boat.

Gosnold—You two gather some fire-wood to cook some food. We three up on the hill to see how far this island stretches. Bring beads and trinkets. We may meet with Indians and trade for furs and sassafras.

Sailor—There's room for but few furs in the ship.

Gosnold—What? Why is that?

Sailors—The fish! The cod fish! You bid us catch all that we could against the voyage home. The boat is full.

Gosnold—Full of cod? The whole boat full of cod?

Sailors—Aye, cod! The water teemed with them. It was but shovelling them into the hold.

Gosnold—Then shovel half of them out. We will not feed all England. Make room for furs. What shall we take Sir Walter Raleigh, fish? He'll look for furs to trim a courtly cloak. The Earl of Southampton—if we take him naught but cod for all the gold he adventured in this voyage, he'll have his actor friend,—eh, what's his name?—Will Shakespeare, write a play to make us smell of fish down all the Southwark bank of Thames. Out with the fish! Make room for furs!

Gosnold and two of the men start up the hill and climb a tree. The men in the Concord begin to throw fish overboard. The other two come forward with their arms full of wood and make a fire.

Sailor (on shore)—Hi! Toss us a fish! Pick out a fine cod now and give it to me to cook.

Sailor (in ship)—There you be! (Throwing a large cod-fish ashore).

Sailor—Aye, aye! A cod to think of many a day! (He begins to cook it).

Gosnold (returning)—This is no island, men, but part of main land, a great long cape that runs far out into the seas.

Several—A cape! What name then, Captain, do you give your cape?

Gosnold—Some name will stick. What's that you're cooking there, that fish?

Sailor—A cod; one of the fish we caught.

Gosnold—There's nothing in these waters here but cod! Hm! A fine one! A mighty cod! (Taking out his dagger) Give me a piece to eat!

Several Sailors—The name! The name! What is the name of the cape?

Gosnold— (eating)—Why then,—Cod! Cape Cod! This is the best thing here, and long 'twill be remembered. Cape Cod. I name this land in honor of the princely fish already in possession.

All (with shouts and laughs)—Cape Cod! Cape Cod!

Sailors on the Concord—What ho! What is it?

Sailor on Shore—He names this land Cape Cod!

Sailors on the Concord—What? Again?

Sailor on Shore (holding up fish)—Cod! He names the land Cape Cod!

Sailors on the Concord (also holding up cod-fish as they throw them out)—Ho, Ho! Cape Cod! Cape Cod!

Gosnold—Now all aboard! We'll coast around our cape. We'll find a place to settle hereabout and build a fort in the gracious name of our most gracious queen, Elizabeth. Aboard! Our Concord bears us on to new prosperity upon these shores.

All (with shouts)—Ho, ho! Cape Cod! The Concord! Cape Cod!

All return aboard the Concord, which sails off to the south in the direction of the other Shoal Hope, Buzzards Bay.



BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD NAMING CAPE COD Photo by Small

Episode 2: The Pilgrims on the Cape
(1620)

The Mayflower moves up into full view and anchors. A number of the men of the Pilgrims come along the shore with pieces of a shallop, which they begin to put together. At the same time there come a number of women with large bundles of clothes, which they take down to the shore and begin to wash.

Governor John Carver, William Bradford, Captain Miles Standish, Isaac Allerton, and Edward Winslow come from the same direction, preoccupied in an earnest and urgent discussion. Others follow engaged in various kinds of work.

Governor Carver—How comes on the shallop, my friends?

A Carpenter—There needs much to be done.

Bradford—Truly you make slow work of it.

A Carpenter—It may be slow work indeed, but it is thorough.

Standish—Why delay? Let us explore the country by land at once.

Winslow—It were well to know whether this place will answer for us to seat in or no.

Governor Carver—Be not precipitate, for

death is close at hand. We should be exposed to danger from the Indians and we could not travel far on foot.

Standish—But waiting here and doing nothing, we waste the time, and winter is coming down upon us.

Bradford—How long before the shallop will be done?

A Carpenter—Two days or three.

Standish—Two days or three! Give me those days to put these perils to the test!

Bradford—And so say I.

Governor Carver (addressing all)—What say you men? We have all of us solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another convenuated and combined ourselves together for our better ordering and preservation and for the general good of the colony. What say you now to this? Shall we send forth an expedition to explore this land on foot or wait until the shallop shall be ready for us?

Many of the Men—Now. Go now on foot. Another expedition later.

Governor Carver—So be it then. You, Captain Standish, and you, William Bradford, take with you fourteen men, use caution and all prudence. Take every man his musket, sword and corselet. For what befalleth you befalleth all of us, and in your fate there lies the fate of all.

The men designated by Standish and by Bradford get ready, their wives helping them to prepare, buckling on their corslets and making up packages of provisions which they fasten on their backs. Biscuits and Holland cheese make up much of the food they carry.

Mistress Bradford (to William Bradford)—Farewell to thee, William! I have a sad strange feeling I shall see thee no more.

Bradford—Nay, nay, my wife, thy fears are of the evil one.

Mistress Bradford—I wish thee well.

Bradford—Fear not; a short time only shall I be gone, and thou art safe here with the company.

Mistress Bradford—I'll go now back upon the ship.

Bradford—Farewell, dear wife!



RETURN OF THE PILGRIM EXPLORERS Photo by Small

The men are now ready and at Standish's command come together and start off toward the woods. The other people return to their various occupations. As they are starting off, from the woods come several Indians with a dog. On seeing the white men, they stop, drop behind the shelter of some bushes, watch the white men, then whistle to their dog and hastily disappear into the woods. Standish and his party pursue them. The Indians are again seen at a farther distance running with might and main; and shortly after Standish and his men are also seen at the same place. There some of them stop suddenly with Standish and Bradford while others continue after the Indians. Three men stand on the watch as sentinels. Stand-

ish and Bradford have found a sort of mound partly covered; over it are several old planks which they remove and a kettle, and beneath a pile of corn in the ear in baskets. They take the kettle and fill it with corn. Each man also fills his pockets with corn and carries all he can. Two men cutting a staff in the woods, thus carry the kettle. The other men return from their pursuit and are seen reporting to Standish and to Bradford the escape of the Indians and pointing out the direction in which they have gone. Thus burdened with the corn the party return to their fellow-colonists near the Mayflower. Governor Carver and others come forward to meet them.

Standish—Corn! Corn we have found, buried by the Indians. Plenty for all! See what a quantity we have brought with us.

Governor Carver—A providence of the God of Hosts for our welfare!

All—Amen.

Governor Carver—Yet shall we remember, this corn is not our own. We will therefore take it for but a while in trust through Him for our salvation, and when we come upon the owners we will make restitution to them again.

All—Aye, so will we. So will we.

Those who have stayed near the ship relieve the others of their burdens and there is considerable expression of gratitude for the relief from anxiety, as under the direction of Captain Standish they carry the corn out.

Governor Carver—Master William White, you must know that while you have been away in the service of all the company, your wife through the mercy of God has been delivered of a child—a son. See, here is thy babe.

A woman comes attended by others, bringing an infant. White takes the little one in his arms.

William White—Now God be praised and thanked! And, my son, as thou art a wanderer and a pilgrim on this earth, indeed even from the moment of thy birth, I will name thee Peregrine—Peregrine White, born here in the haven of Cape Cod, in the harbor of a new world. Take him to his mother. I will follow you.

Governor Carver (to Bradford as he comes up)—Ah, Bradford, William Bradford, in this short time the Lord has laid His hand upon thee while thou wert gone. (There is silence). Death has come close to thee, my brother, and who can tell when we ourselves shall go. Thy wife is dead.

Bradford—My wife?

Governor Carver—Thy wife. An accident. She drowned.

William White (turning instantly back to him)—Oh Bradford!

Bradford—Life and death. So shall we go together.

The two men go out together—Bradford, his head bowed in grief; White, his arm on Bradford's shoulder comforting him.

Governor Carver—Come, my people. Truly are we in the borders of the promised land both of this world and of the World To Come! (To the carpenters). The shallop, is it nearly done? When it is, take and put it in the water. Come all of you, my friends, aboard once more. Our voyage is nearly done.

The Pilgrims, men and women, gather up all their things and passing before Governor Carver, Captain Miles Standish, Isaac Allerton, and Edward Winslow, follow in the way that William Bradford and William White have preceded them.

The Mayflower sails on down the bay.

(To be continued)



The Breaking Up of The Barnstable Court

As Told by Abram Holmes of Rochester

By MARY HALL LEONARD

THE program of the beautiful pageant of Cape Cod that was presented at the opening of the Cape Cod Canal in August, 1914, contains the following section:

Episode 5. The Barnstable County Court (1774)

(Taken by the People of the Various Towns of the Cape)

"This episode reproduces the gathering of people from the whole Cape and adjacent territory to enter their protest against the interference of the king with the administration of justice."

That famous "expedition" included many zealous young patriots from Plymouth and Bristol Counties as well as from the Cape itself. Its object was to prevent the Imperial Court of Common Pleas from holding its regular session. The excuse given was "that the method of drawing jurors by the sheriff instead of out of a box in town meeting put in jeopardy the rights of the people." The real aim, however, was to break up all the county courts and so destroy the chief avenue by which business could pass to the higher courts which were controlled by the king and his Mandamus Councillors. As the County Court to be held at Barnstable, Sept. 27, 1774, was the first of these courts to hold its fall session, the Revolutionists in southeastern Massachusetts were determined to prevent this and to compel the judges to sign certain pledges.

Abram Holmes, then a youth of twenty, was one of the most fiery of the young patriots and a leader in all the Revolutionary proceedings of his vicinity.

In 1834 the venerable Abraham Holmes, Esq., was occupying the enforced leisure of old age in writing his "memoirs," which have been preserved in the form of certain closely-written notebooks in the possession of his descendants.

The story of the expedition itself is told by Mr. Holmes as follows:

"The time approached for the Judicial Court of the Old Colony to sit. It was suggested that such an event ought to be prevented. Barnstable County was the first in rotation, the first Tuesday in September.

"There was a very general turnout, not only of the people in that county, but from the towns of Middleboro, Rochester and Wareham, in the County of Plymouth. On the day before the court was to sit, they assembled at Sandwich and there became an organized body. Dr. Nathaniel Freeman (of Sandwich) was appointed the conductor of the drama. When the people met at Rochester to march Samuel Sprague appeared and gave them a treat.

"On Tuesday morning the people assembled before the Court House in Barnstable in a solid body. About 11 o'clock the Court appeared, led on by the sheriff and followed by the members of the bar. The crier began to ring the Court bell. He was stop'd by Dr. Freeman. The Court proceeded as far as they could, bringing up by the solid body of the people who were before them. The Chief Justice (Col. Jas. Otis, the father of James Otis the Great) addressed the people and asked what was the occasion and the object of this unusual assemblage of people. He was answered by Dr. Freeman, who stood elevated on the steps of the Court House doors, that the sole object of the assemblage was to prevent the Court from doing any kind of Judicial business; that they had considered the matter in every point of view, and in all its bearings; they were sensible of all its consequences and were determined to a man not to recede from the purpose; and that the Court should not pass the door unless it was done by physical strength and over the mangled corpses of 1500 slaughtered free men; and from this determination no one of the assemblage would recede.

"The Chief Justice said that this was a perfectly constitutional Court. There was no ingredient of the parliamentary acts in it. The Jurors were drawn from a box according to the provision of the Colonial Law; that the sheriff and the Court were appointed according to the provisions of the same law, and not according to the provisions of the Parliamentary Statute. What reason can be given then that the Court should thus be prevented from performing its duty?

"Doctor Freeman announced that all that is willingly admitted by the assemblage; but at the same time they were sensible that in every case an appeal would lie to the Supreme Court, and that Court at the next term would be moulded with all its accompaniments according to that unconstitutional statute of a British Legislature; that prevention was the art of action; and that sound policy imperiously dictated to stop all the avenues by which business could be carry'd to a Court constituted as that was on the riddance of sacred chartered rights and founded on the principles of unadulterated injustice; and that to submit to such illegal unconstitutional usurpation would be to deserve it.

"The Chief Justice then said: 'It is my duty, and I accordingly do in his Majesty's name order you to disperse immediately.' Dr. Freeman then said: 'Your Honour has done his duty and now we have to do ours.' The Court then retired. The assemblage then passed a number of spirited resolutions, raised an elegant Liberty Pole, as they had done the day before at Sandwich, and appointed many committees to ferret out those in favour of submitting to the act of parliament technically denominated Tories. These committees returned with the account of all the Tories they could find.

"The inhabitants of Barnstable with an highly commendable hospitality refused any compensation for the entertainment of their visitors. I put up at a Capt. Sturgis' near the Court House, was there part of three days and two nights and was treated (with others) most elegantly.

"In the afternoon a committee was sent to the Chief Justice, who was a member of the council chosen according to the charter, requesting him to attend at the General Court which, according to the Governor's proclamation, was to meet in October, and demand a seat at the Council Board. The Chief Justice returned his thanks for the request and said he had determined to do so.

"The next morning when the people assembled Dr. Freeman resigned his post, and on his recommendation Major Otis, the son of the Chief Justice, who was the clerk of the Court, was chosen his successor. The body, then in the same order in which they came, returned to Sandwich where they found the Liberty Pole which they had raised the day before was prostrated. On enquiry it was found that a man of the name of Fish was the ring-leader in this business. Committees were appointed to look up Fish and all others concerned in the business, and all others who were for submission to the parliamentary usurpation. Fish and divers others were arrested and brought before the whole body. Here Dr. Freeman exhausted his whole stock of invectives, especially on Fish, and they were all brought to sign recantations, ask pardon and to promise reformation. Another Liberty Pole was erected.

* * * * * * * *

"The first Tuesday in October was the time of the sitting of the Court at Plymouth. This Court was prevented sitting by an assembly of the people. Dr. Freeman of Sandwich attended on the occasion. There was this difference in the two Courts: There is no doubt that the Chief Justice of Barnstable mentally approved of the proceedings in that County, but in the County of Plymouth Thos. Foster was the chief justice. He was a firm friend to the British measures. Gamatrel Bradford, the second—I believe he was on the other side."

In writing in his "Memoirs" sixty years afterwards this story of the "Barnstable Expedition" of his youth, the aged Mr. Holmes says: "There may be some who took part in this adventure now alive beside myself, but I know of none."

'Mid Mountains Majestic

BY THE EDITOR

CONTRAST is the attribute by which we arrive at the value of things. The man who said, "the more I see of folks the better I like my dog," was influenced by it. Those whose range of vision is bounded by constricted horizons cannot properly appreciate the beauties and comforts of their surroundings because they are unable to contrast it with other localities. After having visited the best advertised localities in New England by means of the "Scenic Motor Way," we can assert that the more we see of other regions the better we like Cape Cod. This is no reflection on the regions visited. Everybody is entitled to his own tastes, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow.

As a study in contrasts, a visit to northern New England is worth while for the Cape Codder. Away from the salt sea breezes for awhile we breath an atmosphere which is entirely different, bracing and invigorating.

The contrasts that New England presents are truly marvelous and a trip over the Scenic Motor Way is entrancing.

The route as laid out starts from New York, travels up through the Berkshires, along the valley of the Connecticut in Vermont, across through the White Mountains into Maine, down through Maine to the coast at Portland, along the coasts of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts to the tip end of the Cape, thence back to New York via the Rhode Island and Connecticut shores.

We recently motored over a part of this course, going up from the Cape to Fitchburg, Mass., thence by way of Keene to Claremont, N. H. This town is called one of the finest in New England and proves its title. Thence we crossed the Connecticut river into Vermont, by Ascutney mountain and on up the river. Accustomed to the smooth boulevards of the Cape the roads are attractive because so different. They are dirt roads entirely, over which a speed of 15 miles an hour is sufficiently strenuous. They wind about through the valley and over the hills, passing fertile farms and affording glimpses of lazily flowing streams and green-clad hills.

On this particular trip we stopped for lunch at the "Kaulin" on Lake Morey in the town of Fairlee, Vt. This is a pretty and



BY MOUNTAIN STREAMS

restful spot and the service excellent. On our way again, after a short rest, we passed through St. Johnsbury as the shades of evening were falling and then turning eastward, crossed the toll bridge over the Connecticut at Waterford and were again in New Hampshire and on our way to Bethlehem, the most famous resort in the White Mountains with its 30 hotels, at this time filled to overflowing with tourists. We passed along Bethlehem street and arrived at "The Maplewood" in time for dinner.

There Manager Leon Cilley gave us greeting and installed us in a sleeping porch room which he gave up for our accommodation the hotel being full. After removing the stains of the dusty roads we sat down at dinner in the immense dining room, sparkling with lights and gleaming silver and cut glass. Saturday was spent viewing the majestic scenery about Bethlehem and upon the magnificent golf course which is one of the major attractions of the place. With limited time at our command we were forced to take up



THROUGH ROCKY GORGES

our journey on Sunday morning with Bethel, Maine, as our objective point. Our course led us along the valley of the Amanoosic to the Twin Mountain House, but a short way from Bretton Woods and the base of Mt. Washington which towered up over our heads. Thence we journeyed to Whitefield, around the north side of Cherry Mountain to Jefferson and Gorham, well to the north of the Presidential range. Without stopping we continued along over the narrow, winding and hilly dirt road, at places along the banks of the Androscoggin river, until in mid-afternoon we arrived at the town of Bethel, Maine, and the famous Bethel Inn. Bethel is a small town and the Inn is its chief attraction. After stopping there for two days, we have no hesitancy in calling it the best managed hotel at which it was ever our good fortune to stop. Its quiet atmosphere, elegant appointments and unexcelled cuisine made it particularly attractive after the crowded conditions of the mountain hostelries. The excellence of the Bethel Inn is due to its manager, Mr. O. D. Seavey, who is one of the most experienced hotel men in the country. In the winter he is to be found at Magnolia Springs in Florida. There is something about Mr. Seavey's management that appeals to one with its genuine hospitality which is in no wise obtrusive. And the table —what cream, what berries and fruits, what delicious viands!

Mrs. Seavey, a native of Marshfield, Mass. calls herself a Cape Codder, and we were proud to claim her as one of our own. Any Cape Codder, touring the northern regions, who fails to stop at the Bethel Inn misses pleasures untold.

We stayed at Bethel a day and a night and then reluctantly turned our course southward to Poland Springs, which for sheer magnificence cannot be described except in extravagant terms. Here is bottled the famous Poland Spring water, known and sold everywhere, here is the palatial Poland Springs House, the Mansion House, the Maine State building with its historic relics, transplanted bodily from the World's Columbian Exposition and set up again on Poland Summit. The entire property is owned by Hiram Ricker's sons and is valued at uncounted millions of money. A millionaire's pleasure ground, it was scarcely the place for us to tarry, so after taking dinner at the big hotel we proceeded southward to Portland, 35 miles away. Through Portland we turned backward along the rocky coast, through Biddeford, by Old Orchard Beach, Kennebunk,

Saco and along the coast to York Beach where we spent the night.

Contrasts had been ours in plenty since leaving Cape Cod and they were continued by the different coast scenery, rocky shores and thundering surf taking the place of the sandy beaches and placid bays to which we are accustomed here. We went to sleep with the roar of the surf from the rocks below our windows reverberating in our ears.

From York down to Boston the scenery is magnificent. There is a succession of beach resorts, famed far and wide. At Portsmouth, N. H., or rather at Newcastle, we visited the Hotel Wentworth, made famous by the Russian-Japanese treaty which was signed there. Rye Beach, Hampton Beach, Salisbury Beach, all of them are noted resorts known to tourists. We could not linger at any of them, but were obliged to hasten on through Newburyport, Old Newbury, its apple trees groaning under their fruitful loads, through the towns of Hamilton and Ipswich which furnish summer homes for the rich and noted, through Beverly, Salem, Swampscott and Lynn and down the Revere Beach boulevard on to the shining dome of the State House ahead.

It is doubtful whether there is any other section of the country of equal size that can rival in scenery the route of "The Scenic Motor Way." The contrast between mountain and shore scenery makes it particularly attractive, and to a Cape Codder is well worth while.



Back on Cape Cod again, we appreciate roads the like of which have not been seen anywhere upon our 500-mile journey. We are content with our lot, glad we have visited different scenes and more enthused than ever over the facilities afforded by Cape Cod as the nation's pleasure ground.

THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

DOING US JUSTICE

IT is unfortunate that wrong impressions of Cape Cod are continually being given by writers who carelessly misinform readers about the locality. An article recently appeared in a Boston newspaper, headed: "Cape Cod Roads Called Bad." To one who only read the headline the impression received would be far from correct. By reading the text of the article we learned that the particular road referred to is the road from Provincetown through the Province Lands at the extreme tip end of the Cape, far beyond the route of travellers. From such headlines as these and from numerous carelessly written articles many people not familiar with the topography of the Cape have gotten their impression that Cape Cod is made up of sand hills and inhabited by fishermen. They do not realize that Cape Cod is over seventy miles from base to tip, that it has over 300 miles of most excellent macadam and oiled roads, that it has 14 towns in which some of the finest residences in New England are located, that it is heavily wooded in all sections except the extreme tip end, that its sand is confined to the seashore and that its soil, while light and sandy, is capable of producing abundant crops of all kinds. Few writers have told of the hundreds of fresh water lakes that abound in bass, pickerel and perch, or of the thriving, prosperous appearance that prevails throughout Cape Cod. Most of those who have written about the Cape have dwelt upon its eccentricities which are its exceptions, not its rule. The Cape has been dubbed "Quaint" and the word has been given a meaning that is entirely without justification. Visitors to the Cape for the first time invariably admit that they have been deceived; that the charm that they find everywhere they go, the delightful character of the people they meet, is a revelation to them—that their preconceived notions were all wrong and that they cannot understand why writers should feature only the odd things about the Cape instead of its many really interesting characteristics. Cape Cod is widely known, but it is not always rightly known.



BETTER FARMING

THAT Cape Cod has the opportunity to produce more of the products consumed by its people is conceded by all who have given thought to the matter. This region will probably never become prominent as a manufacturing district and the people must depend upon the natural resources of the Cape for subsistence and prosperity.

The old idea that the soil of the Cape is not adapted to farming has been exploded. Agricultural experts assert that fruit and vegetables can be grown profitably and it has been proven by actual demonstrations.

With the entertainment of summer visitors as a chief industry, it is important that these visitors be supplied with fresh fruits and vegetables to a greater extent than is now possible. There is a local market for all that can be raised and top prices prevail.

The milk question is becoming a serious one. There are actually less cows upon the Cape than in former years and it is difficult for permanent and summer residents to secure milk in the quantity and of the qual-

ity that they desire. This should be remedied by a revival of dairying interest upon the Cape. Thoroughbred cattle should be secured and better milk produced. More cream is demanded for table use during the summer months, when berries of all kinds constitute a considerable part of the diet. There are a number of good dairy farms upon the Cape that are successfully managed, but the number is not large enough to fill the demand.

In order to make dairying a success, it is essential that cattle food be raised in larger quantities and for this purpose there is plenty of land available. The upland hay crop can be largely increased and feed corn and beets can be raised for feeding the cattle. By raising the feed for the cattle, the cost of milk and cream production is materially reduced.

The Cape farmer should be a specialist, raising fruits, vegetables, milk or eggs with a view to supplying the local markets. Direct from the producer to the consumer should be the plan with facilities for prompt delivery.

There is a bright future in store for those who engage in farming upon the Cape in a scientific way. The state agricultural authorities at Amherst are in good position to give sound advice and the Faunce Demonstration Farm at Sandwich stands ready to co-operate at all times.

It is to be hoped that another season will see an increase in the production of supplies and that the enjoyment of our summer visitors may be increased by their ability to obtain locally such products as they desire.



A golf course is an important feature connected with all the principal hotels in the mountain resorts. Tourists make a practice of visiting the different links and the hotels that do not have them lose much patronage on that account. There should be more golf courses on the Cape for the use of our summer visitors.

In the rear of the Provincetown Cold Storage Co.'s plant is one of the finest shows of asters to be found on Cape Cod and the plants are growing in what was just common sea sand, in which has been deposited the spring sweepings from the freezing and storage rooms, bits of fish refuse, together with the artificial snow which comes from the brine pipes. These have been the only fertilizer applied, and moreover the spray from the sea often reaches the garden plot, but the asters appear to like a flavor of salt in their food.



A vessel of Massachusetts build and ownership, manned by a crew of sturdy Chatham men and captained by a Chatham skipper, was the first to bring a cargo of merchandise out of Japan after that country was opened to commerce, July 4, 1859. She was the schooner Onward, commanded by Capt. Joseph Emery.



Great schools of blackfish and cowfish have frequented Cape Cod bay recently, their antics proving absorbingly interesting to scores of summer visitors who chance to be on the field.



The cranberry harvest is now at its height. The crop on the Cape is light as compared with other years and the annual distribution of money received from that source will be smaller.



A big modern hotel is contemplated for Provincetown. It will have 150 rooms for guests, 50 bath rooms, and a dining room 150 feet in length. The location selected is at the west end of the town.

There is too wide a gap between the producer and the consumer. Something must be done to close it up.

The Frasier "Castle"

By GEORGE B. STEELE

AS we journey around on the fine roads of Cape Cod we find many things, places and people of great interest, some of which are described in this magazine from time to time.

A place that is worthy of attention is known as "The Frasier Castle," also "The Hermit's," at West Harwich. While the owner of the place is called a hermit he is a very genial man. He does not seclude himself from others, but instead is very glad to have visitors with whom he can



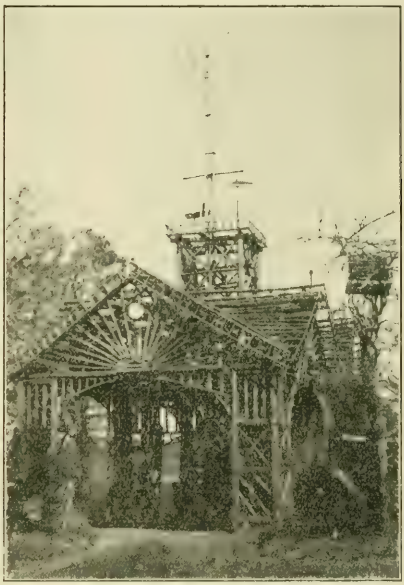
MR. SIMON FRASIER

talk regarding his unique place and collection.

At the entrance of the grounds on the Main street in West Harwich we find a huge rustic arch, built of cedar by the owner, Mr. Frasier. It attracts attention as soon as seen and is a very fine piece of work.

There is a rustic fence leading from this main entrance to a smaller rustic arch of round cedar, also built by Mr. Frasier. This arch is considered the second entrance and is at the opening of his grounds.

Now that we are through this arch and inside his grounds we find a large collection



A UNIQUE RUSTIC ARCH

of stones, crockery, wood and iron work, also shrubs, trees and plants of all kinds. Some of these rare specimens, as small as they may be, have come especially for him from across the water.

He has boats filled with a variety of flowers, water tanks (taken from vessels wrecked on Cape Cod) cut in two and filled with flowers and shrubs also. In his younger days he was a famous gardener, successfully raising flowers, shrubs and vegetables. In the garden there are several more rustic arches—in fact the whole place is filled with the most artistic of rustic work of every description.

Mr. Simon Frasier was born in Failes of

Forest, Scotland, and came to this country in 1870 for a visit. After arriving here he found things so much brighter and better than he expected that he still lingers with us on good old Cape Cod, having been in West Harwich for about 20 years. The rustic work and collections around his place show that he has not been idle during his time there. While in this country he has been employed as a gardener with great success. While in West Harwich he has been working the greater part of the time for Mr. W. H. Dobel. Mr. Dobel has been so greatly interested in his work that he has recently had Mr. Frasier build him a genuine old log cabin. Mr. Frasier selected the logs from a Cape Cod cedar swamp and attended to the cutting, carting, etc., and did the building himself. Mr. Dobel values this beyond description. He is still acting as gardener for him.

Mr. Frasier invites the public to visit his grounds if they are interested in rustic work. It is safe to say that there is not another place in Massachusetts as unique as "Frasier's Castle."

A Fisherman's Home

ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

I've looked this broad land o'er,
And studied many scenes,
To find a happy home
Where love and order beams,
Where spreads a sweet perfume
Whene'er you enter there,
And lingers in your breast
And makes the world seem fair.

I have seen the homes of wealth
Where want is never known,
With all that gold could buy
To make a happy home.
The mother with her haughty air,
The father resting at the Club,
The children cared for by the maid,
There was no warmth of home and love.

I've journeyed through the Golden West,
To the Pacific's peaceful shores,
Have lingered in the frozen North
Where winter tempests roar.
Have circled round the Sunny South,
And drifted Way Down East,
But somehow never found a home
Where all was rest and peace.

On Cape Cod's sacred soil,
On the shores of Pleasant Bay,
To a Fisher's cosy home
One eve I chanced to stray.
Within, all bright with cheer,
The family 'round the hearth,
It seemed the nearest Heaven
That mortals get on earth.

The sight was good to see,
The home I long had sought,
Where peace and order mingled
With noble, truthful thought.
No frills or pomp was here,
Or wealth of golden sheen,
It seemed the angels hovered 'round
To guard the peaceful scene.

The father, a fisher bold,
Was resting from the day,
The children gathered 'round
At study and at play.
With many a jest and joke
Their joy was sweet and good,
He, with honest pride,
With boast of Norseman blood.

Daughter of the Revolution
The mother calmly reigned,
With stern New England nature,
Of Ethan Allen strain.
Gently caring for the loved ones
In this quiet, peaceful home,
With joy they mind her bidding
Like orders from a throne.

Boys larger than the mother
Obeyed her every wish,
The babe was passed to one and all
To get the good-night kiss.
The moon was shining over head,
And cast its silver glow
On this fisher's cosy dwelling,
On this Heaven here below.

The little daughter, Madge,
Yet hardly in her teens,
With the face of a Mona Liza,

Would haunt an artist's dreams,
The sweet expression of her face,
As she sat in calm repose,
Before my vision lingers,
Like the beauty of a rose.

A comely little miss,
With classic features clear,
A bright and shining jewel
In this family circle dear.
As she sat and gazed upon me,
With her dreamy, laughing eyes,
She seemed a living angel,
In this home of Paradise.

I watched her guard the baby
With a mother's tender care,
And envied the parents' pride
In this guardian angel fair.
I thought, as I viewed the scene
In this home of love and cheer,
'Twas the richest in the land,
This home, sweet home, so dear.

I have found at last a home
In a cottage by the sea,
Where the simple life is led
By hearts that are pure and free.
The wealth of all the world
Can't make a home like this,
It's Nature's gift to man
And Earth's one greatest bliss.

As I go along my way
This home I can't forget,
It lingers in my thoughts
Like a diamond firmly set.
It touched my very soul;
May the angels watch with care,
This happy little home,
And all the dear ones there.



Leslie E. Abbott of Sandwich has been chosen to head the Hitchcock free academy at Brimfield, and the choice is reckoned a good one. He is a graduate of the Sandwich High school and had a training on the Faunce Demonstration Farm in that town, besides being engaged in other places in a study of practical farm work along special lines.

People who think that there are no hills on the Cape should take a ride over the road to Provincetown. The last 15 miles is up hill both ways and steeper ones cannot be found, even in the New England mountain region.

Governor Walsh made a splendid speech at the Fair, advocating better farming methods.

A SEA SHORE DRIVE

One of the most beautiful sea shore drives on the Cape is the one along the shore of Vineyard Sound from Menauhant to Falmouth. The view all the way is entrancing from the time one turns the corner at Menauhant Inn, along the shore to Falmouth Heights, by Terrace Gables to Falmouth. In fact Falmouth abounds in unexcelled scenery and it is hard to pick out one spot more beautiful than another. The broad, shady street of the town, with its fine business buildings and residences, the winding road to Woods Hole, the view of the harbor, sound and bay from that place and the bay-side shores have scenic effects which can scarcely be duplicated elsewhere.

Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine.

Aunt Foster's Cranberries

JOHN ALBERT MACY



AUNT Foster toiled up the slope from the bog and entered the kitchen. With a conclusive "There!" she opened her fists and laid on the table two handfuls of cranberries. One lot was small and pale. The other lot was composed of a half dozen large berries, red on one end and half ripe.

Jerome, Aunt Foster's nephew, opened his eyes in mock surprise. "Quite a difference between the sheep and the goats," he said.

"Should think they was," rejoined Aunt Foster. "That handful I picked up just as they come from Cap'n Ben's half, an' the others just as they come from my half. An' look at the difference. Yet he dares tell me I don't know more'n he does about lookin' after a cranberry bog."

"Did Cap'n Ben ever tell you that?" asked Jerome.

"Well, I can't say that he ever said so, but it's what he means, else he'd take my advice about the bog. If he doesn't do what I say, that means he thinks he knows more'n I do, don't it?"

Jerome grinned gleefully. He was a travelling salesman. Every fortnight he spent a day or two at a time with his aunt, resting from the arduous labor of selling iron fences three hours a day, and his frequent recesses were enlivened by Aunt Foster's self-deception and other humorous angles of character. Aunt Foster was the heart of honesty, but when she picked sample berries, her rivalry led her to select deliberately a good handful from her part of the bog and a poor handful from the captain's.

"My, auntie, if all your berries are as good as those, you can quit the business and go to live on the swellest street in Boston."

"Well, I look for seventy barrels, and I don't expect Cap'n Ben'll get more'n fifty. When they're picked over, mine'll stand bulkier than his. Stoopid old man!"

Aunt Foster and Captain Ben were equal owners in a bog, the possession of which had descended from remote common kinsmen. The bog yielded from a hundred to a hundred and thirty barrels a year, and that gave a net profit of six hundred dollars, when prices were good.

Cap'n Ben's share in the bog was almost his only means of support. He had sailed his last ship thirty years before, and was like an old dory pulled upon the land and put to unseamanlike uses. Of all the brave shipping that once made the sandy drifts of Cape Cod a rich corner of the world, not a wrack remains.

Aunt Foster had a little property beside her bog, including some trifling investments and a good sweep of grassy marsh that produced twenty tons or more of salt hay. But the cranberries were the pride of all her possessions. The amiable Jerome regarded her house as his second home and gave Aunt Foster as much money as she would consent to take. The comfort of her life was assured.

Yet for all her comfort and in spite of her genuine kindness, Aunt Foster made Captain Ben's life a little uneasy by nagging him about the cranberries and any other affairs of life that seemed to her in need of improvement. A kind of asperity, of which she was not aware, caused her to put briers on the shelf upon which the old seaman had been laid by; whereas a little gentleness on her part would have made Captain Ben's landberth warm and peaceful. Aunt Foster

failed in the finer generosity and tact through the same want of imagination which allowed her to deceive herself about the size and abundance of her cranberry crop.

The bog was divided by an arbitrary line surveyed through the centre, but in a geographical sense the bog was one, and had to be flooded and drained as a whole.

A cranberry bog is flooded after harvest in the fall, and is kept all winter under a thin layer of water, which nourishes and protects the plants. The water must be maintained at the right height; too much water on a day of thaw is likely to lift the coating of ice and pull the plants up by the roots. The water is drained off in the spring, usually in May. A too early draining will leave the plants without protection against the chills of a tardy spring. If the water is left on too long, the plants are late in maturing.

On all these matters Aunt Foster and Cap'n Ben disagreed; or rather, he pursued steadily the course of his own beliefs and she did the disagreeing.

"Look at that now, Cap'n Ben," she said. "The Briggses and the Rogerses are draining their cranberries. It's time we did, an' if you don't go down an' pull up them boards, I'll do it myself, rheumatism and all, if I can't find Tom Porter to do it. "

And again, "Cap'n Ben, I have had more sand put on all that new place we reset two years ago. If you don't choose to do it to your part, it's your look-out, and I wash my hands of it."

"Well, Mis' Foster," replied the Captain, "I don't see as you ever had it on your hands at all. Don't seem to me it makes any difference to you what I do except for the matter of floodin' an' drainin', where we seem to be on the same ship."

As there was no evident reply to this, Aunt Foster went home and made her protests to an innocent third person, to a neighbor, or to Jerome when he was there. Meanwhile the old Captain pulled his beard, opened his mouth in pantomime of worried argument, then smiled, shook his head and went back to his newspaper.



THE FIELD WAS LAID OFF IN LANES

The cranberries always brought him enough to carry him through the year, and so long as the crop did not fail, he saw in Aunt Foster's anxious care only a woman's

talkative fussiness. He was old and visibly growing older, and the indifference of old age fell quietly about his concern in all worldly matters. The increase of Aunt Foster's years brought no such abatement of daily care and fretting. As time went on she grew more aggressive and vexatious in her harangues to the old man.

"What in the world do you want to fuss the old fellow all up for?" asked Jerome. "You ain't hard pressed for money, and he is. If he don't worry, you needn't. I think you must be a sincere sport, auntie; you want to teach him the fine points of the game and then you like to beat him. I s'pose beating him by five or six barrels gives you more pleasure than a good crop for both of you."

"Beat him? Of course I don't care about beatin' him. I only want the old obstinate to get the most possible out o' his cranberries. Sakes alive, it's all he's got, an' I hate to see him lose by his own foolishness. As soon as I've kned up this bread, I'm goin' straight over to him an' tell him that if he ain't able to clean out those ditches himself, that is, his part—I'm sure I don't want him to anything for me—he'll have to pay for a man to do it, same as I pay. The ditches are all blocked up an' it's easier to clean 'em now than wait till next spring when you need 'em, an' the stuff is all froze in. Now, that's the way with him. He thinks that just because this crop is mos' ready to pick this year, that the ditches an' everything for next year's crop can wait. Sech a short-sighted man! It's the way with lots o' men that followed the sea. My father, your gran'father, wasn't that way. He laid by a snug bit, an' was allus forehanded an' foreheaded. But it does seem as if ramstrammin' 'round to Peru an' China had made those that are left jest as shiftless as grasshoppers."

"And not so spry," said Jerome.

"I dunno as I ought to lay it all to bein' a sailor," retorted Aunt Foster, turning her guns away from the absent Captain and training them nearer home; "you'd be jest as bad. I suppose now if you lived here and depended on those cranberries, you wouldn't have any more gumption than Cap'n Ben."

"Well, auntie, I don't see where I come in for a rowing. I ain't running a cranberry race with you, or rather I ain't being dragged along in a run I don't want to take, like the poor old Captain. And I don't know as I'm so shiftless. I'm making three thousand a year, and you're welcome to some of it yourself."

"You're a good boy, Jerome," said Aunt Foster in a kinder tone.

"Yes, and the Captain is a good, old boy. This cranberry business is just a hobby with you, and you ride it all over the other folks' back yards. Let him alone.

"Let him alone!" Aunt Foster fired again. "And have my cranberries spoiled?"

"Well, his would be, too; so he wouldn't beat you."

"Jerome, for a young man that's been in the city and is a travelling man, you talk a pile o' nonsense."

Jerome sniggered and went out the kitchen door, across the field to the brown shingled house where the Captain lived alone. Captain Ben was a solitary sailor keeping ship on land, and he needed no woman in the cook's galley.

"Afternoon, Captain."

"Afternoon, Mr. Harbour. How's Mis' Foster? Hope she's well?"

There was no animosity in the Captain. His broad face was a brown and gray tangle, but serene and good to look at as an old hedge. The coarse streaks of his whiskers and the network of furrows in his face made one solid, rough mat.

"She's well, as usual," said Jerome. "When do you begin picking?"

"Oh, in about two weeks. I suppose we'll get the pickers together, Mis' Foster an' me, though we didn't jibe very well last year."

"Have you made any arrangements with my aunt yet?" asked Jerome, with mischievous interest.

"Arrangements? Well, no, not exactly arrangements. It's just a question of will I

or won't I. And if that's arrangements, we ain't made 'em yet. I suppose them Portuguees and Dagoes come along in a week or so, 'bout the middle o' the month."

"My aunt doesn't like 'em, you know. She wants what she calls white folks."

"They be white folks. Least they ain't so far from white. I've seen blacker ones in the south seas. Ye see, it's like this: there's all color o' white folks; I be as dark as an old sail, but I ain't a nigger nor yet a Chinee. 'Cause I am originally white. Now

eyed folks. The trouble is, for all her grit and git-up, Mis' Foster is a little mite scared o' them outlandish. She wouldn't be if she'd et, slep' an' swapped yarns with Fijis same as I have. Mis' Foster is plumb scared, that's all they is to it."

It was true. The narrowly-bred New England woman, frightened by their unfamiliar speech, was in foolish terror of these soft-eyed, peaceful Portuguese who had settled on Cape Cod. They molested no one, and asked only work and a place to live, but in



THE CAPTAIN'S SHARE WAS SEVENTY-FIVE BARRELS

some o' them here Spaniards an' Dago-Eyetalians get dark livin' near the waist o' the earth where the 'quator is, an' their skins get tanned, but they are born white as the under part of a fish."

"But my aunt thinks that American girls pick the crop cleaner."

"Maybe, maybe, but they gets half a cent more a measure, an' that makes up. Now last year Mis' Foster got two barrels more'n I did, but it cost even ten dollars more for pickin', so she really lost, 'cause there weren't two barrels difference in the haul o' the gals from 'round here and the haul o' those dark-

Aunt Foster's mind they were mysteriously related to predacious gypsies.

This foolishness gave the Captain at least one point of triumph over Aunt Foster, and he screwed up his eyes in mild enjoyment. Emboldened by her absence, he announced that he intended to have Portuguese pickers this year, too, in spite of her ideas.

"Not that I'll force 'em on her, if she don't want 'em. The survey line is plain, an' she can have Yankees on one side an' I'll have Dagoes on t'other, an' that'll make a happy family."

"I suppose," said Jerome, "that she'll kick."

"Prob'ly, prob'ly. I don't know why it is, Mr. Harbour, but a feller can go on his own straight course, sailin' along before the wind as nice as you please, an' then your aunt comes along like a squall an' hits him broadside."

"Well, you know, Captain, she doesn't mean anything by it."

"I know, I know. A man has to trim himself to take just so much o' a woman's talk, same as you trim to get just the right measure o' wind. What hits the sails is meanin', an' what eases by is jest talk. An' I ain't sech a fool as to carry too much sail in the teeth of a squall."

"Well, I'll ask her about the Portuguese."

"All right, if you want to, but don't ask her on my account. She'll ask me soon enough—too soon. She reminds me of a feller that shipped with me on the 'Jennie Chipman.' Good seaman, clever with his hands, but with his eyes allus peeled fer trouble. Why, with that feller, we didn't need no look-out. Smelled a squall before she'd got started t'other side o' the horizon. Trouble was, he smelled things 'at never got started at all. I like Mis' Foster, an' respect her judgment, but somehow she's allus too far ahead o' things, a little too keen. It's a wonder she don't have all the ma'sh grass to her place mowed down before it's grew."

The question of pickers came up in a day or two, but Captain Ben took no part in the discussion. Illness laid him low, and for long he was not seen out of his door. When the neighbors, including Aunt Foster, missed him and went in to help, they found him in bed. The fire was out and there was nothing to eat in the icebox.

Then for several days Aunt Foster was running back and forth between her house and the Captain's. To take care of him and bear him things to eat was only the kind of neighborly office in which other women of the village shared as a matter of course. But Aunt Foster knew what the others did not, that Captain Ben needed a more delicate kind of assistance, a kind harder to render because he would not be willing to receive it. There were doctor's bills and prescriptions to be filled out at the druggist's in the neighboring town. He had lost the latter end of the few odd jobs from summer people which added to his pennies from July to October. The Captain needed money.

The cranberries would be picked and paid for in three weeks, but not even a good crop on the Captain's share, better than Aunt Foster predicted, would provide comforts for him all winter. His illness might continue. He might be helpless the rest of his life. A sick man needs more money than a well man, and in time of health Captain Ben had not been over well-to-do.

"I s'pose," said Aunt Foster, "that he hasn't put by much. Just thought he'd go on the same way all his life, and never counted on being sick and feeble. That's sailor shif-lessness."

"Why, auntie, you're scolding at the old fellow even when he's laid up in bed." Jerome had come down for a 'rest' at the end of another toilsome two weeks, and Aunt Foster had told him of the Captain's misfortune.

"Scoldin' him! I'm not. I sh'd think I was rather helpin' him, and what I'm tryin' to get through my head now is how to help him more. I was over to Will's this mornin', talkin' to him about it." Will was William Gregerson, General Dealer and Postmaster. It was he that played agent with Boston dealers for the cranberries of this part of the Cape.

"Will says that the Cap'n can have as much credit to his store as he needs, but it's later I'm thinkin' about, when the bills have got to be paid."

"Why couldn't we give him fifty dollars or so?" asked genial Jerome. Jerome had a secret affection for this village and its people that was deeper even than the amiable young gentleman's liking for a "rest."

"Give him money? He'd never take it. He's proud as Jupiter's rooster."

"Who was he, Aunt Foster? Any relation to Juno's geese?"

"No, but you be. And I wish you'd not distract my mind by jokin' when I'm thinkin' out a matter o' life an' death."

"And money," added Jerome flippantly, "which is worse than either."

The distractions that beset Aunt Foster's mind did not draw it from its clear course. She presently had a plan for relieving the Captain.

When the pickers came, Aunt Foster took charge of the bog, Captain Ben's part as well as her own. Being scrupulous in her sense of duty, she hired for Captain Ben a group of Portuguese. For herself she engaged American girls and boys.

Then she did a thing both ingenious and generous.

When a cranberry field is picked, it is laid off in lanes separated by cords three or four feet apart. Each picker must stick to his own strip, and thus fares equally well with his fellows, for the strips are likely to average the same, and no one can monopolize the best parts of the bog.

The survey line across the bog which divided Aunt Foster's part from Captain Ben's was first marked by a line of string; this became the equator, and the other strings lay parallel to it on each side. When Will Gregerson's boy and Aunt Foster had cut the field into its sections, Aunt Foster gave orders. She indicated to one of the Americans the strip he was to take and then she pointed out to one of Captain Ben's Portuguese his section. These two were the vanguard of America against Portugal, of Aunt Foster against Captain Ben. The other pickers strung out on both sides of the equator, each in a zone, and the picking began.

But Aunt Foster had yielded the battle at the start, for she had carefully placed the first picker of Captain Ben's dark people three whole strips inside her own line. So that year the equator lay on the tropic of Capricorn, and of the bog, which has been so equally divided before, the part which yielded fruit to Captain Ben's barrels was much larger than the part which was left for Aunt Foster.

The crop for the whole bog was a hundred and twenty barrels. Of this, Captain Ben was credited on Gregerson's books with seventy-five barrels and Aunt Foster with forty-five. The net profit that year with cranberries at seven dollars and a half a barrel was about six hundred dollars. It was evident to Gregerson that the Captain had three hundred and seventy-odd dollars and Mrs. Foster less than two hundred and fifty.

It was also evident to Gregerson that Mrs. Foster must have done some foolish thing to her bog, though it looked all right to him the last time he passed it. Probably she had put in too much sand.

Of course, being a man, he jumped at conclusions and did not ask Aunt Foster for an explanation. That was fortunate, because she would probably have told him to mind his own business. But, no. She was too happy to say a sharp word to anyone—even to Captain Ben.

Vain Hunt for Shell Fish on Cape

By E. CUTTER



T was during my Yale junior summer vacation. I was at home with my father, Dr. Benjamin Cutter, who taught school in Wellfleet in 1824, and who spoke so highly of the natural glories of Cape Cod, that I thought a trip would be good for my tuberculosis intestinalis and perhaps I might serve as cook on a fishing schooner trip at Provincetown. On board the steamer from Boston to Wellfleet, I met my old teacher of the Woburn-Warren academy, 1841-4: the Rev. Ariel P. Chute. He was a fresh water couchologist and a large and fine collection. He said he was going to Wellfleet and walk thence to Provincetown on the ocean side and expected to find the shells of many marine fish. As I was going there to see the "rock bound" (?) coast in the same place, we went together. I confess I did not know about Cape Cod shell fish. We spent the night at Wellfleet and started on, dissuaded by the landlord, because it was foggy somewhat and the travel so bad on foot. But as we went we passed a small fresh water circular pond with a white sandy shore that was marked with a black bristly ring on its whole circumference. What was our astonishment to find it was composed of numberless minute wriggling, black threads —the common black hair snake! I never saw anything like this anywhere else. To me it was an astonishing sight and inexplicable. After a time we came to the ocean rolling its waves up a quite inclined bank of sand with a strong undertow in which I waded bare-footed and studied its force and did not wonder at its drowning so many people. As I remember, the beach must have been over a hundred feet to the bluffs which I was astonished to find made up, not of rocks, but of glacial moraine of clay of the reddish tint about eighty feet high and as smooth as a house roof, as if fashioned by a landscape gardener! The extent and symmetry of these clay banks have been admired by me for 65 years. I did not understand this tertiary geological formation until in 1875 when I went to Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, and was told that a streak of coal runs through the ocean N. E. and comes out in Nova Scotia. Probably the coal in Fall River belongs to the same deposit of stratas. So I jogged along, ankle deep in sand, delighted with the majestic scenery. But Rev. Mr. Chute did not find a shell to comfort him in the whole route! The hard, useless tramp wore on him so that after awhile he said: "Come, let's lay down and die, no use to try more." Though tired enough, I said: "You can, but I trudge on as long as I can." We trudged to near noon. We were hungry, but waterless.

"O, how I want a drink!" said he, "and we can't get any water." I remembered how I had read in the Woburn Library of sailors shipwrecked on the desert coast of Africa—how they got water by digging in the sand, in the angle between two dunes and told him of it. So I found a place and dug. The water came and we quenched our thirst; no harm from it. Just after this the fog lifted and lo! we were close to the Truro Light House where we could have got water enough. We were civilly received by the keepers, but took no food there—then started for Provincetown on the outside beach until we came to the narrowest part of the Cape. Now we struck inside and got there about dark—well tired out, you bet. Here my teacher shellist returned to Boston disgusted, while I stayed a few days to rest.

Some may think the Rev. Mr. Chute was foolish to think he would find shell fish abundant on the sand front of Cape Cod, but as he probably could not find out he did the best thing to go himself.

There is much to be learned from failures. We are to be rewarded for our fidelity, not for success only. May not those who want to boom Cape Cod find a chance to do so in making aluminum from the grand deposits of clay as described.

Cape Cod Board of Trade

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

The following letter won the second prize (a $2.50 gold piece) in class C in the Cape Cod Scholars' Letter Writing Contest. The writer was in the seventh grade at the time:

Sandwich, Mass., April 29, 1915.

Dear Cousin Kitty:

The Cape Cod Board of Trade is offering a prize to the pupil who writes the best letter about the Cape.

It is such a broad subject that one might easily write volumes and yet not tell all the interesting facts about the Cape.

But I shall attempt to tell you a brief description and hope that it will make you feel that you would like to visit us and see some of the places.

As one rides through in the train, he gains a very poor impression of the towns. A few minutes' walk in any direction from the railroad station will bring one to the most attractive and inviting spots.

Perhaps you do not know that the physical features of the Cape have changed in the past few years. Yes, I can say for the better.

You certainly have heard of the Canal that is nearly completed. This canal connects the Massachusetts Bay and Buzzards Bay.

Buzzards Bay has always been a very popular summer resort. It is there we find the summer homes of many famous people, such as Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland. Although Jefferson had his home in Buzzards Bay, he once said at a dinner "that Sandwich is the prettiest spot out of Old England, and the prettiest in New England." He even requested that he might be buried in Sandwich, and we find his grave marked by a huge boulder in Bay View cemetery in this town.

You of course know that Daniel Webster used to spend his happiest days in this section, fishing and gunning. His room is carefully set apart in the Central House (now the Daniel Webster Inn) in this town.

He and his friend did not succeed in getting all the fish in this section either, but then, that could not be expected when I say there are seventeen lakes in the southern part of Sandwich. This is not only true of Sandwich, but of nearly all the Cape towns. In these lakes large bass, pickerel and perch are caught.

It is not necessary for me to say that salt water fishing is one of the leading industries, when you know it is all about us. Since there is so much fishing done all along the Cape it became necessary to build cold storage plants, and there are already three of these large plants.

One is located on the creek that leads from the harbor to the dock in our town, and hundreds of tourists visit it every season.

I must not forget to tell you that the little trout I sent to you last year was caught in one of our streams. They have a large trout hatchery that interests nearly every one who comes to the Cape. There are several of the hatcheries located on the Cape. Some of the trout escape from the trout run and make their way down little streams which flow through the fields.

A very interesting and profitable industry of the Cape is that of cranberry raising. Many men are known as cranberry kings, and they own numerous bogs from which they reap enormous crops. This offers work to both young and old. Many persons who live hundreds of miles from the Cape have invested in these bogs and get a very large profit from them.

Cranberries are not the only berries that grow plentifully here, for blueberries and blackberries and strawberries are very common. As a rule these berries grow wild, but in many cases farmers have cultivated them. Men and women and even children make large sums of money by picking these berries and selling them.

Our town has installed electric lights and nearly all of the towns are doing the same.

The roads are especially fine for automobiling and driving, having recently been put in splendid condition by the Lane Quarry Co. of Hingham, Mass.

I have not time to mention any more of our industries, but shall simply state a few of the pleasures you might indulge in if you came to the Cape.

Both the beaches and lakes afford wonderful bathing, fishing, rowing, canoeing and sailing.

Driving and horse-back riding is enjoyed. In winter, skating, skeeing, snow shoeing, coasting and tobogganing give way to these summer sports; driving, tennis, golf, baseball and basket ball are a few of the outdoor sports.

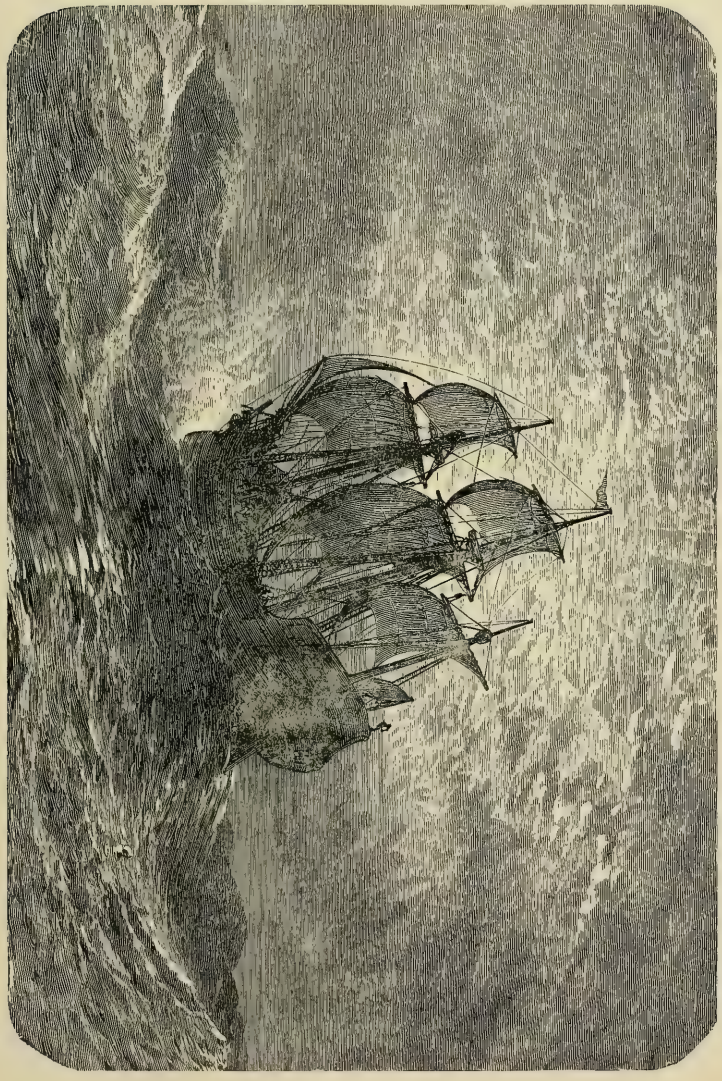
I am in a poultry contest. I have six pullets in a house by themselves and I have to keep an account of my expenses and my egg production. Lately I have been getting five eggs a day. If I win the prize I will get a free trip to Washington, D. C.

I shall lose my disposition if I try to write any more.

Give my love to Cousin Lyman and Mollie. I remain,

Your loving cousin,

ANNA (Bub) MURPHY.



THE MAYFLOWER AT SEA
(From a Rare Old Print)

THE LAST PAGE IN THE SUMMER JOURNAL

By MIRIAM BROWER JACOBS

They who dwell in quiet places untroubled by the crowds that flock with each returning season to mountain or shore, can have little idea what a great change one day can make in a summer resort.

Since the first of July old Provincetown has been a busy, lively place, with jolly throngs of visitors promenading its narrow street, filling the "accommodations" that rattl e "up along" and "down along" the length of the town, and flying over the bay in sailboat and launch.

On the long narrow piers we have met the merry fishing parties coming ashore with the day's catch, and in the centre of the town we have had to push our way thro' swarms of sightseers who have endeavored to take in all the special features of the place, as well as a hearty "shore dinner" in the brief time allowed between the arrival and departure of the Boston boat. There have been the usual groups before the little shop windows, gazing at the familiar display of useless articles offered year after year as "souvenirs."

And the artists, and would-be artists! They have come in increasing numbers and perched high on breezy sand-dune, or on black wharves or in little lanes, have been eagerly transferring to canvas their impressions of subjects both great and small—stretches of sky and sea, ancient wrecks, or the red hollyhocks by a cottage door.

Such the aspect of Provincetown on August 31. Then comes September! Tocsin number one sounds and the change begins. And although the shortened days, and the golden rod waving where in June the pale pink roses grew, told the story of the season's close, yet it is with a feeling of surprise



we see the large number of departing visitors, who with deep regret bid farewell to this quaint little city by the sea.

But it is on Labor Day the great exodus takes place! Then tocsin number two sounds, and a mighty stir is felt the length of the town. Long drays loaded high with trunks rattle down to Steamboat Wharf, the large crowds leaving, added to the crowds who have come for the day, and the crowds who are seeing them off, make the long pier a

very lively place, and when the "Dorothy Bradford" sails away the little crowd left waving farewell feels itself very little and very lonely, and the town it returns to is a very different town.

Let us not go back to the streets now so vacant, but sit awhile here on the pier and watch the boat as it bravely steams away to the great city. Let us watch and wave until it is out of sight, for it carries summer with it. Vacation is at an end, and school bells are ringing, east and west, all over the land. The boys and the girls who are now leaving behind the loved seashore with its clams and crabs, its sand and its shells, must give their thoughts to books, and yet while they study keep ever in their hearts the song of the sea.

A few days hence, the fifteenth of the month, the third tocsin shall sound, and in obedience to its later summons, we with the other loiterers, must depart. Then, with no longer the daily arrival of the boat, and no happy summer crowds flocking through its streets, quiet shall descend upon old Provincetown and the good, kind-hearted people here have their homes all to themselves once more.

Now it is evening and the day so gladly welcomed draws to its close. The sun goes down behind the green-crested sand hills to sink in the ocean beyond. The rose of the west spreads south and east, and the water blushes with the warm, wonderful hues. The boats, lowering their sails rest now on the waves, and all is still except the lap, lap of the water that ripples to the piers. And so the night settles down, the world is very far away, and our summer which was but yesterday, comes to its end.

The morrow? Alas that it is so near for it means goodbye to Provincetown, to shining dunes, to old gray wharves, and to the broad, blue bay.

And what is our summer? Not that which dies as the red glow fades, but the summer that shall live in our love. What is our summer? It is the fragrance of a wild rose that we breathed for one exquisite moment. It is the purple glory of a sunset that flooded the world around us as we stood gazing westward across a silver sea. It is a star-ray that when the sun had departed, shone upon us through the branches of a lonely pine. But more than these, it is the warm handclasp of a friend who stood with us when the wild rose bloomed and watched with us the twilight fade.

The petals have fallen along the little paths, and with the soft south breeze our summer vanishes even as the night descends upon the purple waves. But the friend's warm hand-grasp goes with us with the morrows that shall rise, while in our hearts love keeps burning brightly memory's drift-wood fires.

Cape Cod

KATHARINE PARKER THORE

Cape Cod, the lovely, is a ladye fair,
Wearing a gown of richest forest green;
The myriad ponds her gleaming jewels are,
Sapphire and turquoise blue and tourmaline.

The marshes are her gorgeous tapestry,
Of all deep colors of the Orient;
The wild flowers are the rare embroidered hem,
Where all the shimmering rainbow hues are blent.

Sometimes she weaves, between the clouds and sea,
A robe of silver tissue and of gray chiffon,
And veils her vivid gown and jeweled breast—
To shine more brightly when the fog is gone.

She does not wear the dull, sand-colored garb—
That those who have not seen her beauty hold—
They do not know her flower-broidered green,
Or autumn panoply of flame and gold.

Megathlin's Drug Store in Hyannis, it is safe to say, occupies more space than any similar store on Cape Cod. In fact, there are few stores, if any, on Cape Cod, that occupy as much floor space. The strains of one of the newest songs, or some classic may be heard almost any time on the main floor, emanating from the music room upstairs, where the newest phonographs are on exhibition, and are being tried for a practically continuous line of customers.

Laddie

HERBERT RANDALL

Over the sea when the sun was shining,
Into the west went my laddie fair;
Balmy the breeze as it laughed so gaily,
Dipping the sails in the blue, blue air.

Kisses the sweetest my laddie gave me,
This is the ring that he bound me by,
Down by the rocks in the golden starlight,
Down by the rocks where the widgeons fly.

Over the sea when the sun was shining,
Light as a bird in the month of May,
Fluttered my heart with the heart of laddie,
Whispering low of our wedding-day.

Summer has died and the bounding billows
Hurry away to the far, far west;
Hurry away to my fisher-laddie,
Twilight and evening they sink to rest.

Gone is my heart with the heart of my laddie,
Into the deeps of the boundless blue,
Into the deeps of the wilding waters,
Into the clouds where the moon breaks through.

Autumn has died and the snows are falling
Over the rocks and the rolling sea;
Dark are the tides and the winds are calling,
"Laddie, O, Laddie, come back to me!"

Two Bays Hand in Hand

By P. C. HEADLEY, JR.

Massachusetts, thy firm arm stretched out toward the sea
Was to shelter the sailor and bid commerce free,
But the fog and the wind were too heavy a foe
For they sounded the knell to the ships to and fro.

At last a way of escape has now been decreed
And a blessed release from the wild ocean's greed;
No longer the sirens shall beguile the poor fleet
To a grave on the shore where the sad sea waves beat.

There's a refuge in sight from the sea through the land,
The Cape is divided—two bays, hand in hand;
Extending glad welcome thro' a wide-open door,
Where forever old salts can defy ocean's roar.

OUR COVER PICTURE

The picture which adorns the front cover is of the fireplace in the Squirrels' Nest Inn at East Wareham. This is a famous inn which was once frequented by many noted men, including Daniel Webster, who made it his headquarters on many a fishing trip. The unique fireplace is a feature of the place and attracts much attention from visitors. The house itself is very old and is of much historic interest. It is much frequented by auto touring parties.

The County Commissioners and Town Officers of Orleans have investigated a site in that town looking to the building of a tuberculosis and contagious hospital.

Hon. Thomas C. Thacher personally greeted many friends at the Barnstable Fair and made them feel at home.

Dancing as usual has been one of the pleasant features of the social life on the Cape the past summer, and with excellent music, of which passing mention may be made. As the first use of the violin was the jig, so almost the first use of the orchestra was the early dance, the very word orchestra meaning dance, though in these days we are accustomed to associate the orchestra with the classic symphonies. Those who listen to music intelligently found happily combined in Loring's orchestra of Plymouth, which furnished much of the music on the Cape this summer, a balance of instruments and an unusual excellence of program for the concert; while for the dance the best of the popular music, played with fine spirit and a merry rythm, that fiiis all with effervescent enthusiasm and eager desire for the dance, be it the old or the new. How much pleasure this orchestra will add to our winter dancing, for Mr. Loring has made the announcement that the Loring-Carleton Musical Bureau of Plymouth will continue to fill engagements on the Cape this winter, which will be the first time this orchestra has travelled over the Cape all the year round.

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Chronology of Cape Cod Events

1688. The pastoral relation of Rev. John Smith to the Sandwich church, terminated at his own request.

1691. Rev. Roland Cotton commenced his pastoral relation to Sandwich church.—Ichabod Paddock of Yarmouth engaged to go to Nantucket, "to instruct the people in the art of killing whales" by the employment of boats from the shore.

1693. Rev. Thomas Thornton of Yarmouth closed his ministry and removed to Boston.

1695. Mrs. Mary Prence, widow of Gov. Thomas, died at the house of her son-in-law, Jeremiah Howes, in Yarmouth.

In 1696, the town of Yarmouth in settling the compensation of Rev. John Cotton, provided that "he shall remit yearly the proportion of all those neighbors called Quakers."

1701. The selectmen of Sandwich and Plymouth settled the bounds between the two places. Also the selectmen of Barnstable, Sandwich and Sackoneset, defined the boundaries of their respective towns.

1702. The town of Sandwich gave to Rev. Roland Cotton "all such drift whales as shall, during the time of his ministry, be driven or cast ashore within the limits of the town, being such as shall not be killed with hands."

1703. Sandwich voted to appropriate £200 to build a new meeting-house.

1705. Mr. Cotton resigned the pastorate of Yarmouth church, on account of ill health. He died the next year.

1706. A purchase was made by the town of Sandwich of lands at Herring River, belonging to Zachariah Sias, an Indian.

1707. A "further division of the 40-acre lots" was made in Sandwich. Leave was granted, by the town, to certain persons "to box and milk 2,000 pine trees for two years, £2 to be paid the town for the use."—£20 was appropriated to secure the services of Mr. Thomas Prince "to instruct the children in reading, writing, arithmetic and Latin," and voted "that they who send shall pay £10 more."—4s. per day was fixed upon as the pay for town representatives in general court.—The town agreed to pay for wolves £4, "in addition to what is provided by law."—Barnstable voted permission to several Indians to dwell on Oyster Island, at South Sea.—Harwich voted that "every house-keeper shall kill or purchase 12 blackbirds or 4 crows before the first of May,



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annually, as aforesaid," under penalty of 6s. for housekeepers, or 2s. on single men.—Rev. Joseph Metcalf settled over the society in Falmouth.

1708. Rev. Daniel Greenleaf was settled over the society in Yarmouth.

(To Be Continued)

ELIMINATING MOSQUITOES

Monument Beach, Sept. 10.

Dear Editor:

As a frequent summer visitor in the Cape Cod region I cannot but feel a natural interest in the so-called summer playground of America. The climate is ideal and the public highways are in excellent condition as a rule, so that motoring is a real delight.

There is, however, an outstanding objection to Cape Cod in common with other sea shore localities. I refer to the mosquito which flourishes here annually to a distressing extent.

Is there a remedy for this evil? The answer in brief to this question is "yes," in a proper, systematic and continuous effort on the part of the health officials. The work of exterminating the mosquito devolves mainly upon the state; it is not possible for the laity to solve the problem, but private citizens can and should become an aid of much significance in the movement.

It is not enough to screen dwelling houses, although by this means they are rendered mosquito free. The climate here is one that invites the health and pleasure seeker out of doors, but the discomfort, not to speak of the danger of malarial infection, makes life in the open air highly disagreeable, to put it mildly.

The citizens generally should be made to realize the importance from a health view point of exterminating the mosquito, however expensive the undertaking. Much of the work essential to the accomplishment of this object is educational in character. It has been well said that wherever there exists a strong public sentiment in favor of sanitary measures or methods of preventing disease, an effort to put them into effect soon follows.

I need not stop to discuss the best methods of procedure, these being well known to sanitary authorities. Neither does it seem necessary to remind your readers of the fact that other regions of country than Cape Cod, similarly infested with mosquitoes, have been rendered salubrious as the result of wisely directed effort.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. ANDERS, M. D.

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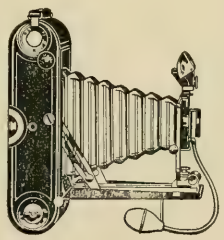
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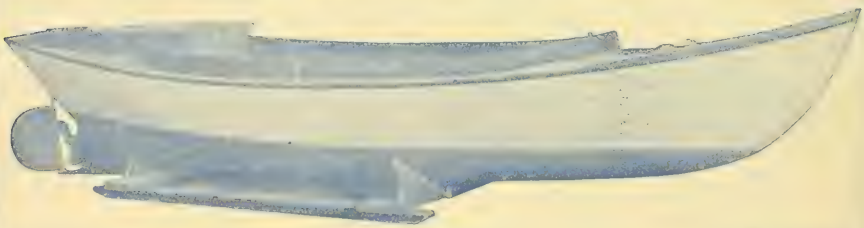


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Cape Cod Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1915

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr.

VOLUME I
NUMBER 7

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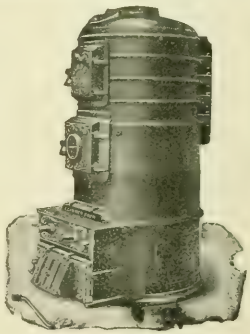
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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 NOVEMBER, 1915 NO. 7

From the Publishers' Desk

THE name "Cape Cod" is known the country over and no matter where one goes Cape Cod men are to be found, and always among the prominent people there. So true is this that the impression has gone abroad that Cape Cod is a place "where people come from," but of late years this impression has undergone a change and Cape Cod is now known as a "place to go to," in the summer time at least. But Cape Cod has other interests than the entertainment of summer visitors. It has commercial interests as well which are coming more and more into prominence. Upon the Cape are found the soundest of banks, the most substantial and prosperous business men and the best of schools. It is rural only in respect to its location, not in respect to the activities of its people. Isolation, as in the case of most rural communities does not prevail. The Cape Codder is as much at home in the cities of the land as he is upon his native peninsular. He is sophisticated in the ways of the world and able to appear at ease anywhere. That he has his own views, which he does not fear to express, no one will deny. Strong in politics, tolerant in religion and shrewd in business is characteristic of the Cape Cod man. It is the aim of the publishers of this magazine to shed light upon some of the activities of the Cape Cod region and to make better known the characteristics which are the key note of its people. The rugged type of its manhood, descended from the purest of Pilgrim stock, is as much in evidence today as it ever has been, and we feel that Cape Cod is destined to fill an even greater place in the future history of our land than it has heretofore.



THE BUZZARDS' ROOST — FROM A MONOTYPE BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON

THE SHIPS OF LONG-AGO

By CHARLES S. RALEIGH

A SEA PICTURE

See that stately ship at anchor,
With spars and sails so trim;
All outside is without a fault,
And she is equally so within.
Her frame is southern forest oak,
That grew for eighty years or more
In a range as wide as an ocean lake
Where none but the Indian trod before.
And all beams and decks are solid,
Though some ugly squalls and gales
Have splintered many of her spars
And destroyed her handsome rails.
And now again she goes to sea
To meet those foes she has met for years,
To swell the amount of her owner's gains,
To any port in the hemispheres.
And thousands weep for the lost in the deep
That were so dear to them long ago;
No mark on the spot, but they're never forgot,
And they rest in the caverns below.

When we, the survivors of a past era, allow our thoughts to retrograde and review the affairs of a few decades of years now passed from our surroundings and sight forever, a sincere spasm of sorrow and regret invades our perspective while cogitating over the rise and fall of that immense gathering of merchant clipper ships, which, carrying the stars and stripes of the nation, were well known to China, Australia, New Zealand, East India, islands of the seas, California and all parts of Europe and to all countries on the globe. Our flag and ships were familiar to hundreds of millions of people everywhere, throughout the seven seas.

No vestige is left to us at this day, only the shadow from some artist brush, which attempts to depict their beautiful lines and structure. For years previous to the decade of the 40's there were a large number of vessels built with more or less fine lines and having a good "clearance," somewhat after the model of the French lugger and the Italian felucha, and they, having made some quick passages, remarkable for that time, and being constructed at Baltimore, Md., were at once vested with the name "Baltimore clippers." This appellation of "clipper" was applied originally by the quick passing of a vessel stern through the water, leaving a miniature wave on either bow, similar to a shears or knife. Nevertheless the phrase "clipper" will remain with us for all time to come. The great speed of the pilot boats of the southern harbors of the United States and their quick working qualities at sea were recognized for years prior to the advent of the clipper ship and as nearly all were constructed at Baltimore that city became famous from early days. Key West had a large fleet of vessels engaged in the business of wrecking—that is, assisting vessels in distress who unfortunately were on the coral reefs around that vicinity. Nearly all were center-board craft and were very fast.

Now, these facts here presented were well known prior to the advent of the clipper ship period and were appreciated by all interested in the endeavor for better service in the shipping trade. The length of time consumed by the passage of the bluff-bowed craft of that day, with a limited cargo space of 350 or 400 tons, was a great disadvantage to the owners and a more profitable type of vessel was sought for.

It was in the year 1841 when John W. Griffith exhibited a model at the American Institute in New York which was favorable to the merchants and owners, so much so that the firm of Howland & Aspinwall, ship owners, embodied the lines of the model in the first real clipper ship—the Rainbow, 750 tons, length 143 feet.

When finished and fitted out by Smith & Damon, her builders, under the charge of

Capt. John Land, she proved to be fast indeed. She ran the passage from Boston to Liverpool in 13 days, 4 hours. (Although hove to in a heavy blow off the Banks of Newfoundland for 11 hours.

She was built for the China tea trade and made many paying voyages. By reason of her speed she received higher prices for her freight, both out and home. Her trips having become famous the builders of New York, Boston, Portsmouth and Baltimore got busy and soon many vessels were on the stocks.

lightness of build in a heavy sea and forcing them by carrying on sail in rough weather strained them so that the cost of repairing them was very discouraging. Accordingly, in 1851 William H. Webb of New York, always equal to an emergency (he built 177,872 tons in 138 vessels, probably more than any other man who ever lived), put upon the stocks four clipper ships which solved the problem of combining speed, strength and capacity. These noted vessels were the Challenge, of about 2,000 tons, the largest clipper ever



From an Oil Painting by Charles S. Raleigh

The Helena of 650 tons was built by William H. Webb of New York for N. L. & G. Griswold; the Howqua of 706 tons was built in 1844 by Brown & Bell for A. A. Low & Brother; the Sea Witch, 907 tons, was built by Smith & Dimon for William H. Aspinwall and the Samuel Russell, 940 tons, was built by Brown & Bell for A. A. Low & Brother. All and every one of them were celebrated for their performances in their day, but their carrying capacity was soon discovered to be insufficient to allow them to pay well, as their

built in New York, owned by N. L. & J. Griswold and commanded by Capt. Bob Waterman; the Invincible, 2150 tons; the Comet, 1209 tons (remarkable for the speed shown by log on her voyages, seaworthiness, productiveness and good luck) commanded by Capt. Gardner.

The latter made the record trip to San Francisco and return in seven months and nine days (her return from the Golden Gate was made in 76 days, the shortest time on record).

The fourth was the Swordfish, 1150 tons, which sailed from Shanghai to San Francisco in 31 days, an average of 240 miles per day, and the shortest time on record.

At this time came the change in the character of names of vessels. Previously and in early days they had the names of more homely characters, such as Dorcas, Eliza Ann, Abbie Frank, Abbie and Elizabeth, Hope, Charity, Endeavor, and many other quaint titles significant to that period. They had marvelous carved figure heads adorning their bows and many an old-time skipper has gazed with emotions of pleasure as he viewed the paint and gold leaf that adorned his vessel's bows (of 150 tons). Then came a period throughout the 40's when we had a hybrid mixture of animal, mineral and vegetable names for vessels, such as Sheridan, Nicholas Biddle, Daniel Webster, General Jackson, Eagle, Albertross, Cape Horn Pigeon, Sparrow Hawk, Isle of the Sea, Evergreen and a host of other names equally as unique.

When the period arrived in the days of the latter 40's and through the memorable 50's and the construction and splendid performances of the clipper ship Rainbow had been presented to the people of the United States, the merchants and builders of ships throughout the country north and south, were enthusiastic over the view and possibilities of the future gain for the nation, there commenced an era of ships being built in the shipyards of the states that began in 1843 and ran to 1855. There arrived during that period at San Francisco 177 vessels of which 70 were clippers, and in 1853 began the greatest importation of the highest priced tea at the port of New York, and between the year 1847 and the year 1856, the total valuation amounted to eight millions of dollars. This clipper ship performance was an epoch long to be remembered and proud of. Certainly all were proud of the immense work of the captains and the speed of the clipper ships that accomplished these results. The newspapers of New York abounded in head lines of large type, telling of "Shortest Passage to San Francisco," "Unparalleled Speed," "Quickest Voyage," etc. Stories were written and published concerning them and their doings were of interest to all.

Splendid work was indeed done by these all-round captains and superb ships of the day. This was indeed the day, which by the discovery of gold in California in 1849, and in Australia, became the golden age of our merchants—from 1846 to 1860. The acme of prosperity to all concerned was reached in that ever to be remembered era.

EXPECTS GOOD BUSINESS

The Cape Cod Power Dory Company of Wareham has had a very good business the past year and expects that next season will be even better. This large concern has shipped their boats all over the United States and builds boats suitable for all waters. They "Ride the Sea Like a Duck but Never Dive." Among their favorite models is the 17-foot sailing dory, the 16-foot shallow draft fishing boat, the 15-foot boat, built



A POPULAR MODEL

especially for outboard motors, and their row boats from 10 to 14 foot. They also make large cabin boats from 24 to 35-foot which are fast, safe and comfortable. Boats built by this concern are in use in the U. S. life saving service and nearly every State in the Union where water is found. They publish a catalog showing all of the different models and are receiving numerous inquiries for next season's deliveries. It is a growing Cape Cod manufacturing plant.



AN AMERICAN SHRINE

The monument built over the famed "Plymouth Rock" at Plymouth, where the Pilgrims landed after leaving Provincetown

MEMORIES OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

By THE EDITOR



THE life of eminent actors, especially the home life, the life as lived outside the theatre, is a sealed book to those who patronize the playhouses and somehow they never seem real persons at all. We give scant attention to the fact that they have personalities of their own, that they live their own lives, have homes, desires and interests like others.

The most conspicuous example of the home life of an actor was furnished by Joseph Jefferson on Cape Cod. Inheriting from his father and grandfather a love for the stage he also had a love for his home, and set about building one that should stand as an example for all time of what a home should be. He was born in the very shadow of the

theatre and with courage and persistence he pushed himself upward until he reached the very summit.

Joseph Jefferson's home was at Buzzards Bay, a mile from the railroad station on the shores of Buttermilk Bay. It was built on a bluff some 80 feet above the water amid the pine trees.

His first house was burned in the spring of 1893. Mrs. Jefferson, who was ill, was carried from the house by servants and one of the domestics perished in the flames. Mr. Jefferson was at the time on his way to the west to fill an engagement, and when he returned he found his home, his valuable pictures, and bric-a-brac, the collection of years, in ashes.

He at once set about rebuilding, the new house to be superior to the old one. The



architecture was largely of his own suggestion. It did not follow the lines of any particular school. It reminded one of an old English country seat. The first story was built of rough Cape Cod pasture or rubble stone, the arches and porches were made of Cape Cod granite, presented to Mr. Jefferson by friends whose summer homes were near his own and were all pleasant souvenirs of old acquaintance. The second story was built of the hard burned bricks taken from near the arches of the kiln, where they took on a deep, rich color—brick which the builders usually reject, but in which Mr. Jefferson's artistic eye discovered fine possibilities in decorative effects.

The interior of the house was homelike and beautiful. Every room was intended for use. They all invited repose or study and were furnished with valuable furniture and pictures. Every article was a work of art and the pictures alone represented a comfortable fortune.

He christened his residence "Crow's Nest." "There were lots of crows here when I first came," said Mr. Jefferson, "and they suggested the name. I have never permitted anyone to shoot them. They are attractive to me. All birds are; but crows are more intelligent than most of the feathered tribe. They are cute and observant. It matters little if they do forage about my place for food; there is enough for them and me. In strawberry time I cover my beds with nets so that the crows will not get more than their share."

In telling how he came to select the spot for his home, he says: " I came down to Buzzards Bay for a day's fishing some years ago with a friend and we sailed around Buttermilk Bay. I was pleased with the place, and going ashore I climbed a tall tree. The whole place was a wilderness then, but from my lofty perch I saw the possibilities of a lovely home. I immediately wrote to my sons, who were then intending to locate in the Thousand Island region. They came here, we saw, we acquired. We built our houses, cleared up the land and this is the result."

Mr. Jefferson was a most ardent fisherman.

With his friend, Grover Cleveland, he spent days in exploring the upper Cape Cod region, sailing over the waters of the Bay and casting his fly into the ponds and streams. He didn't care much for a motor boat. His son Thomas had one and the writer once heard him whimsically remark: "The only thing that works about that boat is Thomas."

Mr. Jefferson was droll and those who had the pleasure of attending the Old Colony Club when he was its president treasure in their memory many of his quaint sayings and witty remarks. As a presiding officer he never gave much thought to parliamentary rules. He went the shortest way to the matter at hand. Cushing's manual had no significance to him, but his rulings were never questioned.

At one of these meetings at Quisset Harbor he was, with other distinguished men, conversing upon the piazza, when it suddenly



collapsed. All rushed to the rescue, fearing that he might have been injured, but he sprang from the wreck unaided and shouted: "Rip-Van-Winkle still survives."

Mr. Jefferson's pastimes were painting and fishing. He was a clever handler of oils and had a power of imagination. His pictures had an originality of their own, not copied directly from nature, but nevertheless true to her.

In the company of congenial spirits his sparkling wit gave them constant merriment. He had a fund of quaint stories, but it must be admitted that he did not originate all that were credited to him.

Those who knew him will long treasure his memory. Strangers were always eager to get a glimpse of him, and upon the trains to and from the Cape there was a general rush to the windows to catch a glimpse of the roof of his house above the trees.

The body of Joseph Jefferson lies at rest in the quiet cemetery at Sandwich. Above it is a huge boulder which he, himself, selected as his monument, and there in plain sight of the thousands of automobilists who pass upon their way, it can be seen, just before entering Sandwich from the west.

His home has passed into the hands of Dr. Elisha Flagg, but it is still remembered as "Crow's Nest," where Joseph Jefferson lived.

How clearly one remembers him, the piercing eyes, the whimsical expression and the deep lines of his furrowed face. Upon the stage he was superb; as a man, a neighbor and a friend he was sublime.

Has your family a history? If so we want you to write us about it. We want to publish the histories of the old Cape Cod families.

When the Tide Goes Out

By HERBERT RANDALL

When sleep comes stealing o'er my eyes,
And like a dream earth's clamor dies,
Then through my lattice, open wide,
The music of the ebbing tide
Breaks over all the listening night,
And soothes me with a weird delight.

Out o'er the vast unsounded sea
My roving spirit wanders free;
All vain desire, all vain regret
Is left behind, and I forget,
When on the water's wings I ride
To music of the ebbing tide.

THE PAGEANT OF CAPE COD

By WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON

EPISODE 3: THE EARLY QUAKERS (1657)

A crowd of Sandwich people, men, women and children, come following William Bassett, the constable, who is leading a cow of William Allen's in distraint.

William Allen—I say to thee, William Bassett, thee has no right to distrain my cattle without the order of the magistrate of Sandwich.

Crowd—No, no! Listen to the magistrate—what he says.

Magistrate—We of Sandwich entertain no desire to sanction measures so severe toward those who differ from us in religion.

William Bassett—I have the order of the Colonial Court. What can I do but carry out its orders?

James Cudworth—This is Boston rather than Plymouth spirit. It may be thou ridest on a Plymouth saddle, friend Bassett, but it is a Bay horse.

Sarah Kerby—Aye, what thee does is against the will of God, and that thee does well know.

William Bassett—Sarah Kerby, I have order here against thee also for abusing the minister. And Tristram Hull, thou who brought to Sandwich that instigator of all this disturbance, Nicholas Upsal, the court orders that thou carry him out of the government at thine own cost and that thou be fined.



THE QUAKER SCENE

Crowd—No, no; we will not have it so.

Nicholas Upsal—Friends, here I am, and I thank God for your kindness and your gentle hospitality, but I would not bring ye into trouble and into bondage for my sake. I was not of this persuasion, but I could not in the sight of God witness the cruel persecution put upon the Quakers, and so said before the

court. Wherefore I was harried out of the Bay Colony and pursued even here.

William Bassett—And thou, Nicholas Upsal, until thou art gone from the Colony must to jail.

William Bassett steps forward toward Nicholas Upsal. The crowd interpose. Sarah Kerby takes the opportunity to get the rope leading William Allen's cow away from Bassett; she gives it to Mistress Allen who hurries off with it. Edmund Freeman steps forward before the constable.

Edmund Freeman—William Bassett, we all, who are thy neighbors know that thou simply doest what thou believest to be thy duty. So we bear thee no ill will. It is well the Governor and his assistants, of whom I am one, should guard the colony from all that would disrupt its peace and unity, but we who have settled Plymouth and the Cape did so for the sake of free independence in religion, and thou must know we must oppose thee in what thou doest.

Mistress Jane Sanders—See who are these who come from Sachonesit. Their plain attire and godly mien would show them to be Friends driven hither by their enemies.

From the direction of Falmouth come Christopher Holder and John Copeland riding on horseback.

Edmund Freeman and William Allen—Who are ye, friends, and what brings ye hither?

Christopher Holder—Our names are Christopher Holder and John Copeland.

John Copeland—We heard we should find Friends here in Sandwich and in Barnstable and Yarmouth.

Christopher Holder—We would commune with those who heed the Inward Light of the Most High revealed to them in their own hearts and hear the voice of God in their own souls.

A number of the Sandwich Quakers go right forward to them with outstretched hand of welcome. William Bassett, the constable, however steps forward in front of them with his staff of office upraised.

William Bassett—I warn ye by authority of the Court of Associates of Plymouth Colony, if ye be Quakers as ye confess ye are, to go hence out of the colony, on pain of forfeiting your horses to the government and being publicly whipped.

Quakers—Nay, nay, we welcome thee both into our midst; we will harbor thee and entertain thee, for we are free men, and we will listen to the word of God as He speaks through thy mouths.



T. H. NICKERSON AS GOV. PRENCE

The Quakers rush past Bassett and gather around Holder and Copeland, bringing them in among them. Edmund Freeman, James Cudworth and others who are not themselves Quakers stand aside watching with consent though not actively assisting in the setting aside of the constable's authority. Christopher Holder and John Copeland come on

down followed by the Quakers; Nicholas Upsal, assisted by Tristram Hull, as he is an aged man, goes forward to greet them. They come with him between them. William Bassett helplessly inveighs against these proceedings, expostulating with some of the other Sandwich people while Sarah Kerby, Mistress Jane Sanders and others half vindictively keep him from interfering.

From the wood-road and the direction of Plymouth come riding on horse-back, Governor Thomas Prence, and his Assistants, Josias Winslow and Thomas Hinckley, followed by one George Barlow and others of their company attending him.

Several—The Governor! The Governor!

Much formal respect is shown as he rides up. He has the manner of one accustomed to authority and to the responsibility of decision, stern, unyielding and austere. The three visiting Quakers are hastily led away to a safe place.

Governor Prence—Well, Master Constable, how are the laws obeyed in this Quaker town of Sandwich? How dost thou perform thy duty? What fines hast thou distrained from these Quakers?

William Bassett—I am opposed by the people in the execution of mine office, and I am unable to collect the fines imposed upon the Quakers by the Court.

Governor Prence—Unable! Opposed! What means this? Those fines shall be collected! Call men to your assistance. General Cudworth, do you uphold the constable in his authority. And Edmund Freeman, you.

James Cudworth—Near all the town adhere to this belief.

Edmund Freeman—All maintain the right to think and worship as he will.

William Bassett—The people are against these persecutions and these laws.

Governor Prence—But I am for them, and I am Governor.

Robert Harper—Thomas Prence, thee shall not constrain the people and place thy lies above God's truth.

Governor Prence—What! What! I cannot bear it! William Bassett, see thou execute thine office promptly on these Quakers, else will I appoint as marshal one who can. (There is a loud murmur of disapproval and resistance).

James Cudworth, Isaac Robinson and Jas. Hatherley—Governor Prence, we would have thee know that we are all against thee in this matter.

Governor Prence—You are! Indeed! I will appoint you three to enforce the laws of the Colony in these towns.

James Cudworth, Isaac Robinson and Jas. Hatherley—We will not take the office on us.

Governor Prence—You know the penalty for declining public office. (They bow). I suspect you to be Quakers in your hearts yourselves. And mind you I shall see that you are disfranchised—aye, disfranchised, do ye hear? I'll make a marshal shall enforce the laws. Here, George Barlow, you I do appoint as marshal to enforce these laws of heresy in Sandwich, Barnstable and Yarmouth with full power, do ye hear!

William Allen—Thee does disgrace the law appointing him. He is a drunken brute.

Mistress Jane Sanders—Who could have thought of such a thing! Did I ever come to New England for this?

George Barlow—I will enforce the laws. And William Allen, methink I have need to call on thee. For holding Quaker meetings in thy house, for attending Quaker meetings in other houses, for entertaining Quakers, and refusing to take the oath, ha-ha! And, ha-ha! I think I do remember that thou once refused to take thy hat off in the court, ha-ha!—£1 more! I will think what goods are the most serviceable to these Quakers, and those will I take when I distrain for fines! Ha-ha!

Governor Prence—Are there any Quakers hidden here now? (Silence).

George Barlow—I'll find them if there are.

Governor Prence—If there be, let them have the strapado! (George Barlow goes zealously out). Ignorant fanatics! Sound education the people need. Compulsory edu-

cation is the thing. Then would they not go idly and profanely setting up their own ideas for the word of God. These Quakers and false leaders—I will rid the Colony of them. Let them have the strapado!—On, my friends to Eastham.

Governor Prence and his party ride on out in the direction of Barnstable and Eastham, the people showing their respect to the office by bowing to him as he passes, the Constable, William Bassett, crying before him, "Way for the Governor of Plymouth!" They watch him go. Christopher Holder, John Copeland and Nicholas Upsal are brought



THE QUAKERESS AND THE COW

forth as soon as he is gone. Then from the other side William Allen and Edward Perry run in wringing their hands in desperation.

William Allen—He has taken all that we have! We are ruined! He has taken all that we have!

George Barlow comes hurrying in after them laughing maliciously, and driving before him eighteen cattle, one mare, and two colts. As he appears, their friends take the three Quakers out again. Barlow has with him a copper kettle, which he holds up jeeringly for Mistress Allen to see.

George Barlow—Now, Priscilla, how will thee cook for thyself and thy family? Thou hast no kettle! Ha-ha!

Mistress Allen—George Barlow, that God who hears the young ravens when they cry will provide for my children. I trust in that God and verily believe the time will come when thy necessity will be greater than mine.

George Barlow—Ha-ha! I'll touch them to the quick! Ha-ha! Then there's Edward Perry and Robert Harper, I will see to them, give them a little Light of the kind that comes of authority! Ha-ha! And I must search to see whom ye have hidden here. I'll root out heresy!

Edmund Freeman—Take cheer and comfort, Goodman Allen. This shall not be for long.

William Allen—Come, friends, come let us seek the comfort of the Spirit together in assembled meeting in my house. Picked bare it is, but thereby more room for the friends who daily come together with us to gain the blessing of the Inner Light.

The three Quakers again are brought forth from their hiding. William Allen and his wife lead the way with Nicholas Upsal, followed by the other Quakers and by the neighborly people of Sandwich led by Edmund Freeman, James Cudworth and Isaac Robinson.

(To be Continued)

The first visit of a President to Cape Cod was made by President Grant, August 28, 1874. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant and by Mr. Belknap, secretary of war, and Mr. Jewell, postmaster general, and by a number of personal friends. The party came from Nantucket via Hyannis, and from that point to Provincetown. Many demonstrations of respect were made at every station at which the train stopped.

Serenity is the capacity to adapt one's self to the inevitable.

The Wreck of the Sparrowhawk

From SWIFT'S HISTORY

TWO hundred and thirty-seven years after the wreck of the "Sparrowhawk," by one of the geological changes on the coast which are characteristic features of Cape Cod, her hull, in a remarkable state of preservation, was uncovered from the drifting sands and afterwards removed, together with a number of articles which were found in or near it. These interesting relics are now to be found in Pilgrim hall at Plymouth. The spot where the ancient hulk was exhumed had from time immemorial been known as "Old Ship Harbor," the reason for which was not apparent until the wreck appeared again to view.

In December, 1626, the Ship Sparrowhawk, with a considerable number of passengers from London, bound for Virginia, was stranded upon a flat at what was then styled Monomyick, but which is now the easterly part of Orleans. The master being sick, they had lost their way and had neither wood nor water on board, had steered for the shore and had run over the shoals, they knew not how. They came directly before the small harbor at Pontanumaquut, and ran on a flat close to the beach, not knowing where they were. The savages on shore came to them in their canoes. The Englishmen were at first inclined to be guarded in their intercourse, but the Indians disarmed their fears by asking if they were "the Governor of Plymouth's men" and offering to assist them and carry letters to Plymouth. The Indians, according to their ability, supplied the strangers with all they needed. The Governor of Plymouth, having received the intelligence, came, with others, to their aid, bringing all the materials asked for.

The season being unpropitious for going around the Cape, he landed near the bottom of the bay, at Namskeket Creek, between the present towns of Brewster and Orleans, whence it was not more than two miles across the Cape to where the ship lay. The Indians carried the things he brought over land to the ship. The governor bought of the Indians a lot of corn to supply the needs of the ship's company, and also to load their boat before returning home.

The Sparrowhawk being repaired and ready to proceed, a great storm arose and drove her further on shore, by which catastrophe she was so badly shattered that she was rendered unfit for sea. The result was that all went to Plymouth, whither also their goods were transported, and where they remained until the next spring.

The years went by and the hulk became deeply buried in the sand and even the memory of her disappearance from the minds of men until 1863 when she again came to view, a relic of Pilgrim days.

FIRST CAPE COD NEWSPAPER

The first newspaper published upon the Cape was issued at Falmouth November 21, 1825, by W. E. P. Rogers, under the name of the "Nautical Intelligencer." It was issued weekly at two dollars a year. In addition to the newspaper the publisher issued, twice a week, extras containing the marine news and important arrivals at Holmes' Hole, for transmission to Boston. The paper also indulged in political speculations, being a strong adherent of Mr. Calhoun for president, for the reasons, among others, that he was "an enlightened friend of internal improvements and domestic manufactures." The paper was printed on a sheet 18 by 25 inches, with four pages containing four columns each, 16 inches in length. In its first issue there was not a single item of local news, except deaths, marriages and ship news, and it contained twelve advertisements. It did not continue in existence long—probably not more than a year and a half.

Some people are always looking for evidence of immortality, and here we are surrounded with it.

BIRD CENSUS AT SANDWICH

By A. WHITMAN HIGGINS
Lecturer East Sandwich Grange

HOW few people here on Cape Cod are acquainted with the birds which are regular residents with us and with those which visit us in migration?

While listening to a lecture on birds at the last State Grange meeting at Worcester, I made up my mind to try to get the members of my grange alive on the subject of bird life. Therefore, at the meeting of Feb. 9th, as Lecturer of the Grange, I offered a prize to the member who would bring in the largest list of identified birds before the meeting of June 8th, which was to be our "Bird Night."

One member said it was no use for him to try for a prize, as the only bird he really knew was a crow—and he was a man well along in years.

The other day a lady remarked, "I wonder what bird that can be; the coloring is so vivid,



WHIP-POOR-WILL

it must belong in the tropics." She was looking at a particularly good picture of our common blue jay. And she was a very intelligent woman, who had spent a good part of her life in the country.

A friend was riding one day in the early summer with an old sea captain, when a brown thrasher flew across the road. She mentioned the bird's name. "Well, I don't believe I ever saw a bird like that before," said he. He was much surprised when she told him she had seen over ninety birds in the last three months. "Why," he exclaimed, "I didn't suppose there was that number of different kinds of birds in the whole world, let alone here on Cape Cod.

A neighbor told me last fall that he would have to shoot the blackbirds because they were eating his field corn. And then when I asked him who saved his corn from the army worm, he had to admit it was the same blackbirds.



COOPER'S HAWK

The State Grange is working hard for the protection of our birds, and at a "Bird Day" held last year at Green Hill Park in Worcester, over one thousand people were present. This year the State Grange held three "Bird Days"—one in Boston, one in Springfield, and the other in South Easton.

The members of East Sandwich Grange took hold of the bird work fairly well, and there were six lists of birds turned in which will give a fairly good idea of the birds to be found here on Cape Cod during the early months of the year.

The first prize was won by J. Albert Torrey, son of Mr. Harry A. Torrey, who is overseer of the State Propagating Grounds at

East Sandwich. They have Wood Quail, Partridge, wild Black Ducks, wild Mallards and Wood Ducks, all hatched in captivity to be released later. Albert Torrey had 108 different birds on his list and had heard a Bobolink, though he didn't see him.

The Lecturer, A. W. Higgins, came second with a list of 94; he saw 18 birds not identified by Mr. Torrey.

John F. Carleton had a list of 81. He saw



BELTED KINGFISHER

seven birds which were not identified by either of the other two.

Louise W. Higgins had the highest list of the ladies—with 83.

Anna N. Armstrong had the next largest list with 71.

Emma B. Ketchum had a list of 62. She and Miss Armstrong saw a Bobolink which was not identified by the others.

The complete list of birds makes a list of 134 different birds seen and identified by the different members of East Sandwich Grange No. 139, between the dates of Feb. 10 and June 8, 1915.

John Carleton saw nearly all of his birds on his own place. There were sixteen different kinds of birds which nested on his farm, the English sparrow, chipping sparrow, song sparrow, barn swallow, tree swallow, robin, golden winged woodpecker, least flycatcher, kingbird, Baltimore oriole, chickadee, yellow warbler, cedar waxwing, crow blackbird, quail, partridge, and several more which were there throughout the nesting season, but he was unable to find their nests.

Birds seen in the town of Sandwich between February 10 and June 8, 1915:

Auk (razor-billed), American Bittern, Baldpate, Bluebird, Blue Jay, Blackbirds (crow, rusty, red-winged, cow-bird), Brown Creeper, Butcher-bird, Brown Thrasher, Bobolink, Crows (common and fish), Coot (American), Chickadee, Catbird, Chewink, Cedar Waxwing, Cormorant, Cuckoo (black billed), Dove (mourning), Ducks (black, wood, mallard, ring-neck, pintail, red-headed), Eagle (bald-headed), Flicker, Finch (gold, purple), Flycatcher, Gulls (herring, laughing, great black back), Hawks (red-tailed, coopers, red-shouldered, sparrow, marsh, fish, sharp-shinned), Humming Bird, Herons (green, black-crowned), Junco, Kinglet (golden-crowned), Kingbird, Larks



BLUEBIRD

(meadow, horned), Loon, Martin (purple), Night Hawk, Owls (screech, barred, great-horned), Oven-bird, Oriole (Baltimore), Old-squaw, Partridge, Pheasant, Plovers (semi-palmated, piping, Wilson's), Phoebe, Quail, Rail, Redstart, Red Poll, Robin, Sparrows

(song, English, white-crowned, white-throated, tree, vesper, fox, field, swamp, chipping), Swallows (tree, barn, bank, eave), Swift (chimney), Starling, Sanderling, Sandpipers (least, spotted, solitary, semi-palmated, pectorial), Scoter (white winged), Shelldrake, Scarlet Tanager, Siskin (pine), Snipe (Wilson's), Snowflake, Teal (green-winged), Thrushes (Wilson, Olive-backed, wood, hermit), Tern (common), Vireo (red-eyed), Warblers (Myrtle, pine, yellow, black-throat-



BOBOLINK

ed green, black-throated blue, parula, mourning, prairie, magnolia, black and white, black poll, Blackburnian, bay-breasted, Maryland yellow-throat), Woodpeckers (downy, hairy), Whistler, Woodcock, Whip-poor-will), Wood Pewee, Willet, Yellowleg.

I am always grateful that a surfeit of the luxuries of life has never come to me, and been allowed to destroy my capacity for enjoying the simple things, I much prefer privation to satiety.

The old Cross Rip light vessel is to be withdrawn from service soon and a newer one put on the station. The old vessel was constructed over in 1865, the last time, and is rated as one of the oldest light vessels in the service. The lightship was run into by a passing vessel recently and while damaged was not so seriously hurt that her withdrawal was necessary, but the lighthouse department has been considering the replacement of her by a later built craft for some time. It is likely that the vessel on the Succonessett shoal station up to the time of the abolishment of that marker some years ago, will be the new vessel on Cross Rip. The Succonessett is being remodelled and repaired in preparation for her new work. She is entirely different from the old vessel, more up to date and better fitted for the convenience and comfort of her crew.

A use has at last been found for Cape Cod sand, about 8,000 tons having been loaded upon cars at Provincetown for the use of the railroad under the wheels of its cars in slippery weather. The Provincetown Advocate says that much faster than people realize is the Cape's substance slipping away under the wash of the surf and under the wheels of the railroad cars.

This number of the Cape Cod Magazine, from the variety of its contributions, shows the interest that is being taken in it by its readers, who have submitted the articles for publication.

Oftimes there is more gospel in one buttercup than there is in many exponents of the truth.



THE CAPE COD MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

OUR POLITICS

CAPE COD has ever taken political matters seriously. Since the days of James Otis we have produced many men who have achieved great distinction in political life. Of late years the politics of the state have been in a more or less chaotic state and we are more and more inclined to vote independently and intelligently. The time has passed when we blindly follow party leaders, when we vote as our grandfathers did, regardless of the changed conditions of the times.

A great responsibility rests upon those who exercise the voting franchise. At the State House and at the Capitol of the nation the men whom we choose to represent us should be the best men we have. They should not be hide-bound party partisans, neither should they be impractical fanatics. They should be men of sober common sense with minds keen enough to grasp the kernel that is concealed amid much political chaff.

It is our business to see that our political affairs are run upon a business-like basis, prejudice and pretty things should be forgotten when we go to the polls to cast our votes. Our minds should be made up, governed by material facts, and free from the influence of political piffle which is fed to us in such liberal doses.

We should learn to disregard most of the campaign literature that is sent us, to ignore the illogical statements made upon the stump and to cast our ballots with a full knowledge of the issues at stake.

When more people learn to think intelligently we will get better representation and better administration.

KEEPING TALENT AT HOME

HOW often do we find that the man whom we considered an impractical dreamer is a genius whom we have failed to appreciate. This thought can be applied to the man who comes to us with a proposition, which, while it may sound wild and theoretical, is really sounded on sound principles and worthy of our consideration. We are too apt to give more consideration to the man than to the idea. We often force our really talented men to seek elsewhere for the support which should be given them at home and the community loses an opportunity that it should have retained. We say to ourselves: "It's one of Jim Jones' crazy schemes" and let it go at that. The fact that we have always known Jim Jones is given more consideration than the idea that he advances. Suppose the idea had virtue in it, Jim Jones finds it hard to get it across in the town where he is known because he is Jim Jones. He goes to some other place, is given a hearing, and his proposition is considered on its merits, rather than on a preconceived idea of the merits of the man who proposes it. This explains why so many men have to go away from their native town in order to make good. If we could keep all of our bright men at home the community would be better off. The saying, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" is as true today as it was nineteen hundred years ago.

HUMAN INTEREST SKETCHES

DURING the summer issues we have of necessity been obliged to give considerable space to articles which have shown the Cape in its aspect as a summer resort and have thus, perhaps, given the impression that the magazine had for its entire purpose the exploiting of the summer interests of the region. This is far from the facts of the case. This publication was founded by a Cape Codder, for Cape Codders, and we have never intended to lose sight of the fact that our interests are varied and that our whole ambition is not to be known as a summer playground. We have a permanent population that for thrift, intelligence and progressiveness is second to none in New England. Among our residents we have men who loom big in the commercial world and we have enterprises and business affairs of great importance which should be better known.

The study of things is ever interesting, but after all there is no study to be compared with the study of man and his accomplishments. It is human interest that thrills us. In every community there are men and women who have achieved success in one line or another and the story of whose lives form a romance that is better than fiction. We want human interest stories, stories of those who "do things." There is room in our columns for many such. The material is to be found in every community on the Cape. There is literary talent there, too. It does not take any great amount of skill to tell a simple story. Submit such articles for publication in "Cape Cod," send us pictures, and if they are suitable they will find a place in these pages where they will be read and appreciated by thousands of people.

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THE production of pottery should be a possible industry upon the Cape. Suitable clay is to be found in many localities in large quantities which might be utilized for this purpose.

THE importation of sea mosses from Germany has been stopped by the war. Is there any reason why we cannot supply the deficiency? Sea kelp, too, has been found to be rich in potash and potash is an indispensable ingredient of commercial fertilizers. Who knows but what our sea-weeds may yet have an attractive value?

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MARK our historic spots with suitable tablets. Our towns abound with places that are worthy of remembrance and local historical societies should not overlook any of them.

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THE numerous local agricultural fairs which have been held upon the Cape this fall show that a revival of farming interest is in progress.

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COLD STORAGE plants on the Cape are being filled with mackerel to await the time when prices are more favorable.

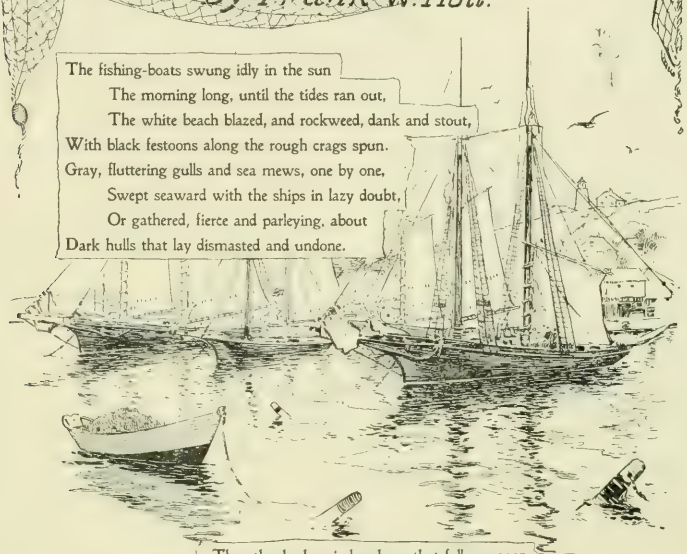
The Portuguese strawberry growers of Falmouth have found it necessary to co-operate for their own protection by forming an association incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. All supplies such as crates, boxes, fertilizers, etc., will be purchased through the association. An order for 45,000 crates has already been placed. It is expected that an improvement in marketing conditions will be brought about by co-operative effort.

A busy season is looked for up to the beginning of the new year on the Cape Cod canal, provided ice does not interfere with the dredging operations which are projected. The Scott Dredging Co. of New York has contracted to remove 30,000 cubic yards of spoil between the railroad bridge and the Bourne bridge, and after this is done there is likely to be more work, not only in the land excavation, but in the Buzzards Bay approach. Because of the shoaling caused by the material dumped in Buzzards Bay, the spoil will have to be carried five miles farther down the bay, off West Falmouth.

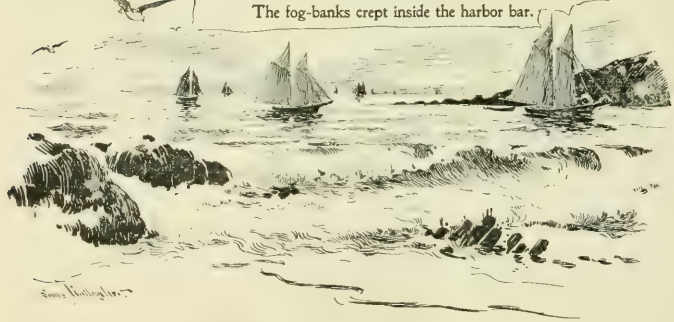
AT TIDE TURN

By Frank W. Hutt.

The fishing-boats swung idly in the sun
The morning long, until the tides ran out,
The white beach blazed, and rockweed, dank and stout,
With black festoons along the rough crags spun.
Gray, fluttering gulls and sea mews, one by one,
Swept seaward with the ships in lazy doubt,
Or gathered, fierce and parleying, about
Dark hulls that lay dismasted and undone.



Then the dead, voiceless hour that follows noon
From mid-day dreams and languishing awoke;
And, white and vast, the first flood-tide wave broke
On the warm beach with many a crash and croon.
The birds and ships came home, and low and far
The fog-banks crept inside the harbor bar.



A MEMORIAL TOWER

A tower, ninety feet high, has been erected upon the Church of the Good Shepherd at Wareham in memory of the late Mrs. Susanna K. Tobey. This tower rises above the town and can be seen for miles. It contains a big clock which strikes the hour and half-hour upon the big bell, the sound being soft and musical.

The lady in whose memory the tower was erected was the widow of Joshua B. Tobey



who was a leader in the New England iron industry and who founded the Tremont Nail Company whose works are still running at West Wareham. Mrs. Tobey lived to the remarkable age of 100 years, retained vigorous health until just before her death and her interest in the affairs of her church and town.

The tower is the gift of her two surviving sons.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

By J. P. H.

Are the readers of this magazine aware that with the invention of the pin clasp now in universal use by merchants in fastening tags, the death blow was given to a flourishing industry on Cape Cod?

Occasionally now we remove a tag from a ready-made garment by slipping it through a loop in the string that holds it. There was a time when women and children throughout the length of the Cape were employed in adjusting these strings which were cut the required length and sent out with the tags.

One old lady tells me that when her son was ac hild she earned enough money one season to buy him a suit of clothes and herself a woolen cape, and she did it stringing tags.

The industry has waned, but there are still small boys and girls whose mothers need ready money, and who are willing to work for it in the months when summer visitors are gone and winter fires are needed.

Why does not some individual with a genius for portraiture invent the American doll and send it down on the Cape to be dressed?

Surveyors are at work on Harding's beach, Chatham, under the direction of the Massachusetts Harbor and Land Commission, to ascertain the probable cost of cutting a channel through Harding's beach, west of the lighthouse, 150 feet wide and 15 feet deep, into Stage harbor, to provide a harbor for vessels half way between Vineyard Haven and Provincetown.

If you are not yet a subscriber to this magazine you ought to be. Send $1.00 to the Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich, and have your name added to the rolls.

Do not regard poverty with contempt; far better were it that you should spend your time in correcting your own deformity.

DEB'S HILL

By MARY M. BRAY

Deb was by no means a myth—scarcely a tradition. She was a very real personage. Her doings and sayings are, however, somewhat traditional, since they have come orally to this generation from a preceding one.

At some period in her life, Deb had, doubtless, a surname, but if so, it had dropped away from her in the obscurity of her past. In this, however, she was scarcely worse off than are some royal personages that one hears of, though they, to be sure, make up for the latter deficiency by a superfluity of individual names, while Deb was known only by this three-lettered contraction.

Deb was tall and muscular, a woman of the Meg Merrilies type. She had not, perhaps, quite so much the air of a prophetess, judging from the reports that still linger in the vicinity of her haunts, but we can not say what she might have been made to appear, under the transforming imagination of Scott. She had, or pretended to have, similar gifts. If you crossed her palm with a bit of silver, she would trace wonderful fortunes on your own. She shuffled cards with a mysterious air, as though some occult force controlled the combinations and she gazed at the floating tea-leaves in the bottom of a cup with the eye of a seeress.

She lived in a small hut of one story, situated on a pine-crowned hill, about two miles from the village. The smallness of the hut seemed to accentuate her size. Her head reached nearly to the unceiled roof; her presence appeared to pervade the whole building. The front room into which one entered directly from the outside, was her living room. It had two small windows and a fire-place. There she, presumably, cooked, ate and slept. Back of it was a smaller room, scarcely more than a closet. About this hung an air of mystery. She seldom allowed any one but herself to enter it, yet she made frequent trips into it and back again for no apparent purpose, as she returned almost immediately. She may have used it for a store-room if she ever had any stores to put in it, which is doubtful; or it may have been connected in some way with her spells and divinations, like the dark cabinets of the seances.

Deb's nationality was a problem. That she had some Indian blood in her veins was certain. There were unmistakable evidences of this in her tall, straight figure, her deep-set eyes and the copper-colored tint of her skin. Tradition said that she was also of gypsy origin, because she was given to long periods of wandering. She would now and then be missing for days—and even weeks. She gave no hint of her going, nor of her destination or object. She simply put two nails over her door latch to indicate her absence, and such was her awesome reputation that these were never withdrawn, nor her hut invaded even by mischievous boys.

During the warm weather, Deb often came to the village with bunches of herbs and baskets of berries, beachplums and wild grapes in their respective seasons. These she offered for sale at rather variable prices, according to her mood of the moment. In the winter she lived chiefly upon divination and charity.

So homogeneous was the population of the Cape in those days that people leaving their homes for a few hours seldom locked their doors. It would happen now and then that a housekeeper, coming back from an entertainment, or a friendly call upon a neighbor, would find that her pantry had been invaded during her absence. If she found flour and ginger scattered about and her molasses jug, milk pitcher and yeast bottle lacking a part of their contents, she at once surmised that Deb had been there, and had been making bread or gingerbread to take home with her. People were neighborly in those days, and nobody protested against this habit. Deb was never known to take anything else that did not belong to her. She would have scorned

to steal! But to make for herself needed food, in any convenient household, she seemed to regard as a right.

Deb long ago disappeared from the haunts of men. When, where or how, her exit from earth took place, neither history nor tradition has said. No vestige of her hut is left. But the hill remains, bearing its crown of pines as of yore, and it is still known as "Deb's Hill."

THE OLD GRIST MILL

By GEORGE B. STEELE

As there are so many of the readers of this magazine who are interested in the "historic souvenirs" of Cape Cod I take the liberty of writing a little history and description of the old grist mill located in Chatham.

This mill sits upon a beautiful little hill, giving a fine view across Stage harbor and Harding beach. It was built (as near as can be determined) in 1797, this date being carved in the stairway on the lower floor.



OLD WINDMILL AT CHATHAM

Christopher Taylor, Oliver Eldredge and Zenas Nickerson are the only millers mentioned by the present caretaker. These men owned the mill one after the other and made it strictly a business and profit-sharing proposition which was in every way successful.

In 1896 Nelson Floyd of Winthrop purchased the old mill as a relic to be preserved. In 1913 it was purchased by Charles Hardy who now owns it. At the present time Mr. Hardy employs Otis Eldredge as care-taker and operator of the mill. Mr. Eldredge puts the sails on every Sunday (weather permitting) and causes the old mill arms to turn just as they did in the days of long ago. The old mill is in perfect order and the mill stones are in excellent running condition.

Mr. Eldredge was born in Chatham some fifty years ago in the shadow of the old mill and has resided in the town most of his life. He is well posted on the history and operation of the mill and is able to tell the story in an interesting way. He can be found at the mill every Sunday through the summer months where he welcomes visitors. If you are interested in seeing a grist mill of the olden time and seeing it operated you will do well to visit it. It is more than likely that you will find people there from all over the United States all interested in seeing this relic of former days.

Communication by telegraph was first established between Boston and the Cape in 1855. Two lines, in fact, were projected and put in operation at about the same time, one known as the Boston & Cape Cod Telegraph Company, the other as the Cape Cod Telegraph Company. After a lively competition for a few years they were consolidated and then absorbed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Love is as natural to some natures as are the flowers to the fields.

Summer Folks

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

Wal, I kin jest remember,
And 'taint sich a long ways back,
When you cum tew rekon up the time
And try tew think of facts.
It's hard tew put things tewgether,
And make um fit jest right,
And when you come tew figger up
It's 'bout as black as night.

But what I was going tew tell you 'bout
Was the first time that I seed
Them hungry lookin' skeletons,
That cum down here lookin' for some feed,
And fresh air and salt winds,
That blowed in from the open space,
Way out yonder tew the easterd,
That puts the color in your face.

We natives use t' pitty um,
When we'd see um lawlin' 'round,
With hardly strength enuf remainin'
Tew git up off the ground.
You see they come from the city
And we called um Summer folks,
And way down here on old Cape Cod,
They looked like forlorn hopes.

They kept crawlin' 'round 'mongst the sand,
And drifted 'round in boats,
And let God's sun shine on um some,
That changed their Summer coats,
And made um eat and sleep like pigs,
And atter 'bout a month,
They went back tew their city homes,
A healthy lookin' bunch.

Filled chock ablock with Cape Cod sand
And breezes from the sea,
They'd chew the hinges off the shed
For an afternoon pink tea,
And act jest like a livin' thing,
With hides as tough as nails,
And tell their friends up yonder
Some dreadful startlin' tales.

About the Cape Cod sand and things
They'd seed away down here,
And if God was only willin'
They'd be there another year.
And sure enuf when Spring come 'round,
Like the swallers homeward bound,
They'd flock down here with all their friends
Tew git a coat of brown,

And Cape Cod sand and sich things,
Tew take home with um in the Fall,
Tew last them through the Winter
Where they're hid behind brick walls.
That's about the way they started in
A comin' tew these shores,
Nigh 'bout forty year or more ago,
Its kind of Old Folk Lore.

There wasn't much 'round here then
That anybody seed,
But hills and sand and ocean
And a lot of old pine trees.
But somehow it put the vim
In them tired and weary souls,
And sent their blood a-boundin'
Like a rabbit for his hole.

And now the Doctors tell us
That the Ozone that we git,
From the pine and ocean mixter
Makes you healthy, strong and fit.
To fight the daily battles
That cum along your way,
In the great big, busy cities
Where you're shet in from the day.

In them days Doctors 'round here
Was scarce as hen's teeth in the Fall;
They could'nt live on sick folks
Cus there wasn't none at all.
And the way we started grave yards
Is kinder sad tew tell;
We got victims from the shipwrecks
Throwed in by the ocean swell.

Why, we didn't know what sickness was
Till them Summer folks appeared,
And we kinder hid away from them
'Cus we felt a little skeered
Of their soft and silly actions
And their helpless sort of ways;
We jest didn't understand em much
For many Summer days.

But it's funny how things twist about
And make you think another way,
Well, that's jest what happened in this case,
When we found they'd come tew stay.
So we jest mixed in among um
And had a spankin' time,
We found they's 'bout the same as us
Only a little different kind.

We larned from them new fangled things
That we'd never knowed affore,
And I guess they got some pints from us
When flukin' 'round the shore.
Well, anyhow they kept on comin'
And every Summer brought some more;
They somehow couldn't keep away
From the pines and sandy shore.

When the sun set things a bilin',
In them pesky city streets,
They seemed tew dream of this blue sky
And the cool, white sandy beach.
And down they come a 'flockin'
Like sea birds 'round the shores,
And the natives give um greetin',
And a welcome tew their doors.

Well, little shacks begin tew rise
'Bout the hills and bays,
And broken-down old native homes
Was fixed up in many ways.
And the boys and gals that went away
To hunt for fortune's pile
Begin tew come back home agin,
With their city talk and style.

Then we started in a makin' roads
Of broken stones and sich,
And hard enuf to hold a horse
From sinkin' tew his hips.
Well, when we got the roads fixed up,
We covered um with ile,
And the automobile rider's face
Wore a clean, contented smile.

Then the big ones cum along,
That had money in their clothes
And built what they call bung'lows
Up where the sea breeze blows.
And the boardin' houses and sich like
Was filled chuck tew the brim,
With Summer folks from everywhere
And they all cum back agin.

And now them great big Inn's they call um,
That charge five dollars a day,
Is planted in 'bout every town,
And allus make it pay.
And the Cape is full of Summer folks
From Plymouth to the Race,
That's the pint outside of Provincetown,
Jest a sand dune sort of place.

When the Spring time comes 'round agin'
And the Winter chill is past,
They come here with them city ways
And smiles that seem tew last
Till they go back in the Fall
Full of grit and lobster stew,
And tough as white oak timber,
Tew take up their work anew.

So you see things have changed some
In this sacred Pilgrim Land,
When jest a little while ago
They called it Cape Cod sand.
We can't git along without um now,
Them Summer folks so dear,
And when they leave us in the Fall
It starts a silent tear,

And a lonely sort of longin',
That we'll see um in the Spring,
With them same sweet, smilin' faces
And all the joys they bring
Tew this land of peace and comfort
Where all can git their rest.
Them folks call it God's own country
Where He smiles his very best.

SOME GOOD FISHING

THAT there is good fishing in Cape Cod ponds is evidenced by the exhibit shown herewith which represents the catch of a few hours by the two boys depicted, in Seymour's Pond at Pleasant Lake.

Pickerel, bass and perch are plentiful in the ponds about Pleasant Lake and a day's



SOME FISHING

fishing there is rare sport. This group of lakes, or ponds, as they are locally called, are easily reached, of large size, and well stocked with fish. The largest, Long Pond, is three miles in length and a very beautiful sheet of water.

The State Trout Hatchery

By MARCUS MORTON COPELAND



E went down the Cape on an automobile search for wild grapes and beach plums—and got something else.

The something else included a view of the wonderful apple orchards of South Sandwich, a delightful inspection of the State fish hatchery and interesting and valuable information concerning the question which has been fogging up the wise ones at the State House concerning the Economy and Efficiency Board and the conduct of the Fish and Game Commission.

The early frosts, last May, that created havoc on the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod especially, prostrated the grape blossoms also, and something very much like it must have prostrated the beach plums by the wholesale. But the South Sandwich apple orchards, they were a marvelous sight this fall. Limbs of sturdy trees sagged to the very ground with their burdens of glorious fruit in most perfect condition, the limbs fairly breaking with their overloading in frequent instances. And it is all the more remarkable because of the barrenness of the fruit orchards almost everywhere else in the Cape peninsular, except right there in the picturesque and superlatively lovely lower Sandwich section.

Baldwins in plenty, red and streaked with yellow and white, enticing to the eye and luscious to the taste, they were just ripening, and why so many on an "off" year we failed of a satisfactory answer among the farmers.

"Did you pick off the blossoms last year and turn the trees into off year bearing in that way?" was asked of several residents.

"Nothing of the kind," replied one man. "They just grew that way, bearing of their own accord. There's nothin' in that scheme of pulling the blossoms off to change them over to bearing on the opposite season."

"But there must be some reason for this condition, that is so advantageous. Things don't happen that way, in fruit culture, do they? Is it possible?"

But it is a fact, explain it as you may.

Inquiry developed the statement that some of the South Sandwich trees bore remarkably full crops last year, which complicates the situation. South Sandwich is favored ground, that is clear. The late Elbridge Cushman, of Lakeville, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture during Governor Russell's incumbency, for many years before he died was wont to lecture, write and prophesy, that the time was coming soon when the farmers of New England would wake up to their opportunity to grow the little red apple of the old Bay State and of the State of Maine, for export—for in this direction profitable agriculture on the hills and in the valleys of New England lay certain and constant. The flavor of the New England apple is the best of them all, Mr. Cushman urged, day in and day out, and that is the secret of their being a successful crop when the conditions that make them grow abundantly are studied and followed.

If one were going to turn his attention to agriculture, on a broad scale of course, would it not be well to look to the apple, possibly next to the cranberry, the growing of which fruit appears to be somewhat overdone in these parts? South Sandwich appears to be a most favored spot for reasons that are worthy of inquiry more persistent than one can give the subject in an hour or two of superficial examination, when searching for wild grapes and beach plums.

Gliding along through the valley, coming up from the vicinity of West Barnstable, we reached the fish hatchery. Lovely spot! Trout! A million of them, more or less. It was enough to make a sportsman desperate to watch them, square tails all of them, of all ages and in all stages of development.

And the attendant for the State Board of Fish and Game was courteous and interesting with his lore of the trout and explanations of the work conducted there. An especially large fish, that looked to a layman to be

around three pounds in weight, he said might actually tip the beam at a little better than a pound. Deceptive? Of course they are. So are all fish to those who catch them, and to spectators. Who ever under-rated the weight of a live fish—that he didn't get?

The methods pursued to get results at the hatchery were exceedingly interesting to our party. The water and the pools must be just right. They are all that at South Sandwich. Above, across the road, is a small, deep pond of fresh spring water. It is the quality of water that caused, primarily, the State plant to be located there. The pond is fed by innumerable springs of the clearest, coolest, best, of Dame Nature's outpourings, sparkling and pure. Then followed the diverting of the brook which crossed the road, to the large yard.

Albert, of our party, fairly shrieked with delight, gazing across the pond and catching sight of a large quince bush. It was a veritable tree in size, growing down to the water's edge, with its large, yellow, wholesome fruit dangling clear out over the water.

Four-inch pipes lead the water to each pool, and there are half a hundred of these, or upwards of that number. The bubbling spring water spouts out of the ends of the pipes and falls with a refreshing splash into the pool below; a smaller pipe, upright, gushes forth more spring water from the contributing source, right up from the bowels of the earth beneath, supplementary to the brook, feeding the water from above and across the roadway.

The entire valley, thereabouts, is surfeited with spring water underneath, the attendant said, and they can drive a pipe anywhere there and, at varying depths, get a "gusher" without question. These "gushers" help to keep the pools filled with the sparkling oxygenized fresh water constantly. Hence the success of breeding young trout here.

Trout must have plenty of the freshest and best of spring water all the time when in captivity, else they pine and die. The trout, it seems, is above all else a running-spring-water fish. That is why, when they transport them in large iron cans, reinforced metal garbage cans preferred, with which to stock brooks and ponds throughout the Commonwealth, an attendant must go along with the fingerlings and put oxygen into the water frequently, or lose the precious, lively young fish.

One method is to use heavily iced cans. The ice as it melts trickles down the inside of the cans from the extension tops that contain the ice cakes, into the water and fish receptacles below, serving to maintain the temperature at the requisite register for keeping the fish lively and frisky.

And the trout are frisky. The fish, little and big ones, dart almost faster than the eye can travel in the narrow confines of the pools. The latter are approximately five by ten to fifteen feet in width and length, the latter varying according to circumstances.

Swiftness is the trout's first name, all right. Charley, of our party threw a cigarette butt at them in the pool and, presto! a fish darted and was there, top of the water, right on the spot with a flip of his square tail. When the butt struck the water he made off with it, skeedaddle! It was impossible to tell what disposition he made of it or where he went, for that matter, it was so sudden. Another man tried cigarette throwing, but no trout offered to snap at it.

"They will try anything once," said the keeper. "But they never go after anything the second time, not if it has stopped on the water or out of it before they get it. It has to be in motion to attract them." Peculiar, these trout fish, are they not? They must make interesting mistakes at times. That is when the "fly" fisherman gets them, I suppose. It looked reasonable to most of us.

Then came the information about the trout and the ducks. There is no State duck farm here. But there are ducks, lots of them, in the ducking season—and, by the way, they had just begun flying along the Cape Cod shores; wild ones. It is no end of a task for the keepers at the trout hatchery to keep the

wild ducks away from the trout pools. They come in at night, from the sea mostly, and somebody has to be on guard. It is like sitting up with a sick friend, only it is different. There may be an attack of ducks during the night, and maybe not, but the watcher must not nod—the quackers will get them if he doesn't watch out.

But there is no duck hatchery there. That is a mistake. We looked around a bit, but there was never a sight of one at South Sandwich. They were hatched, the ducks that bother the help and the Commonwealth's trout, away off up country, somewhere—or is it down South? I did not learn about that definitely. And how they do fly along the Cape shores. And how the gunners enjoy the chance to pop them. Gunners who have learned that the trout hatchery is a drawing card for wild duck are having the best of sport. That is a tip to the sporting fraternity from yours truly.

I did notice one thing that puzzled me more and more after we left the hatchery. It was a decoy duck. I wonder what the hatchery attendants do with a decoy duck? I wonder! What's the answer?

"In November it will be busy with us," said the keeper in charge that day. "That's when we 'strip' them. They will breed that month and then we have to take 'em, by hand, and squeeze the eggs out of them."

It seems that this method is resorted to that they may get the best results and obtain the larger quantities of new life. Certainly there is a lot in this fish culture that was not thought of in thy philosophy, Horatio.

There are the several ages of trout life, in the several pools, from just hatched and tiny fingerlings up to the really big fish, four years old. They are then generally fully matured as a rule, although some fish develop faster than others, and when the separating time comes these get cast in with the fish a year older, more or less, and it is possible for a trout only two years old to be so forward that he may get into the four-year-old pools, a generation or two ahead of his brothers, back with the half-grown fish.

In spite of the criticism that has been aimed at the Commissioners and their underlings the Fish and Game Commission is doing wonderful work at South Sandwich and I am going there again some day to watch the trout dart about. It is fascinating just to see them do it—they do it so well.

HOWO CHINAWARE

It is said, when the "Howo" bird descended from Heaven, there appeared a Wise Man who ruled the country so peacefully that the peasants enjoyed abundant harvests, which spread happiness throughout the land, filling the hearts of all the Japanese people with joy and gladness. Thus runs the legend of the "Howo!"

This legend of the "Howo" bird has been utilized in "Howo" Chinaware.

The "Howo" Chinaware is a Japanese ware, pleasing in design and serviceable. Ever since Chinaware has been known in the world, up to the present time, its dainty color scheme of blue and white has been much admired. By appliances of modern science it has been made particularly strong and durable, and is therefore suited to every-day use.

In Japan this design is generally called "Howo Moyo"; this is combined with "Kiku" or "Chrysanthemum," which is the queen of flowers and the Emperor's Crest or Coat of Arms and representative of the Japanese nation. It is of ancient, historic origin and very unique.

How it happened that this design is by some called the "Turkey" pattern we do not know but the belief of its being an omen of good luck is universal. Every family that uses the "Howo Chinaware" will have peace, prosperity and happiness.

A very interesting display of "Howo" ware is on display in the Japanese rooms at Megathlin's Drug Store, Hyannis.

THE NEW HEN

From L. B. BOSTON

The following snappy article, copied from a Colorado paper regarding "The Business Hen," seems also quite appropriate for our Cape conditions:

A new hen is slowly but surely coming to the front in eastern Colorado. Some of our people are slow to make her acquaintance, but those who know her have adopted her for good. The woman who feeds the old hen, the mongrel producing just enough eggs and meat to pay for her board and room, is as far behind as the dairyman who milks range cows for butter fat.

The new hen eats no more and requires no more house room than the old hen, but to do her best she should have better shelter than is usually provided for the hen we have to feed so long; not more feed, but more variety is needed, and a little more attention to comfort and cleanliness will be fully repaid.

I do not know what to call her as she is of many sizes and colors, white or brown or red or other color, but for want of a better name we will call her "The Business Hen." She is well-bred, pure-bred; the pure-bred animal of whatever kind is bred to an end for maximum production at minimum cost. She lays ten dozen eggs a year, with plenty of time for a three months' vacation for the molt. Hatched at the right time, fed a variety of things that may be raised on the home farm, kept in sanitary surroundings, in her pullet year, she will lay when eggs are high in price. But you cannot raise her by the hit or miss method; under the old conditions of survive or perish, she will not make good.

She believes in housecleaning oftener than once a year; she believes with Bill Nye that "A few fleas are good for a dog," but does not believe in many lice, mites or bedbugs for a hen. She likes a bath on Saturday evening and this is not usually provided in winter. She belongs to the girls' canning club and believes in greens out of season, something fresh and succulent when nature does not provide it. Root crops and alfalfa will fill the bill. Of course she likes all kinds of grain, but a mash at noon on a cold day is like chicken soup to a man. The mash is a good way to cheapen the food cost; cull potatoes, boiled, mashed and mixed with bran cannot be improved upon for dinner.

The business hen is not in favor of a dry Colorado; she objects to a dry or dirty water dish; she also relishes a dish of milk. Plenty of milk, especially buttermilk or sour milk, from the beginning to the end, means health, quick maturity, more eggs.

SALT WORKS AT DENNIS

By AUGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP

I was interested in your correspondent's description of the Saltworks on Cape Cod, but in mentioning the different towns she overlooked one important town; the town of Dennis, which extends across the Cape, a distance of eight miles from shore to shore. There is North, East, South and West Dennis, and along the shore at Dennis there used to be rows and rows of salt works. Their roofs were made like the roof of a Quaker house and shingled to keep out the rain. They were turned off the vats in the morning to admit the sun into the vats which were filled with seawater, pumped up from the ocean by the aid of windmills. After a time this water evaporated and left quantities of pure salt, which was shoveled into carts and carried away to be sent to market. At night just as the sun was going down these coverings were placed over the vats until the next pleasant day. They were very particular to cover them when it looked like rain for fresh water would spoil the salt. The creaking of the machinery as they were turned around could be heard all over the village, and the cows returning from pasture to be milked, with the last rays of the setting sun, made the twilight hour a very lonesome time of day. The beautiful sunsets on Cape Cod. I have seen none so rare. I used to gaze towards the west and wonder what the future had in store for me when I should bid good bye to that dear old spot.

Oh, dreams of my youth! to my vision
No others were ever so fair
As thine, shining out from my childhood
From the halo of love glowing there.
Oh, oft on thy white wings fly backward
In the sunlight of memory's rays,
And bring to my soul all the gladness
And Peace of those innocent days.

ON THE LINKS BY THE SEA

By L. C. HALL

MAZIE wore a new blue silk sweater and a scowl upon her pretty face as she made vicious drives into the net of the practice tee near the club house of the Ben Lomond golf course. What was the use of knowing one looked nice when there was none to see? Why had she spent so much time "dolling up" on this bright October day, making her arrival too late for her to participate in the "foursome", the bright colors of whose golf jackets were just disappearing over the hill in the direction of No. 1? She hoped they would foozle and slice and lose their balls. What right had they, anyway, to make up a "foursome" when they knew she was coming? With a sweep of her driver she sent her ball clean over the top of the net into the briar patch beyond.

With a patience born of vexation which was beyond expression she climbed the fence, with a charming display of silk hosiery which there was none to appreciate, and walked daintily among the briars, trying to tread out the wretched hidden ball.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed as a briar entwined itself about her neat ankles. She struggled wilfully to d i s e n t a n g l e the thorny encumbrance that was pricking her so viciously. So intently was she engaged in this occupation that she did not see the young man who appeared over the brow of the hill and who was watching her with a quizzical expression.

So she was prettily surprised when she heard a deep masculine voice say, "Wait a bit, young lady, I think I can help you if I may be allowed."

Without waiting for a reply he strode into the briars, regardless of the thorns, and easily disengaged her entangled impediments. With murmured thanks Mazie's face cleared and a bright smile replaced the frown. "Where did you come from?" she asked.

"Oh, I just happened along," he said, "hoping I might not be too late to get into the game. You see I am a stranger here and taking the chance of intruding where I am not wanted. But I could not resist the temptation to shoulder my clubs and wander over here and see if I might not be lucky enough to get an invitation to play. It was dull over at the Beach, so late in the season, you know. Over at the cottage where my sister lives they told me that visitors are not frowned upon here—and so, I am here."



"If you will accept an introduction, and in turn extend an invitation, I should be

glad to 'go round' with you. My name is Frank Douglass."

Mazie was not in the habit of accepting such informal introductions. At the private school which she attended the Misses Perkins had warned their pupils of hap-hazard acquaintances and told them that it "was not done" in the best society. And yet there was no doubt of the attractiveness of the proposition under the present circumstances. She wanted to play. She didn't want to play alone, so—what the harm?



With a pretty nod of acceptance she reclimbed the fence and gathered up her clubs, walked over to the sand box, teed a ball and with a free swing of her driver sent it out of sight over the hill. Waiting for him to make his drive, she strode beside him while he made some casual remarks about the wonderful view of the bay lying beyond.

There was no disputing the fact that the links were most delightfully located. From the club house on the hill could be seen the blue waters of the bay, the shining silver thread of the canal and in the distance the curling smoke of a steamer heading for its entrance. Overhead was a flight of gulls, their white wings flashing in the sun as they wheeled and circled. Beyond was a broad marsh resplendent in fall tones. The sky was clear and the air crisp. It was an ideal fall day on the Cape—just the sort of a day to make one glad of mere living—just the day for a round of golf.

Somehow they did not feel like new acquaintances. There was something in his frank countenance that inspired confidence and invited friendship—while she was just a girl and a very pretty one at that.

The comradeship of an hour and a half spent upon the nine-hole course, the intimacy of searching the gorse for balls that persisted in hiding themselves, the inherent courtesies of the game, all vied to make them feel at ease and when the round had been made and she had beaten him by two strokes at the last hole an understanding had been established between them which had entirely dispelled the annoyance with which she had watched the other club members in the distance when she arrived and found herself alone.

As the last putt was made and they strolled together toward the club house where the other players were watching them, they again turned to look seaward, across the bay where the shores on the other side appeared in a hazy distance. "Isn't it just splendid today?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied; "but I feel like the Scotchman whose opponent had been likewise enchanted. 'It's nae time to enjoy aye view whin a mon's twa down'."

With a laugh she turned and they went up the steps.

"Oh! Mazie, where did you get him?" were the greetings that they received from her friends. Introductions were made and Frank was admitted into the fraternity of

the Ben Lomond golf club.

Perhaps we ought not to end this story so abruptly. If you are expecting the details of a romance, we must disappoint you. We will not say that the story ends here. It may be that it only has its beginning, but it is not for us to tell too much and leave nothing to the imagination.

It is just an incident—nothing more. Just what is likely to happen at any time. Given the time, the place, and the Girl, just such delightful experiences are likely to happen anywhere. Ben Lomond is no exception and the young engineer, just out of Tech, believes that destiny led his steps that day.

Two school books which had a high reputation in their day, were prepared by old-time Cape Cod teachers. Rev. Jonathan Burr of Sandwich, pastor of the First church and preceptor of the Sandwich Academy, about the close of the eighteenth century, was the author of a Compendium of English Grammar, which occupied a leading position in the schools in this portion of the State for many years.

Captain Zenas Weeks of Marston's Mills, a prominent man of his day, a school teacher and a music teacher, was the author of a text book on English Grammar, issued about the year 1833.

The Granges upon the Cape are live organizations and we would like to have a "Grange Department" each month. If each Grange will appoint a correspondent, whose duty it shall be to send us a report of its activities during the month, we will be glad to see that it is given space in these columns. Bring the matter up at your next Grange meeting.

The Cape Cod Railroad was opened to Sandwich in 1848 and extended to Hyannis in 1854, and the Cape Cod Central was opened from Yarmouth to Orleans in 1865, extended to Wellfleet in 1870, and to Provincetown in 1873. In 1872 the railroad was extended from Buzzards Bay to Woods Hole.

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Chronology of Events

1709. The town of Eastham, having been presented for not having a schoolmaster, John Doane, Esq., was appointed to appear in the town's behalf, and the selectmen were instructed to take especial care to obtain a teacher.

1710. Mr. John Avery was settled over the society in Truro; £60 per year salary, and £20 to aid in building him a house, was voted by the town.

1712. An agent was appointed by Eastham, to meet the agent of Harwich, "to determine and settle a line between the two towns, running through the land formerly reserved for the Indians." The presumption is that there were no Indians left to occupy the lands.—The proprietors of Truro voted that "in consequence of the great waste being made of wood in burning lime to be sent out of the town, which may cause a scarcity of fire-wood, no person must cut on the commons for this purpose."—The "new purchase," in Falmouth, was laid out in lots, by a committee consisting of Thomas Bowerman and Philip Dexter, assisted by Mr. Samuel Jennings of Sandwich.—Rev. Jonathan Russell succeeded his father, of the same name, as pastor of the Barnstable church; salary £80, and £200 settlement.—May 13, Col. John Thacher of Yarmouth died, aged 75. He was a member of the provincial council, and was buried under military orders.

1713. The province voted £40 to the town of Falmouth "towards building a meeting-house; one-half to be paid when the frame shall have been raised, and the balance when the edifice shall have been completed."

1714. The "Province Lands" were constituted by the general court the "Precinct of Cape Cod." The "lands lately purchased of the Quasons" in Harwich were divided among its sixteen proprietors.

1717. Rev. Samuel Treat of Eastham died.

1718. Sandwich voted that no more herring shall be taken in future to "fish corn," the supply before this being in excess of the demand thereof for food.—Rev. Thomas Prince, son of Samuel, Esq., of Sandwich, and grandson of Gov. Thomas Hinckley, was ordained associate pastor of Old South church, Boston.—Rev. Samuel Osborn called to the pastorate of the South parish of Eastham.

1720. Rev. Joseph Lord settled over the church in Chatham, and Rev. Benj. Webb the North church in Eastham.

1722. Rev. Roland Cotton of Sandwich died March 29, and Mr. Benj. Fessenden succeeded him.—The eastern portion of Yarmouth was set off as a separate parish or precinct.

THE BIRTH OF THE BAYBERRIE

A sea breeze o'er the sand dune swept,
And kissed a little yielding pine,
And then passed on; the pine tree wept,
As maids have done from time lang syne.

Her tear drops fell upon the dune;
The sun sent rays to light the spot;
The wavelets sang a merrie tune;
But still the pine bemoaned her lot.

The tear drops to a green plant turned;
With odors mixed of pine and sea;
The fire which in the pine's heart burned,
Still liveth in the bayberrie.

—E. C. Morgan.

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Instead of a Christmas card why not send two 3½-inch Christmas hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles?** They come packed in a dainty little box with a "Greetings" "Goodluck" card.
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An attractive little novelty carrying with it the very essence of Cape Cod soil is the **Bayberry Wax "Thimble."** This article used in sewing baskets and bags is molded from pure Cape Cod Bayberry Wax in the shape of a thimble. The handle is a cluster of bayberries, so that the recipient can see what real Cape Cod Bayberries look like. A loop of red ribbon adds to its attractiveness. In green box, **15 cents.**

A favorite **Bayberry Specialty** is a box containing six 7-inch hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles** with "Goodluck" card and hand-tinted card, "The Birth of the Bayberrie." **$1.00 per box.**

All of the above and other taking articles described in our interesting price list are sent postpaid.

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1723. Rev. Joseph Metcalf of Falmouth died Dec. 24.—Billingsgate became the 3d parish of Eastham. Rev. Josiah Oakes was first pastor, and continued a short time as such.

1724. Rev. Josiah Marshall settled over the Falmouth society.

1725. Rev. Josiah Dennis became acting pastor of the East Parish, Yarmouth, though not installed until 1727.—Rev. Joseph Green ordained pastor of East Parish, Barnstable, then newly organized.

1729. Samuel Prince, Esq. of Sandwich died at Middleboro, July 3.—Rev. Thomas Smith became pastor of the first church, Yarmouth.

1726. "An awful and surprising Providence" occurred Aug. 6, to Ebenezer Taylor of Yarmouth, who on going down a well about 40 feet, the stones below caved in, and those above pressed together, leaving an arch midway, in which he was imprisoned for ten hours, hanging by his hands on the well-rope, at the end of which time he was rescued, in a very weak condition of body.—Rev. Daniel Greenleaf was dismissed from the pastorate of the first church in Yarmouth.

1730. Rev. Isaiah Lewis became pastor of the second parish of Eastham.

1731. Rev. Samuel Palmer settled over the church in Falmouth.

1736. Judge Peter Thacher of Yarmouth died May 26.—Joseph Parker and others of Falmouth were granted leave to establish a ferry between Falmouth and the Vineyard.

1739. Rev. Joseph Crocker was settled as minister of the third Eastham parish.—A grant of one hundred and fifty acres of land was made by the general court to Matthias Ellis of Sandwich, "in consideration of the great services rendered by him in the expedition to Port Royal, especially in guarding the artillery at the great hazard of his life."

1745. An act was passed for the protection and preservation of Provincetown Harbor, and of East Harbor in Truro.—John Hallet, in behalf of the town of Yarmouth, petitioned that by reason of the interruption of their whale fisheries, the inhabitants being much impoverished, they be excused from sending a representative to the general court.

1746. Josiah Ellis and others of Harwich petitioned to be made a distinct precinct, which was granted.—Rev. Benj. Fessenden of Sandwich died Aug. 7.

1747. Rev. Edward Pell made pastor of south precinct of Harwich.—Richard and David Sears, sons of David, of Chatham, having gone to England, and joined the army while there, both fell in the battle of Culloden, April 27.

1748. Rev. Josiah Lord of Chatham died.

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1749. Rev. Abraham Williams settled in Sandwich, and Rev. Stephen Emery in Chatham.

1751. Rev. Edward Cheever settled in Eastham.

1752. Rev. Edward Pell of Harwich died.

1754. Rev. John Avery of Truro retired from the ministry in consequence of old age, and Rev. Thomas Smith from Yarmouth, because of inadequate support.—Rev. Benj. Crocker settled over the south precinct of Harwich.

1755. Rev. Nathaniel Stone of Harwich died, aged 88.—Rev. Grindall Rawson settled in Yarmouth, and Rev. Caleb Upham in Truro.

1757. Small pox raged with peculiar virulence in Barnstable, and several citizens died.

1760. Rev. Oakes Shaw settled over the West parish, Barnstable, and Rev. Wm. Rawson retired from the Yarmouth parish.

1762. Rev. Joseph Green, Jr., became pastor of the church in Yarmouth.

1763. Col. Joseph Thacher of Yarmouth died June 17, and Rev. Josiah Dennis of the eastern precinct, Yarmouth, Aug. 31.—Sylvanus Bourne of Barnstable died Sept. 18.

At the earnest request of a large number of people who were unable to see the production of "My Uncle from India" when it was presented at Sandwich, Harwich, Cotuit and Bourne last summer, the committee in charge has decided to repeat the play in Sandwich, Bourne and Falmouth, the week of November 8th, opening that evening in Sandwich. The same company of talented amateurs, in its entirety, are to appear in the new presentations; and the play is again to be staged under the personal direction of Walter S. Howard, a retired stage director of note. So successful were the earlier performances, that many who witnessed them have also expressed a desire to see the performances again.

Senator Charles Gifford of the Cape has a clear field for re-election this fall as he is the only candidate whose name will appear on the ballot. His name is being mentioned for president of the Senate.

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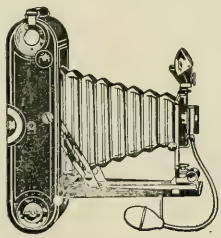
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Your Christmas problem can be solved by sending your friend or relative a year's subscription to "Cape Cod." It will be a present that will last a whole year and be most gratefully received.

Washburn's Purizone is an odorless disinfectant which is extensively used in theatres, public halls, public conveyances, etc. It is a necessity wherever a pure, sweet atmosphere is desired, free from bad odors and impurities.

The Baynes Incandescent Mantle Lamp is the best possible substitute for sunlight and was awarded first prize at the San Francisco Exposition. Local agents are wanted.

Does your newsdealer sell the Cape Cod Magazine? If you are unable to get it of him regularly notify the business manager and we will see that he is supplied.

Bayberry Candles should not be overlooked in your list of Christmas presents to be bought. They are a Cape Cod product and make a fragrant gift.

If any locality has not received publicity in these columns it is because we have not been favored with articles concerning it. This is a hint to the literary inclined.

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Camp Chequesset at Wellfleet has just completed a most successful season. Its register shows an enrollment of 42 with 9 councillors. Boating trips have been made to Plymouth, the Canal, Provincetown and other points of interest, and the girls who were so fortunate as to come under its care, speak highly of the entertainment and instruction given them.

CANAL TRAFFIC INCREASING

The following list of the traffic through the Cape Cod Canal during the week beginning Oct. 10 and ending Oct. 16, shows that the canal is being used to a considerable extent and that this route is steadily growing in favor:

Oct. 10—Steamer J. S. Whitney; yachts Sarita, Palm Beach; tug Francis C. Hersey; schooner Carrie A. Buckman; sloop Sabine.

Oct. 11—Tug Albert J. Stone towing barges Edgewater, Dunmore and Stroudsburg; schooners Jennie S. Hall, Gilbert Stancliff, Allen Gurney; tugs Nemasket, Viking; tug Charles Gallagher, towing yacht Vanitie and lighter Lady Helen; yachts Togo, Zui Zia; sloops Two Sisters, round trip.

Oct. 12—Steamer Lansing; schooner H. Simmons; lighter Reliance; yacht Evangeline; sloops C. Heath, Virginia.

Oct. 13—Yacht Totem; lighters W. H. Moody, Reliance; sloops Mary G., Emillia D, Leonard A.

Oct. 14—Tug Albert J. Stone, towing barges Hawthorne, Hackensack, Albany; tug May towing barges Calvin and Elizabeth; sloop Jessie D, M. D. Milo.

Oct. 15—Tug Moran towing barge Gibson; tug Chas. Gallagher, towing lighter Lady Helen; sloops Sadie, Evelyn.

Oct. 16—Tug Peerless towing barge Caddo; sloops F. S. Willard, Lucy Winsor, Gardner Heath, Novice, H. A. Murley.

Cape Cod scallops are a delicacy that is appreciated highly in the markets and are bringing a high price at the present time.

Bird hunters on the Cape have been having great sport this fall. Quail, partridge and pheasants are plentiful and black duck are unusually numerous.

We want stories with a Cape Cod flavor. Manuscripts will be given careful consideration and will be returned if not found available.

An unchartered rock has been discovered on the canal route between Boston and Sandwich. It is only covered by 25 feet of water.

As an advertising medium we offer great advantages.

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Statement of Ownership, Management, etc., of "Cape Cod" Magazine, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912:

Editor: Lemuel C. Hall, Wareham, Mass.

Managing Editor: Lemuel C. Hall, Wareham, Mass.

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Owner: Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich, Mass.

Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders: None.

(Signed) Samuel B. Corr,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this sixth day of October, 1915.

Frank L. Howland,
Justice of the Peace.



JOHN T.

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WE OUGHT TO HAVE 5,000 SUBSCRIBERS IN 1916

We already have nearly half that number and the list is steadily growing. The magazine is by the experimental stage. Watch it grow.

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DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



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December, 1915

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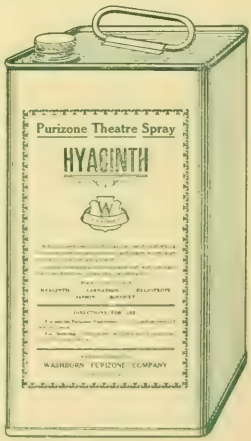
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Cape Cod Magazine

DECEMBER, 1915

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor — VOLUME I
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr. — NUMBER 8

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 DECEMBER, 1915 NO. 8

From the Publishers' Desk

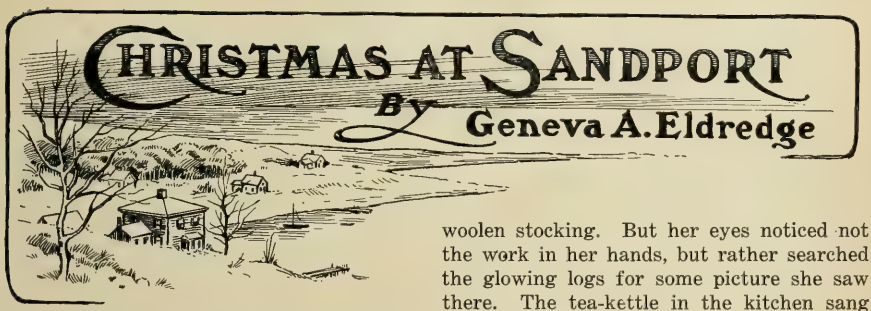
WHILE people frequently go out of their way to compliment the publishers on the get-up and general appearance of the magazine, we are still being asked, by people who are sincerely interested, "Is it going to last?" And they usually wind up by saying: "I hope it will." To these, and others whom we cannot meet personally, we say most emphatically, "Yes!" At the risk of becoming tedious, we are going to reiterate that the magazine has passed the experimental stage. It was not intended for any "flash in the pan" in the first place. It had been considered long and seriously, not only by the present publishers, but by others, who have since informed the publishers. Finally one had the courage to start the proposition, and the manner with which it took hold from the very first demonstrated conclusively that there was not only a field, but a positive demand for something of the kind.

If there are any adverse criticisms, the publishers have yet to hear them. This does not mean that they do not want to hear them. While they appreciate highly the praise which is continually being received, they will consider it a very great favor, indeed, if anyone who has ideas and suggestions whereby the magazine may be improved, will send them in. The utmost care is being used, not only in the kind of material which is going into the reading columns; but the advertising as well is being thoroughly examined before being allowed space in the magazine. Already enough advertising could have been obtained to make the magazine several times its present size; much of it "good pay," but of a questionable kind.

In their efforts to make the magazine not only unique, but thoroughly representative of Cape Cod at its best, the highest standard possible has been set and every effort being made to live up to it. In this connection we want to say that the advertising is investigated thoroughly before being inserted; and while we cannot undertake to absolutely guarantee every advertisement, we will always consider it a very great service if any reader of the magazine will inform us at any time directly they feel that they have not received the highest satisfaction from any advertiser with whom they do business. We will not for a moment tolerate the "caveat emptor" (Let the buyer beware) attitude on the part of advertisers in the magazine that some advertisers in some mediums still assume. It will also be appreciated if you mention the magazine in dealing with advertisers, and in many cases you will probably receive special attention.



TEACHERS' CONVENTION AT THE HYANNIS NORMAL SCHOOL



The short December day was drawing to a close, the gathering twilight fell like a soft grey mantle whose shimmering folds hold shadows of a deeper hue, and in its greying softness the straggling little village of Sandport put on a dignity all its own. The bare branches of the oak trees silhouetted so sharply against the western sky looked less like ghost fingers sketching charcoal pictures on a leaden canvas, the green of the pine trees making blotches of darkness here and there, brought out in bold relief the twinkling lights from the houses nestled so snugly beside the sea. Sandport was a fishing village, where in summer, soft, balmy breezes played, but when winter settled down in all its biting intensity, wild storms swept its coast, lashing the sea in mighty fury and strewing the shores with wreckage and dead bodies, Neptune's gruesome toll of which the back side of Cape Cod has gathered its share.

In the old "square top" house upon the hill Aunt Molly sat beside the fireplace in the living-room, for tho' the years had brought them other "improvements" as they called them, the fireplace in the living-room remained untouched. And many a neighbor dropped in of an evening to toast his shins before its cheery blaze and spin some yarn about "furrin' ports" and of years "a-gone," when he had weathered the storm in a howling gale under bare poles. Aunt Molly rocked back and forth, her fingers busy with her knitting, the steel needles flashing busily out and in as she cast on the stitches for the woolen stocking. But her eyes noticed not the work in her hands, but rather searched the glowing logs for some picture she saw there. The tea-kettle in the kitchen sang merrily and presently with a weary sigh, Aunt Molly rose from her chair, laid aside her knitting and went out into the kitchen to prepare the evening meal for Uncle Obed who would soon be coming from town, where he had gone for grain and groceries.

As the wheels rattled by the kitchen windows over the oyster-shell driveway to the barn, Aunt Molly set the platter of fried fish and potatoes on the table, moved the tomato pickles and the stewed pumpkin nearer Uncle Obed's plate, and going to the door peered out into the darkness.

"That you, Father?"

"Yes, Molly, I'll be in there in a few minutes," and in a few minutes he came into the kitchen, his face ruddy from the frosty air outside.

"Tell ye what, Mother, it's a pretty sharp night an' feels like snow. A white Chris'mas tomorrer I guess. The wind's hauled 'round here tew the no'theast, an' if I'm any jedge a' weather they's a tan-toaster of a storm a-comin.' I put an extry blanket on old Dobbin tewnight an' I cal'late he won't be sorry nuther. Ah! Supper smells good. I wuz a-thinkin' comin' home along how many times I'd druv thru them woods with the thoughts of a good supper an' a warm fire a-head o' me. 'Taint half so far when home's ahead. Well, Mother, they wan't no mail."

"I know it Obed, I know it. Ef they had a-ben you'd never done the chores 'fore you told me. But 'cause they wan't no mail you put off a-tellin' me long's you could. I hain't lived with ye nigh on tew forty year for

nothin', an' I know wild horses wouldn't a-held ye if they'd ben word from our boy."

The boy was their only son John, who over two years ago had sailed in the good ship Reliance, reported lost with all hands on board, down in the South Seas. The mother had never failed to look for some word from her boy. She had always clung to the hope that a passing vessel might have picked him up. In those days news travelled slowly and she still looked for a letter from some foreign port saying he was alive.

"To-morrow, Father, is John's birthday, thirty years old Christmas Day, an' here you an' me set tonight, not knowin' where in all the wide world he is. But Obed, all day I've had a feelin' that John was near, that he would come, an' so strong has it been borne in upon me that I want you to look in the buttery when you've et your supper."

"Well, Mother, ye dew beat all, havin' presentiments. I believe you inherit your old Granther Robbin's habit a' prophesyin.' Don't ye know he wuz always havin' a feelin' in his bones thet suthin' or other wuz a-comin,' an' come it did tew, lots a times."

"Yes I know, Obed, it seems strange, but don't ye know all the best things thru life hev come tew us on Chris'mas Day?"

"Yes, Molly, thet's right, but I'm feared that right here we am goin' te begin tew git the bitter with the sweet."

"There, there, Father, don't begin to git down by the cold streams. Eat ye supper 'fore it's all cold. They's one thing, they can't nobuddy take the memories of the good, sweet things away from us, and we won't cross no bridges till we git tew 'em. An' then I think I shall step over 'em pretty lively."

"Think's very likely Mother, think's very likely you will."

Supper over, Aunt Molly took the lamp and Uncle Obed followed her to the buttery. As she opened the door she said: "I've done all this bakin', Father, 'cause I feel so sure o' John's comin.' There's his frosted cake, jest like I've made him every birthday sence he wuz born. An' the apple tarts with a sprinklin' of dry rose geranium leaf in 'em. Thet wuz alwuz John's favorite flavor. Don't them deep yaller pun'kin pies with the crimps in the crust make yew mouth water? Then they's doughnuts and cakeseed cookies, an' a big clam pie, an' some custards. Them roosters ye killed this mornin' is stuffed an' laid in the cellar-way. But Obed," and her face, so happy a moment before grew sorrowful, "Ef he don't come tomorrer, nor we don't git no word from him, my heart will break, I know it will," and she hid her face against his rough coat sleeve.

"There now, Mother," he said, smoothing her silver hair with his toil-worn hand while the tears stood in his eyes and his voice trembled with emotion, "Who knows, like as not he will come. 'Tas bin tew years thet ye've hoped and prayed. Surely the Lord will send some token to reward ye. Yew dew up the dishes naow, an' I'll go out to the barn an' put things shipshape for the night, an' then we'll set down by the fireplace an' talk things over. I kinder look for Cap'n Royal over tew-night. Ye know sence he gin up command a that vessel o' hisn, he's mighty on-easy comes a storm. Want me tew put the light in the winder for ye fore I go out doors?"

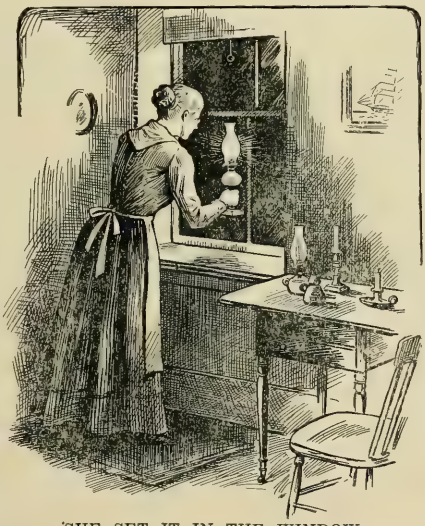
"No, Obed, I'll carry it up tonight."

And as the door closed on Uncle Obed, Aunt Molly took her lamp and carried it upstairs to the front square room, where she placed it on the broad window-ledge. Every night, fair or foul, since John's vessel had been reported lost, Aunt Molly had placed the lamp in the window with the prayer in her heart that some sailor standing his night watch would feel a thrill of thankfulness for its tiny gleam across the blackness of the night. And as Aunt Molly placed it in its accustomed spot, she whispered, "Somebody's boy is out there tonight. Ef my boy is with his Maker, may the angels watch over some other mother's boy."

When she returned to the living room Uncle Obed was adding fresh logs to the fire.

"By Jingo, Mother, they's a bad storm a-brewin.' It spits snow now. Dunno whether Royal will be over or not."

"This weather makes me think of old times, Molly," and the old man settled himself in his easy chair and stretched his stocking feet to the blaze. "Remember, Molly, when I wuz a-courtin' ye, how we went over tew thet frolic tew Punkhorn, an' they come up a fearful storm while we wuz there, an' it snowed so the roads wuz full, an' part the way home I had tew bring ye in my arms? Ye want quite so hefty as ye be now Molly, but yew wuz no feather-weight them days. Still I know I wuz a-wishin' the road wuz as long agin."



SHE SET IT IN THE WINDOW

"Yes, Obed, I remember it plain, an' I haint forgot sister Matildy's teasin' me, nuther. She said you'd hev tew wear a plaster 'crost yew back fur a week tew take the kinks out. An' dew you remember tew, Obed, how Gameliel Hawes took his father's old horse tew carry Liddy Ann Nickerson home. He hitched him intew thet little ox-sled his father used to cart logs on. They want no sides to it, if you remember, an' nothin' tew hang on tew but the reins, an' course Gamaliel hed a good grip on them. He wus so feared a Liddy takin' cold thet he wrapped her all up in blankets an' laid her on the sled back of him.

"When he druv up intew her yard, he went over a bumper, an' Liddy Ann rolled off head, neck an' heels intew the snow. Gameliel wuz so took up with hisself thet he never heard poor Liddy Ann gaspin' behind. An' he druv up tew the door an' hollered, 'Here's you darter, Mis' Nickerson.' When Aunt Bashie stuck her head out the winder in her night cap an' see no Liddy Ann she hollers, 'Lardy Sakes, what ails ye, be ye gone daft? Ye hain't got no gal.' Poor Gamaliel most fainted; he wuz skeered to death a Aunt Bashie an' he dasn't tell her thet he'd lost Liddy Ann on the way, but it turned out all right 'cause he hain't never lost sight a Liddy sence, tew my knowledge."

"Them wuz good, old days, Molly. Whew, hear thet wind strike agin' the house. What's that, sleet on the winders? Half past seven; bout time for Royal. There, I guess that's him naow.

"Come in, come in. Pretty stiff breeze agoin' hain't they, Cap'n?"

"A stiff breeze, Obed? They's a gale a-comin' man, an' no mistake. The glass has fell an' the snow an' sleet's as thick as the devil outside."

Captain Royal stamped the snow from his rubber boots, brushed the ice from his mustache, and came into the living room to settle himself into the easy chair Aunt Molly pulled up to the fire.

"Much obleeged, Molly, much obleeged. My Lord, this fire feels good. The cold cuts right thru a feller tonight. I'll bet ye them fellers off back the beach is wishin' they wuz nigh tew a good blaze as we be. Yes sir, Obed, the spray out there is cuttin' their faces like razors. You an' me has stood tew the wheel many a night without pea jackets and mittens on, an' thot of the folks tew

home. Them fellers aout there come from a far country. I looked thru my spy-glass the last thing 'fore dark, an' 'swell's I cud make out she's an English ship loaded deep, and bound toward Boston. They wuz a-shortenin' sail then. Did yew see her, Obed?"

"No, I didn't, Royal. Ye see I never got home from town till dark. But Cap'n, them fellers never can weather a no'theaster off back the Cape here. They's goin' tuh be work for us folks here in Sandport fore midnight, I'm feared.

"I tell ye Royal, what they ought to be is some kind uv a life-savin' service here. For years an' years ships hev laid their bones on this beach. We dew all we can, but we hain't got the right material tew work with. What we want is a boat built a-purpose, an' a picked crew thet makes life-savin' a business."

"Good Heavens, Obed, don't yew s'pose I know it? But they won't be nothin' done till them fellers thet lives inland, an' walks on velvet carpets an' go out tew swell dinners, gits it through their dum haids thet Cape Cod has got a sea-coast o' hard shiftin' sand. They don't hev no more idee then thet picter hangin' thar, what yew mean by rips, an' shoals, an' bars. They think Cape Cod is a bunch o' sand surrounded by poverty grass. They don't know thet she reaches right out into the Atlantic Ocean an' thet men hev to lay their lives down an' give up the ghost 'cause they hain't no harbor nor refuge twixt Provincetown an' the Vineyard.

"But by jinks, them a gonty know, or my name hain't Royal Baxter. I've retired from sea-farin' life, but I hain't retired so fur off the map thet my voice can't be heard, an' I'm a gonty run fur Representative next year, B'Gosh, an' then Obed, I want yew tew stand by me."

"I'll be right thar Royal, right thar. We'll show 'em thet Cape Cod men has got the sand in their gizzards thet makes things go or bust. I'm glad of it you'm gonty run, Royal. You'm the huckleberry for Representative. You'll git the votes from all around. I tell ye what, these sea cap'ns don't rust out, they wear out, don't they, Royal?"

"You can bet your bottom dollar on that, every time, Obed."

So the evening wore on. As the clock struck ten, Capt. Royal rose to go to his home across the road. Uncle Obed went to the door to take a final look at the weather.

"Looks lighter, don't it Royal?"

"Yes, it does; don't snow much now, an' its 'bout time for the moon to rise tew. Dunno as she hain't a-comin' up naow. I guess the moon will scoff the snow off. But this here wind is a whistler."

"Good night, Obed."

"Good night, Royal."

"There, Molly," said Uncle Obed as he returned to the warmth of the living-room, "I'll fix the fire for night an' wind the clock, an' we'll go tew bed. Guess we've got 'bout all the snow we shall git, but the wind don't soften any an' its goin' tew drift pretty bad 'fore mornin'."

The couple went about making preparations for the night. Suddenly Capt. Royal's voice was heard at the living-room window.

"Hey, Obed, git on yer ile-skins an' boots. Thet vessel I wuz a-tellin' bout hez grounded off back th' bar an' she's a-poundin' the back bone out'n her. Sence the moon's riz I c'n see her distress signals. I'm goin' tew call all hands. Yew, Molly, heat up a lot o' water an' git blankits an' soap stones ready. We may need 'em."

"Aye, Aye, Royal," and Uncle Obed with Aunt Molly's help was soon hurrying into his oil-skins and boots. Other men were gathering and hallooing outside, and Uncle Obed joined as they hurried down to the little harbor where their dories were hauled up from the tide's reach.

Aunt Molly, busy with her fires and filling her kettles, failed to hear the door open and as it slammed shut she started nervously.

"Land sakes alive, Liddy Ann, you 'most skeered my wits out er me. You hadn't ought tew be out, sich a night as this with

(Continued on page 25)

The Pageant of Cape Cod

BY WILLIAM CHAUNCEY LANGDON

II. INTERLUDE: THE DREAM OF THE CANAL

Miles Standish with a party of Pilgrims emerge from the woods on the hill from the direction of Plymouth. They carry oars and rudders and rude shovels as well as their weapons. Meeting them from the direction of Buzzards Bay come a group of Dutch similarly equipped. They greet each other and through from bay to bay, and starts them to work, at first taking a hand in the labor himself. The Indians still scoffing go on with their canoes but stop in the edge of the trees before departing and watch the white men digging. The men make little progress with their shovels; Standish tries to encourage them to new vigor, but in vain.

They stand together resting on their tools, Standish with his arm stretched out longingly toward his canal. From the same direction comes the Committee of the General Court of Massachusetts of 1698. They view the place for a passage to be cut with evident approval. In succession comes the Revolu-



THE DREAM COME TRUE

in pantomime Standish expresses the determined wish that the divide between the two bays might be cut through. The Dutch endorse the desirability of the idea and express their enthusiasm over the facility for easy trade between the New Amsterdam and the Massachusetts Bay colonies.

As they stand indicating by gesture where the proposed canal should run a group of Indians pass through across the open glade in front of them carrying their canoes in portage. Standish hails them and acquaints them with the idea. They are astounded at the temerity of the plan but scoff the idea of its practicability, pointing at the shovels and then at the hill which must be removed. Indomitably Standish points out to his men his dream of the blue waters flowing freely

tionary officer of engineers, Machin, followed by General Washington and the Committee of the Council, to whom he points out the line of the canal but indicates its utter impracticability. So in like manner a group of private parties of 1818 and United States officers of 1824, who wax enthusiastic of the outlook; a group of legislators of 1860; and finally a group of 1883 with Henry M. Whitney at their head. In the music is reflected the increasing hopelessness and disappointment of all these who have dreamed of the canal and put their best efforts into attempts for its realization.

Then suddenly the motif of Success sounds forth in the orchestra. The people of the past start up with surprise and the indomitable hope of such men, and look eagerly out

toward the water. A dredge moves up the line of the Canal, stops opposite the group of dreamers and begins to work. The music sweeps forward into a full and triumphant development of the theme of final success. The Indians come down in amazement, leave their canoes half way, creep behind the small trees and watch the dredge. Standish and all the men of other years gaze in mingled ecstacy and astonishment. The dredge stops working and starts back down the canal whence it came. The Indians go over to Standish and stand before him with both hands raised above their heads in acknowledgment of the power of the idea which he first pronounced—the Dream of the Canal. The men of the years retire back into the woods of the hill, in inverse order; the more recent going first. The Indians again take up their canoes and continue their portage toward Buzzards Bay.



EPISODE 4: STRANGERS AND PIRATES IN THE OFFING

(1717)

From the hillside come a group of women preceded by a number of children looking searchingly out to the sea.

Young Woman—There is not a sail in sight now at any rate.

Another—Well, Jabez said that coming back from whaling with Ichabod Padduck they were driven into Chatham, barely got in, by a ship of 100 ton or more, and it flew the pirate flag.

Small Boy—The skull and cross bones, Sukey?

Another—Be silent and listen to your elders. Yes, the skull and cross bones,—

Old Woman—Aye, so said he. And when they passed the bar and looked again she flew the French flag.

Young Woman—A French privateer. I do not believe it was a pirate at all.

Another—Well, pirate or Frenchman,—there is little to choose between them.

From the water come several sailors, men of the Cape, among them Ichabod Padduck;

with them are a number of their neighbors.

Ichabod Padduck—We'll have to keep a sharp look-out, good people. They are in the offing somewhere. We saw them.

A Man—There were strangers in Hyannis but three days ago.

A Woman—Englishmen come in to trade. I knew a woman there, my sister's cousin's aunt that bought a handsome kettle from them and a dress.

A Man—Ye never can tell. English, maybe—for the time perhaps.

A Woman—There was no harm in them. She bought a dress of them, I told you. And they had good money. She saw it. English gold and silver.

Young Woman — They might be pirates, just the same.

A Man — Well, it was a good law they used to have that strangers must give an account of themselves and leave the town at once if they did not satisfy the magistrate and minister.



THE PIRATE CAPTAIN

A number of sailors come up from the water, strangers, more strikingly dressed, following a captain who has a suave and easy though still distinctly authoritative manner,.

Captain—What ho, my good friends! Is Captain Ichabod Padduck hereabout?

Ichabod Padduck—Aye, that's my name.

Captain—We've made port on cruise to Georgia and the southern colonies from England, blown north by fearful storms. But trade is trade, wheresoever one come to shore. Water and provision we need most.

Ichabod Padduck—And what have you to trade?

Captain—English goods, kettles, teas and coffees, wines and spirits; or I can pay in gold and silver.

Ichabod Padduck—Let me see. I have sperm oil and whalebone. (He leads him to one side).

A Man—Have you seen any pirates or Frenchmen on the seas?

Captain—Aye, did we, and had a merry chase. They never caught us, but came near to board us.

Man—I fear me these are pirates.

Young Woman—Did you not hear him say they were chased by pirates even now?

Some of the strange sailors have taken various goods out of the chests they carry and begin to trade with the men and women, who are avid for the unusual articles, and become more and more friendly. Padduck and the Captain are bargaining to one side. Up from the water runs a man, a miserable wretch, evidently trying to escape. He starts off to avoid the crowd. He is seen however.

A Man—Here, see, a thief—or worse belike! (Several catch the man). Now tell us who you be.

Fugitive—Mercy, have mercy! I'll tell you all the truth. I am escaped from bloody pirates, who scuttled our ship on voyage from England to—Ahhh. There they be. Hide me. They'll murder me.

A Man—Eh, eh! Pirates you say. We heard they were about. Come up and let us see. You say this gentleman is a pirate, ho? A finer man than you he looks at least.

Fugitive—Spare me! Hide me!

They drag the fellow up to the crowd. Some of the pirate sailors start forward, but stand still at a sign from their Captain.

Captain—Well, you came ashore? This is a noble town to see, but still I fear you came without leave, and proper discipline must be preserved.

Fugitive (defiantly)—He is a pirate. He burned our ship and since has scuttled three.

Captain—Surely, my friends, for your sakes, if ye want this man to stay here in your town, I freely let him go.

One Woman—We do not want this wretch here among us.

Captain—I hardly thought ye would. Here is the fellow's story and that it is the truth he will himself attest. I said we were pursued by pirates.

Several—He did; he did. He said so at the very first.

Captain—They tried to board us, and a few came over our side, this man among the others, and when we drove them back this knave was captured, and of course we could not treat such men as he too kindly. Is it not so?

Two of the pirates have come around behind him. One whips out a knife and sticks it into the man.

Pirate—Swear for your life it is the truth, or—

Fugitive—It is; it is.

A Number of People—The wretch! The wretch! Maligning an honest man!

Captain—Take him back to the ship.

Murmurs of approval from the crowd as the man is led off shrieking his pleas for mercy and protection. Then they resume their bartering.

Ichabod Padduck—Gold I will have in payment for the oil.

Captain—I will not pay you gold. Gold is too scarce. I'll give you half the sum, in gold.

Ichabod Padduck—You have no gold. It was a boast.

Captain—A boast. There's no man lives shall say that word to me.

Ichabod Padduck—Aye, one; right here. This man—we want no rabble strangers here. But there are few men speak no word of truth. We are trading, Captain, and ye'll pay me gold.

Captain—Then, as you will, I'll pay you gold. And as you prosper, when we meet again, you'll pay me gold.

Ichabod Padduck—It may be, and may not. Come, Gershom, Zenas, Edward— load the Captain's boats with fifty casks of oil. (Aside). But do not you yourselves go to his ship.

Captain—The wind is fresh and fair toward Georgia. Come, men, get the oil aboard, and quickly. In God's care, my friends! Away!

The pirates gather up their goods, close their chests quickly and hurry off, their Captain urging them on. As they go, from down the Cape come Captain Cyprian Southack with a guard of soldiers and eight prisoners, pirates, bound with cords. The crowd curses and jeers them.

Ichabod Padduck—Captain Southack, are these the pirates that survived the wreck?

Captain Southack—Aye, Captain Padduck, these are the survivors of the "Whidah"Samuel Bellame, now gone to wreck upon the shore of Wellfleet. One hundred and two were drowned. We buried them there upon the beach. A few perchance escaped.

Ichabod Padduck—To Boston these?

Captain Southack—Aye, to Boston, from Barnstable. Then these will not long survive. (Cheers).

Captain Southack—Give the rogues a sup of water, nothing more. And now upon our way. God save you, friends. Life shall be safe upon the Cape.

There is a general response to the greeting. Captain Southack and his company start on, amid some cheers for him and some curses for the pirates. Boys throw some stones at the pirates as they depart.

All go out in groups, showing each other what they have gained from barter with the pirates.

Cape Cod Afoot

Excerpts from the Diary of an Amateur Biker



ABOUT TO START
FRANCIS X. O'BRIEN
GEO. PARKER ALLEN

AS our train steamed into the Provincetown station and left us on the platform, we debated for the last time whether we were foolish to attempt the endurance test that we had been planning for several weeks. Both of us had been cooped up in offices for many months and hungered for an unbroken breathing spell in the open air. We knew quite a little about Cape Cod, liked it, and wanted to learn all we could about it and so decided that the only way to thoroughly see the Cape was afoot.

Both of us wore khaki suits, leggings and light-weight cloth hats. The only extra clothing we carried were a generous supply of socks and warm sweaters which we rolled in army blankets and slung across our shoulders. The weight of our equipment was five pounds, two ounces, besides a Kodak, weighing three pounds, four ounces.

After a few groceries had been purchased, we left the foot of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument at 1.30 p. m. in a blistering, hot August sun. For several miles we crossed a stretch of open sand dunes and realized that it would take considerable effort to reach Providence, R. I. on schedule time in such a hot season of the year.

The water at Pilgrim Beach tempted us and we rested there after a very refreshing plunge until the sun began to sink in the sky. After such a long barren stretch, we were badly parched and welcomed the first house where we were able to stop for water.

We continued through North Truro to Highland Light, a mile and a half off the main road. Mr. Tibbetts, the lighthouse keeper, warmly welcomed us and took us up the spiral staircase to the top of the light. After we had thoroughly examined the mechanism we descended and made camp one hundred and thirty-eight feet beneath the light, on the beach.

After supper, Parker climbed the cliff to the lighthouse to get water while I gathered wood for the camp. The night proved very uncomfortable on account of the vast armies of mosquitoes that swarmed the beach. Following a sleepless night, day broke upon us none too early and we were able to see at three o'clock the three large coal barges that had gone ashore the previous winter.

We returned at sunrise to North Truro and bought our breakfast at a small wayside store. The proprietor was given a bad scare as he was busy making up his accounts, and was so much interested that he failed to hear us make our entry into the store. When we spoke to him he took us for bandits, as



MARCONI WIRELESS AT WELLFLEET

we had arrived more than two hours earlier than his usual customers.

A little later, we stopped at a waterless pump for a drink. A lady invited us to use the pump in her kitchen. We accepted with

alacrity her invitation, and while we were there she called to her daughter to bring a plate. A steaming hot plate of toast was whisked under our noses into the dining-room beyond, to our keen disappointment after the dry grocery store meal which we had earlier.

Down the road we went bathing in a fresh water pond, after having covered eight miles of hilly country by 8.15 a. m. Showers started us towards Wellfleet, but after a while we lay down for a nap, only to be disturbed shortly afterwards by the rain once more.

At Wellfleet, we inquired for accommodations and were directed to a boarding-house where we obtained a hot, substantial meal that went down with an extreme relish. While waiting for dinner we explored the town and Mayo's Beach Light. Dinner over, the clouds began to break and we decided to



CORNER IN ORLEANS

go ahead once more. We took the road to South Wellfleet and purchased supper for that night and breakfast for the morrow.

Taking a side trip of a mile we came upon the Marconi Wireless Station, and while there saw a sand storm that well rewarded us for our additional tramp. Vast clouds of white sand were being blown for miles along the beach by a terrific wind.

We journeyed back again to the main road and started on once more towards Prospect Hill where we stopped to rest at four o'clock. The storm had entirely blown over and the air cleared exceedingly cold for summer weather. Frozen out on the right-hand side of the road we had to cross over to the left, where we had our cold rations.

Feeling energetic in the crisp air, we made Eastham by seven that evening and camped on the top of a hill between two graveyards overlooking a small lake. The night proved intensely cold and we were obliged to get up several times and walk around to increase the circulation of our blood. We had to retire from the edge of the hill early in the night as the wind increased in strength and we were afraid we might land in the lake at its foot.

During the night, a rusty tomb door slammed continually with the wind, and Parker vowed the dead were out for a stroll.

At sunrise, the cold drove us to the road and we walked along clad in our blankets like Indian Braves. By 6.20 we had covered five miles and sat down on the bleachers of the baseball park outside of Orleans to eat our dry repast. A passer-by invited us to his bungalow and we gladly hung around the stove thawing out while hot coffee was prepared. However, we tarried but a short time as the morning was too glorious to be lost. We took our usual morning plunge at South Orleans and again at Pleasant Bay. The life in the open was doing us so much good that we failed to miss our recent loss of sleep.

Keeping to the main road, we reached Chatham at sharp noon, pausing long enough to inspect the Twin Lights and obtain a warm dinner. We created considerable interest in our odd attire amongst the summer colony and were greeted pleasantly from the hotel piazzas. Near West Chatham, a kindly disposed gentleman judged that we must be stranded and offered to pay our way home on the train.

As we approached the Harwiches, we stopped at a farm house for water, and as we were about to leave after quenching our thirst, we were offered a box of chocolates. We found this same kind of hospitality everywhere we turned.

After leaving Chatham, most of the automobile parties recognized us, as the greater

part of them had passed us several times earlier on the trip. In fact, it was rumored that it was a daily diversion to jump into a car and spin down the road to see how far the hikers had gone.

We labored through the many villages of Dennis and reached South Yarmouth and home after our longest day's walk—thirty-two miles. Here we were glad to welcome a sound night's sleep on a soft bed.

The call of the open life found us on the road to Hyannis by eight in the morning. In West Yarmouth the boys crowded around us and asked "What d'ye sell?" Centerville offered us our usual chance for a plunge in the water which we did not let slip.

On up through Wianno where we went three miles out of our way and a couple of boys returning from a fishing trip directed us back onto the State highway. After a luncheon in Osterville we passed through Marstons Mills and reached Cotuit at sun-



BASS RIVER, SOUTH YARMOUTH

down. There was enough daylight left us to continue up Ocean View avenue to see the splendid summer residences, but the side trip brought us back into the town after dark.

Although we were tired, we had considerable difficulty finding a resting place for the night as the wood growth was heavy and the towns were close together. We were obliged to go on through Santuit and reached the outskirts of the Indian town of Mashpee before we gathered courage to knock at a house. We asked to be allowed to sleep in the barn, but were told that it was not a fit place. We were brought across the road to a furnished house which was unoccupied and allowed to sleep there.

Before turning in, the boys of the house were sent over to us with a large pitcher of



POST OFFICE AT CHATHAM

rich milk and the youngsters listened open-mouthed while we told them about our hike. Then we threw our blankets on the floor and were asleep by eight o'clock. I awoke once in the night to find Parker investigating a weird noise that proved to be only the flapping of a bat's wings.

By five o'clock, we were on the road and passed from Mashpee in a heavy fog on to Waquoit. The mosquitoes were so very thick through here that we were obliged to eat our breakfast as we walked along. We went on through Teaticket to Falmouth Heights, where we had a cold bath and rested for an hour, leaving at sharp noon. One of the summer residents was so much interested in our tramp that we were beginning to have fine visions of a grand dinner by the time she thanked us for our discourse.

On to Falmouth, where we found a kind woman who hurriedly prepared a hot meal for us. We had gathered considerable grime and dust en route and so were not greatly perturbed when a child ran up, looked us carefully over, and removed three pennies from beneath the table-cloth. Shortly afterwards, we met a character, who, despite our statements, took us for soldiers and gave us a

grand raking down for "leading such an awful life."

We continued on to Cataumet, where we had supper on top of a hill overlooking the Bay, but decided not to sleep there as we heard the baying of a dog in close proximity. We went on up to Pocasset and there obtained the privilege of sleeping in an outhouse, as the sky had become somewhat overcast. We were gratefully surprised to find an old wooden cot and a mattress in the paint shop. Both of us sat on this to undress and it immediately went down and landed us on the floor. We got out and got under, and having made numerous repairs it proved serviceable. We retired at seven o'clock, and after we became accustomed to the rats trying to get our breakfast out of a bag, we dropped off into a sound slumber.

We awoke at sunrise, and after stepping through a hole in the floor, managed to dress and be on the road by five o'clock. The weather was doubtful, but we took a chance



HIGHLAND LIGHT

and reached Monument Beach where we took a bath and ate our breakfast standing in the water. Just as we finished the last bite the rain came down in sheets and we were obliged to grab our clothing and run up the railroad track to the station, where we finished dressing on a baggage truck.

After the shower we went on through Bourne, across the Cape Cod Canal, through Buzzards Bay to Onset, where we stopped for coffee that we badly needed. We went on to Wareham, which we reached just as the rain came down very hard and stayed in the railroad station until it was time for luncheon. By the time our appetites were satisfied the rain had stopped and we decided to take a desperate chance and go on to the next town, Marion.

Following the street railway, we made a waiting station with our usual good luck just as the rain came down again. After awhile, we were able to go ahead once more and passed the large wireless station which is being erected at Marion. The middle of the afternoon we came to East Mattapoisett, and as we were quite a long way from another town, we decided to stop here for the night. We had no difficulty getting accommodations, and after we were settled in the sitting room the rain came down in torrents and lasted clear through the night.

The lady of the house, in spite of all we could say to the contrary, insisted on calling us boy scouts, and so we acted along the line of least resistance. She said during the evening that we hadn't had good weather since the Canal had been built, and seemed to think it was a punishment from Heaven, quoting, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

We were tired out after our day's exertions and so retired at seven o'clock. The next morning I had my shoes repaired for I had gone entirely through the bottoms, and started out in a heavy mist which soon blew away and brought another hot day. Following the main road, we reached Fairhaven about ten o'clock and were greeted by some ragamuffins shouting, "Oh! Look at the bums."

After resting for a short while in a park we crossed the bridge, past the Yacht Club, into New Bedford. We saw what was to be seen of the business section and, having had luncheon at a coffee house, we left the city behind and went on towards our next stopping place. While passing through the city we were asked what novelties we carried, and

the boys called out, "Look at the cowboys." WHAT NEXT?

We passed Lincoln Park and thereafter covered the hottest stretch of road on the whole trip. From New Bedford to Fall River is thirteen miles in a straight line, with no houses to break the monotony of a level, wide speedway. Both of us became frightfully parched and began to wonder if we would have to ride into the city, when we met a wood-cutter who cheerfully offered us water out of his jug.

At last we made the outskirts of the city and were directed by a fireman to a hotel where we secured a very pleasant appearing room, but found it very noisy, as it was situated in the front of the building. After



A ROAD IN BOURNE

such a dry afternoon, the ice water pitcher looked particularly good to me and I partook too freely, chilling my stomach so that I had to rout my friend out of bed to get some Jamaica ginger. After this had warmed me up again we lay down, but were unable to get to sleep, between the noise of the heavy street traffic and the band in a dance hall next door.

Following a restless night, we arose early, and getting breakfast, left Fall River for our last lap. Having crossed the bridge we struck a fine healthy farming country with plenty of shade trees which we enjoyed all the way into Rhode Island. While passing through Swansea we were escorted by a bicycle corps of boy scouts. Let me say here that we met members of the organization in nearly every town through which we passed and always received the very kindest hospitality and encouragement from them, although we were not boy scouts ourselves.

In Seekonk, we stopped at a house for water and I did not notice their watch-dog spring forward until he was directly in front of me. He was a beautiful, harmless-looking collie, and I started to pet him when Parker, having seen fire in his eyes, shouted at me to look out. I immediately jumped back, but not before he had grazed my arm with his teeth. The injury was not serious, but the nervous shock, after the sleepless night, upset me, and it was a little time before we could proceed upon the last four miles of our journey. I cannot blame the dog, as we certainly had a disreputable appearance by this time, and doubtless looked more like tramps than any specimens he had previously seen.

We reached Providence at half-past three in the afternoon, having been on the road just seven days and two hours and having covered, with several detours, an approximate distance of one hundred and seventy-six miles. Needless to say, we selected a very quiet hotel on a side street where we improved our appearance and had a long, much needed rest.

As a tribute to the attractiveness of Southeastern Massachusetts, let me note that we passed automobiles from twenty-two States of the Union. (Massachusetts, Maryland, New York, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Rhode Island, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Tennessee, Michigan, Vermont, Maine, Minnesota, Missouri, Iowa, Florida (Jacksonville), Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky.)

As we boarded the train for home, we looked forward eagerly to a similar trip another summer; and although footsore we felt the benefit of a week in the open and were ready to return to our offices with our lungs filled with the clear, good-feeling air.

SACRED CAPE COD

By ALBERT EDWIN NICKERSON

When you begin to talk 'bout natives
Of this here sacred land,
You've got to go some distance back
And the record's long and grand.
Sense the time the Mayflower dropped her "hook"
Inside this sandy Pint,
We've clung to this old rugged soil
With all our strength and might.

In the cabin of the Mayflower
On that bleak November day,
They wrote up a little Compact
That they'd figgered out would stay.
Tew bind um up tewgether
Till the Winter months was past,
And if they stayed here arter that
They'd try and make it last.

That was sixteen hundred and twenty
Jest inside the Cape Cod Pint,
Where the first white male child was born
They named him Peregrine White.
And now they call it Provincetown
With that spire on "High Pole Hill,"
In mem'ry of them little deeds
That made the whole world thrill.

You see them Pilgrim Fathers
Was a mighty hardy gang,
And the dear old Pilgrim Mothers
Had that stayin' kind of sand.
And when they pitched their campin' place
Around old Plymouth Rock,
Them skulkin,' thievin' "Injuns"
Got a solar plexus shock.

The home of them ere Pilgrims
They had left was far away,
And when they struck this Promised Land
They was planted here to stay.
And the Winter that they first put in
Jest tried their very souls,
And when the Spring time come around
They'd buried half their fold.

But the ones that managed tew pull through
That Winter's awful cold,
Put a foundation on this Sacred Spot
The greatest ever told.
And lived up to that Holy writ
They'd signed the year afore,
And it made the constitution
Right here on this sandy shore.

Well they prayed and worked and suffered
For many weary years,
And tilled the soil and built their homes
And shed many bitter tears.
Their hopes and faith was strong within
That they would win the fame,
And make for these old hills and shores
An imperishable name.

They planted seed down in the soil
And the seed of human kind,
And then they planted colonies
With the best that they could find.
And from this dear old Commonwealth
They spread all o'er the land,
And blazed the way for future time
And made the laws tew stand.

And where you find a native born
That was raised amongst this sand,
They'll greet you with an honest heart
And a free and open hand.
With a soul as firm as these here hills
That he trod when but a lad,
That made him tough as white oak
And a credit tew his land.

And then they built and sailed their ships
Around this great, big earth,
And traded with them foreign lands
For everything 'twas worth.
They went out 'round the Southern Seas
And down to Panama,
And got across the Equator
And south to Bahia.

From there they went to Rio
And down around the Horn,
And across the Pacific Ocean
To India and Hong Kong.
And Melbourne in Australia
And the Madagasca Isles,
And 'round the Cape of Good Hope
To the western Afric wilds.

Through the Strait of Gibraltar
To the Mediterranean Sea,
And up to Italy's sunny skies
With a stop at Sicily.
Then northward to the British Isles
And back to Boston Town,
Where they figgered up their earnins'
For the voyage they'd made around.

In these ways the Cape Cod native
Was knowed all o'er the earth,
Cus he did the tradin' all himself
And was held in highest worth.
His eddication wasn't much
But his honesty was there,
And everything he undertook
He finished it with care.

The time these things was takin' place
Is about three hundred year,
And there's been some mighty changes
And a dangerous course to steer;
But everything in this broad land
That was gained by honest toil,
You'll find hangin' 'round there somewhere
A man from this here soil.

They have been their Country's bulwark
As the fighters of the sea,
And put the Stars and Stripes aloft
In many a victory.
From Paul Jones down to Dewey,
In the Navy's list of fame,
The men picked up around these shores
Won an everlastin' name.

They've held the highest places
In the Nation's Council Halls,
And have made their mark in battle
Where horse and hero falls.
And wherever man in this proud land
Has gone to endless fame,
You'll find among the chosen few
Some old Cape Codder's name.

The women in that little band
That come across the seas,
Knew how tew dew their cookin'
And hang their washin' on the trees.
And from them Pilgrim Mothers
You can trace the noble strain,
That helped tew brirg to this proud land
It's glory and its fame.

And well they bore their burdens
With that martyrdom of old,
And lived in fear of Holy God
And guarded well their fold.
Let some of this nation's glory
On these noble bosoms fall,
'Cus for the sons they bore for her
They sacrificed their all.

There's some of us around here yit
A'holdin' down the place,
But the most of 'em that come here now
Have a different lookin' face.
It's kind of a Summer playground
'mongst these quaint old-fashioned towns,
But in the Country's history
It's named as sacred ground.

TWO PICTURES

By KATHERINE PARKER THORE

The Cape is only treeless sand, they say,
Pale drifting sand, stretching away
To coarse-grassed marshes, thick with brine,
With sea gulls swirling to the low sea line.

In truth, the hills are wooded with trees of bronze and green,
And jewelled with a hundred lakes, turquoise and formaline.
And all along the roadside the flower pageant glows—
White thorn and elder-blow, old maid's pink and rose.

Whether the sea is brilliant blue, or dusk beneath the stars
Or silver mist comes drifting in o'er Chatham's shining bars,
Quaint towns beside the winding roads, or woods, or foam-wet sand
From glad spring days to autumn's haze, the Cape is fairyland.

A SOUND SLEEPER

The story is told of a young fisherman who was an earnest sleeper and hard to wake in the morning. His vessel lay at anchor off back the bar and he wanted to make sure that he would wake up in time to sail with her at high tide in the early morning. So he took himself to the beach in the evening and crawling under the overturned dory, went to sleep. In the morning his comrades came down to go off to the vessel and when they turned the dory over found the sleeper snoring heavily beneath it. Instead of waking him they quietly left him lying there and when he finally awoke he was surprised to find no dory over him and the vessel gone. After that he always went aboard the night before.

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Editorial

FAITH AND CAUTION

ABOUT a year ago we were impressed by the words of George W. Coleman when he stated that "Cape Cod is 'long' on Caution and 'short' on Faith." Without intending to offend anyone we can say that the assertion has considerable truth in it. As a native of Cape Cod, the editor recognizes that the attribute of caution is deeply seated in the nature of its inhabitants. They are slow to adopt new things and cautious when dealing with strangers. This is not altogether a bad characteristic as it keeps them from making mistakes, but it has the further effect of checking progress. No real progress can be achieved unless we have faith in the future and our fellow men.

We must not be too cautious for our own interests. We must have faith in our ability and in the ability of our neighbors. We should not despise good ideas because they are new to us. Had others not had a certain amount of faith in the development of Cape Cod as a summer home for the nation, we would not see so much development along our shores, and had there not been so much native caution in our makeup we would have benefited much more by it.

Cape Cod opportunities should be taken advantage of by Cape Cod people. We should invest more of our earnings at home and buy less stock in alleged gold mines in Nevada and oil wells in California. If the amount of money that has been lost by the purchase of "blue sky" stocks could have been spent in the development of our own town we would be much better off today than we are. It is a strange thing that men with so much caution as the average Cape Codder possesses should be bitten so often by slick stock salesmen.

When we speak of opportunities for the investment of money on the Cape, we do not mean necessarily the investment in manufacturing enterprises which will bring in outside people and increase our population in a way which no real Cape Codder desires. We do not believe that we want to make our towns bigger in point of population in order to make them more prosperous. There is no progress in striving for mere bigness. What we do advocate is the expansion of our natural resources, both on sea and land, to the point where they will support the population that we now have and make it more prosperous.



STICKING TOGETHER

ANOTHER legislative year is at hand. Those who will look out for our interests in the State have been elected and are well qualified for that purpose. We hope that they will keep a watchful eye over the legislative affairs this winter and will act efficiently in our interests upon everything that pertains to our welfare. Particularly should they advocate the development of our harbors. There are many harbors along our shores that need improvement and it should be their duty to see that we get what rightly belongs to us in the way of public development funds. Steps should be taken to conserve the shell

fish interests and to keep our flats from being depleted. We believe that the Cape should act as a unit in such matters and that the things desired by one locality should not be so often opposed by the people of other localities. What is for the benefit of one portion of the Cape is for the benefit of all other portions. More co-operation is desirable between the different sections of the Cape, and something should be done to bring the fact forcefully home to the people that they must act together and in harmony with each other in every movement that is for their mutual benefit.

YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

HAVE you solved that Christmas problem yet? Now is the time to consider it seriously. If we could show you the letters we are continuously receiving, some of them from such distant points as Omaha, Nebraska; Dallas, Texas; Jacksonville, Florida; Chicago, San Francisco, California; the Christmas problem would solve itself for you instantly, certainly so far as people living at distant points are concerned. For if you wish to gain or retain their highest esteem, enter a subscription to the Cape Cod Magazine for one year in their name. It will not only "make a hit" with them once, but will serve to remind them, in the pleasantest way possible, at least once a month, of your thoughtfulness and consideration. It will be worth to them many times the actual expenditure you incur, for they will bless you for bringing the existence of the magazine to their attention. If the person you subscribe for is already on our subscription list, we will so inform you. With the first number sent them, we will include an attractive little card, informing them to whose kindness they are indebted for the much appreciated gift. We will gladly send you a sample of this card on request. "Do it now."



WHEN a man becomes a crank he must expect life to be a grind.

THE VILLAGE CROAKER

EVERY town has some men who always croak and howl. Their chief amusement seems to be to snarl and whine and growl; of course they do not prosper well—such people seldom do—and so they strive to make themselves and all their neighbors blue. If strangers come these men endeavor to get them off alone, and while they speak in doleful tones, tell them how the town is dead and passed away and hasn't any enterprise that half begins to pay; how real estate is very low and taxes very high, and every improvement scheme is sure to wane and die. The good book says a day must come when all must pass away and exchange for wings and golden harps this tenement of clay, the earth will burn with fervent heat, the sun go out in gloom, and every living, breathing thing shall find a lasting tomb. When that time comes the croaker who cries against his town —and tries to drive good men away and break their efforts down—will be declared a victim for a special dose of flame—ten thousand years and he will be roasting just the same. Meanwhile the energetic man who labors for his town, always works to build it up instead of tearing down, will ride from earth to Heaven in a Pullman palace car, and will dwell in peace forever where the first-class angels are.

THE summer resort business of New England is said to bring in more than $60,000,000 a year, whereas all the silver mines of the country produced only $28,000,000 last year, and even the gold mines of all the states and Alaska yielded only $100,000,000. Cape Cod gets a big share of this summer resort business.

IF the importance of some men could be taken at their own valuation they ought to be incorporated.

THE high cost of living doesn't worry the man who lives in the poor house.

Linking Cape Cod to Europe

By ROBERT H. CAHOON



A 400-FOOT STEEL MAST

WITH the completion of the receiving station at Chatham, on Cape Cod, wireless messages may soon be sent across the ocean to Norway from Massachusetts. The two stations—the receiving plant at Chatham and the transmitting depot at Marion—are about finished and elaborate apparatus and costly buildings have been constructed at a total cost of something like $5,000,000. The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America are the promoters of this gigantic enterprise that will mean so much toward bringing two neutral countries together through friendship and commerce. Eleven years ago four wireless towers were put up in South Wellfleet, at the lower portion of the Cape; but now Cape Cod has a more gigantic structure twenty miles from this one on the "elbow of the Cape." It was necessary to have the transmitting and receiving units at least twenty miles apart, which accounts for the location of the two plants, which, working together, form one of the most complete and wonderful wireless outfits in the world. The two plants, by the way, are connected by telephone and telegraph so that one is constantly in touch with what the other is doing.

As quick as a flash—for wireless waves travel as fast as light waves—messages will soon be flashed from the Marion station, and received at Stavenger for points in either Norway, Sweden or Russia. As has been said, this year marks the close of a remarkable one in the advancement of wireless telegraphy.

The little Cape town of Chatham—or rather the quiet village of Chathamport, to be exact—is the scene of activity just at present, and has been for the past four months. A dozen large brick buildings have been constructed, half a dozen tall, steel poles or "masts" have been erected, great tangles of wires have been strung across these far above the ground, and some of the aged sea captains of the Cape are marvelling at the wonders of the age, and the gigantic undertaking which means the outlay of so much labor and money. When this receiving plant is ready for business, 35 operators will be on duty in three shifts of eight hours each throughout the twenty-four hours of each day. The six poles, which are supported by heavy cable "guys" running out in every direction, are about 400 feet high. These masts are made of steel quarter-sections for a considerable height, when half sections run to the tops. The sections are about fifteen feet in length, and are bolted together one by one as they are hoisted up by means of a donkey engine. All the work is done from the outside of the poles, as solid "flanges" which project out for about two inches on the ends and sides, offer footholds for the steel rivets. The line of poles extends back for nearly a mile; a balancing aerial will be made at right angles to this chief net-work.

The size of the great masts may be imagined from the fact that each one requires nearly 1200 feet of wire cable to support it, and four huge concrete blocks which serve as "anchors" are solidly imbedded in the earth at least seventy-five yards from its base.

It requires more power to send the messages than to receive them, which accounts for the presence of an immense power house at Marion. At this station are located fourteen steel shafts, eight more than at the Chatham unit. All these masts are connected with one another by a network of wires which are grounded at certain intervals, in order to draw the currents to the apparatus installed in the offices. A fact which appears rather remarkable to those not acquainted

with the working of wireless stations, is that messages may be both sent and taken, at the same moment, at their respective depots—and the two do not interfere in the least with each other. When it is considered that the two stations had to be built near the ocean, it is not unfitting that Cape Cod should have been chosen for the location of this great Marconi wireless outfit.

This Cape Cod plant is being constructed by the J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York, which also has under erection plants for the Marconi company at New Jersey, California and Hawaii. The workmen are experienced steel laborers, who carry up the steel poles on an average of fifty feet per day. As an example of the rapidity with which the masts have been put up, one of the steel shafts at Chatham, more than 400 feet in height, was erected in 38 hours. The workers are very proud of their records. Swinging in little "bos'un's" chairs, several hundred feet above the ground, they work without fear. A wooden top-mast, which acts as a permanent top when the pole is finished, serves as a working beam while the steel sections are being hoisted up with a steam winch. This beam is held in place by a series of blocks and tackles, and as fast as one section is carried up and fastened, it is raised that distance.

As an accommodation and aid to navigation, it is said, the Chatham poles will be equipped with electric lights that will help guide vessels far out at sea during the night. This in itself will mean much to the comfort and welfare of mariners, as the treacherous sand bars and shoals at this particular portion of the Cape make shipping exceedingly hazardous. Every Cape Cod captain has his own idea concerning ether-wave communication, and ever since the construction of the little South Wellfleet station this has been a subject for general discussion.

On account of the European war, work on the foreign plants has been somewhat delayed, but, in spite of this, the stations across the water will be finished as soon as possible so that the world-encircling chain of Marconi wireless telegraph offices will be complete. It is stated that the plants will be able to handle 100 words a minute throughout the day and night; this means that over five million messages a year can be taken care of once these wonderful units are finished.

In case the Chatham receiving plant should by chance be out of commission, an auxiliary depot has been built at Marion; this, of course, is very much smaller than the main station, but would serve the purpose, and it might be properly called a miniature wireless equipment.

The following high-power wireless stations, in addition to those at Marion and Chathamport, are being constructed and will form the American portion of the world's chain:



A BIG CONCRETE ANCHOR

New Jersey stations at New Brunswick and Belmar; California, Bolinas and Marshalls; and Hawaii, Kahuku, and Koko Head, Oahu I.

An interesting incident in connection with these wireless plants, is the decision of Chief Justice Rugg, in the Massachusetts Supreme Court recently that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America is engaged exclusively in foreign commerce. Inasmuch as it does not transmit messages over land through this State, it was recently granted a rebate of a $2000 excise tax, as it does no domestic business in Massachusetts.

While many of the largest American sea ports are connected in some manner with the

big wireless units, Boston will receive untold benefit from the Cape plants.

Each of the two Massachusetts equipments cost more than $2,000,000, it is understood. The chief cost is the poles themselves. They serve simply for the purpose of holding a few wires a few hundred feet above the surface of the ground, but in these aerial wires lie the key-note of success in the world wireless circuit. The lines of poles at the two Cape Cod units are parallel to each other and both point in the direction in which the messages are exchanged. The short balancing aerial at Chatham supported on shafts a hundred feet high, forms a sort of T-shaped line, and this helps catch the floating waves so that they would not tend to interfere with business at the Marion end. The Marion poles are arranged in pairs about 300 yards apart, and, joined by aerial wires, will start the messages on their long journey across the ocean.

THE OLD COLONY TRADING HOUSE

By T. E. HILL

On the south side of the present Cape Cod Canal, a few rods west of the highway bridge between Buzzards Bay and Bourne, is a well-defined spot once occupied by a trading post to facilitate trading between the settlers of Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonies and the Dutch of Manhattan. The boats, or shallops, as they were then called, came from the colonies through Scusset river, were hauled several miles overland and launched in the Manomet river. By proceeding in this way the long and dangerous trip around the Cape and over the shoals was avoided. Indians were often engaged in the transportation.

About 1623 a block house was erected near the present Bourne station in a field close by a large rock behind which the settlers hid after returning from their occupations. They discharged their muskets toward the block-house to drive away any Indians who might be lurking within.

In the year 1627 a building for trading was erected and named the "Old Colony Trading House." Tradition says there were two separate and distinct buildings, one for storage and trading and the other a dwelling place for the two resident agents. The trading house was about 20x40 feet. Numerous articles of little value only in a historical way have been found on the spot within a few years, and an English half penny was recently found by a young lady.

Tradition also has it that the boats were hauled up on the land now belonging to William Swift, one-fourth mile east of the highway bridge. There is a stone in the possession of Miss L. Perry that was probably used for a door-step, and we have heard that there is another bearing a Dutch inscription now in Fairhaven or New Bedford that formerly had a place in the trading post.

It was the opinion of many former residents of the vicinity that the spot should have some memorial erected thereon. Many at the present day share this belief, but none have come forward to take the initiative of having the only historical spot in this vicinity suitably marked.

If the Cape Cod Canal Company would start a movement for a suitable monument, now that it controls the land, there would be many to lend aid, and the only known historical spot on the banks of the waterway would have a fitting designation for all time and be an object of interest to visitors, both by land and water.

Many places of lesser antiquity have buildings and places of lesser historical importance marked by tablet or stone. We trust that sufficient interest will be created by this article to start a movement to worthily mark a spot where the early settlers worked and strove and endured so much and handed down the trading instinct that carried the ships of Massachusetts the world over.

Who is the man of greatest prominence in your community? We would like his picture and biography.

CHRISTMAS AT SANDPORT

(Continued from page 7)

your rheumatiz. You'll kitch yew death of a cold."

"I s'pose I shall, Molly, I s'pose I shall, but I can't set idle knowin' them poor, helpless critters is droppin' off inter the ocean out thar. Let me dew suthin' to take up my mind, an' make me furgit 'em, pray dew. 'Tis a dretful thing Molly, for human bein's tew perish at our very doors an' no way tew save 'em. Give me them blankits. I'll unfold 'em an' hang 'um tew air."

Passing the blankets to Liddy Ann, Aunt Molly disappeared into the store room. When she reappeared she was laden with a collection of whale-oil lamps and candles.

"Marcy sakes, Molly, what air yew expectin' tew dew with them air?"

"I'm a-goin' tew light every blessed one of 'em, Liddy Ann, an' set 'em in the winders facin' the beach. Like enough they'll dew some good. This house sets so high that the lights can be seen a long ways. I've wondered lots an' lots a times, what I wuz a-savin' these things for."

Soon the windows of the "old square top" which faced the ocean were a blaze of light from garret to cellar. The men launching their dories in the harbor saw, and knew Aunt Molly was thinking of her boy when she put them there.

"It's goin' tew be pritty hard tew row across tew the beach tew-night, Royal, in this breeze."

"I know it Obed, but these fellers could row across on a barrel stave with a lath for an oar. I'll resk 'um."

Men had come from all directions. The rasp of dories on the sand as they were launched mingled with the thud of the oars in the row-locks, as those men of the sea rowed to windward into the teeth of a howling gale. When the harbor was crossed and the dories beached, the men, sou'westers pulled low over their faces, wallowed thru the beach sand to the back-side, where the surf rolling with the boom of mighty guns, made their hearts sink with fear for those sailors clinging to the wreck outside the treacherous bars.

Huddled close together there on the beach, they spoke only now and then. Each read the other's thought, that one by one they must see that crew drop off into the icy waters, and stand powerless to aid in such a rough sea. Their dories would stave in like so much glass if they should try to launch them into that green wall. They must wait until the sea gave up its toll, and if there was breath left in the bodies of those washed ashore, the women waiting at home would be ready to nurse the flickering spark to life and health. And if it was only cold stark bodies with horror frozen on their faces that they could rescue from the undertow, then from their pitying hearts all sympathy and love, they would be givena Christian burial and rest forever in the sailors' plot where the rythm of Old Ocean's billows beats a solemn requiem forever.

Suddenly as they stood there, the moon shone clear thru the skim of clouds which had obscured it, and Capt. Royal shouted, "Boys, she's lowered her boat to le'ward an' the crew's a-clambering intew her."

" 'Taint no use Cap'n. She can't live tew reach shore."

"No siree, nobuddy but a feller raised right here in Sandport, Cape Cod could ever pilot her in over the bars. An' thet course hain't likely. 'Tis my opinion that she's a' English ship with a' English crew, an' they'll row straight for the beach an' in fifteen minutes we'll be pickin' up their dade bodies, hey, Obed?"

"Right ye are, Royal. God knows we've all been thru scenes enough o' this kind. 'Tis high time the Government took a-hold."

"Look, look, Cap'n Royal, they'm a-rowin' down along shore, an' every man's a-layin' tew his oars like grim death."

Again the clouds drifted across the moon, and the men on shore waited breathlessly

until in the moonlight they saw the boat coming thru the channel.

"Is it a miracle or be we dreamin', Royal," —and to himself Uncle Obed muttered, "Like's not Molly's presentiment was real."

The first man out of the dories was Uncle Obed, and as a pair of rubber boots swung over the side of the long-boat, a voice called, "Father," and Uncle Obed was clasping an exhausted sailor in frozen clothes, to his heart. Ready hands beached the vessel's



A VOICE CALLED, "FATHER"

boat, half filled with water, and helped the frost-bitten crew to land.

"John, I dunno as yew mother won't die o' joy when she sees yew."

"No, no," spoke up Capt. Royal, his voice gruff with dry sobs, "She won't die, Obed. My Lord, boy, when I see thet boat a-rowin' down along shore, I says Gosh A'mighty, who in the devil is her pilot? Never one before but what made straight ahead for the beach. Sez I to myself, they's a mystery here."

"But tell us, John," broke in a young man, "How you happened to be on an English ship."

So as they walked up the path to the village, John told his story.

"My vessel was lost, burnt up in the South Seas, an' I was picked up by a passin' vessel with others of the crew. We went into New Zealand, where I waited months for a chance to ship on a vessel bound for Boston. We'd got so near home that we wanted to go round the Cape an' make Boston 'fore Christmas if we could. But you see how we've come out.

"Well, here's the old home, boys. Never expected tew see it again, an' there's mother to the door."

Just then Aunt Molly heard his voice, and the men heard her cry, "It's John, my John, come home." All the anguish and heartache which Aunt Molly had covered from her loved ones, broke forth. She seemed like one demented for a moment. "He's here Liddy Ann, my own boy. Oh! Thank God. Obed, I told ye I felt he was near. John, you blessed lamb, come into mother's house. What be I thinkin' of standin' here a-ravin' on an' you folks sufferin' outside my door." And getting a grip on herself, Aunt Molly was again the resolute big-hearted woman of the Cape.

"Bring all the frost-bitten ones in here, Cap'n Royal. I'm ready to take care of 'em. I can look my fill of John by'n by. Long's I know he's safe under my roof, my heart can thank the Lord while my hands is busy doin' for others.

"Liddy Ann will take the rest of the crew over tew her house, an' Cap'n Royal, why don't yew take th' Cap'n home with yew? Send somebody for Dr. Daniels. We shall want him tew see these frost-bitten feet an' fingers."

Later on when Dr. Daniels and Uncle Obed were busy with their duties, Aunt Molly sat beside John's bed, her hand in his, listening to his narrative of two years' adventures on land and sea; and as he led up to the rescue he said: "Mother, when we grounded off here I thought my doom was sealed. The Cap'n told us all that the only way as he see

it, was to lower the boat and take our chances. An' then, Mother, I see them lights, an' I knew the folks on shore had sighted us, an' I sez to myself, Mother put them lights there, hopin' they'd cheer somebudy's heart, an' I steps up to the Cap'n an' says I, 'We're off back o' Sandport, Cape Cod. Them lights is in my own home. Once I knew the shore round here pretty well, 'an if you want to trust to me, I'll stand pilot and steer for the light in the windows, an' please God, we'll make a safe landin'."

"'Tis a small chance,' sez the Cap'n, 'but we'll try it.' Twice, Mother, when we wuz comin' in over the bars, I thought we'd be swamped, an' we wuz so wore out it wuz hard tew row. But I says 'men, they's a warm fire an' folks tew help us where them lights are. Hang on tew your oars awhile longer—an' we're here, Mother."

"Yes, John," said Aunt Molly, as she wiped her eyes, "It don't seem as if I could ever be thankful enough for ye, nuther."

Morning dawned bright and clear, and as Uncle Obed and Aunt Molly stood at the door bidding Dr. Daniels good-bye, they looked off where a few hours before, a tragic scene had been enacted. The sun glinted on the waters now, and showed the ship which only yesterday had been like a beautiful white-winged bird, a wreck, dismantled and breaking up, her broken spars and rigging drifting along the beach.

"An' tew think," said Aunt Molly, "thet ef I hadn't put them lights in the winders, my boy would a been off there, may-be. I can't say all, Doctor, thet's in my heart, nor neither can Father, but tell everybuddy yew see thet it's a merry, merry Chris'mas for Aunt Molly an' Uncle Obed."

Numerous letters like the following are continually being received by the publishers: "I personally wish to congratulate you and your company for the very attractive publication "Cape Cod," which you are issuing each month. It is certainly a credit to Cape Cod and I wish you continued success."

ON TEAPOT ALLEY

A native Cape Codder of the old days was never at a loss for an answer and had a remarkable sense of location, no doubt inborn from sea-faring ancestors.

The story is told of one such who, with his good wife, went to Boston on "stockholder's day." After wandering about until his spouse had become bewildered they reached Tremont Row where the big pot over the door of a tea and coffee store was, and still is, a prominent feature of the landscape.

"Henry," she said, "I don't believe you know where you be."

"Yes I dew, tew," answered Henry, annoyed by the suggestion that he had gotten "out of soundings."

"Where be we, Henry?"

Catching sight of the big tin pot, Henry replied:

"We're right here on Tea Pot Alley, Kerziah."

LET HITTIE BOB

Mrs. Peters had little education herself, but was determined that her somewhat simple daughter should not lack such an advantage. Hittie was uneasy in school and the exasperated teacher finally sent her home with a note to her mother. The next day Hittie appeared again and handed a dirty note to the teacher, which read as follows: "Teecher, don't never send Hittie home agin.' If Hittie wanta bob letter bob, I'll pay her scoolin."

Falmouth was bombarded by the British frigate Nimrod on Jan. 23, 1814. The cannonading commenced about noon and ended at sundown. The attack was repulsed by the militia and the ship driven off.

The picture upon our cover represents a group of players at the Ben Lomond Golf Club at Sagamore. Play continues there long after the summer season closes and until the coming of winter causes its suspension.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION

Our frontispiece this month represents a group of school teachers assembled in front of the State Normal School in Hyannis upon the occasion of the annual Barnstable County Teachers' Convention on Friday, November 5.

The following interesting program was given:

Invocation, Dr. E. P. Tuller, Hyannis.

Bringing Real Life to School, Willis B. Anthony, dean Practical Arts Department, Fitchburg Normal School.

Household Arts, Hannah P. Waterman, Supervisor of Rural Training, State Normal School, North Adams.

The Class Room Survey, Frank G. Wadsworth, Agent Massachusetts State Board of Education.

Keywords of Success, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain Mass. Senate.

At the business meeting the following officers were chosen:

President—Principal Howard W. Howes, Yarmouth.

Vice Presidents—Principal W. G. Currier, Hyannis; George E. Kimball, Wellfleet; Charles A. Guild, Dennis.

Executive Committee—Supt. H. L. Whitman, Bourne; Principal Samuel R. Parks, Chatham; Miss Helen E. Nute, Orleans.

Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Grace W. Rowland, Hyannis.

AN OLD-TIME INDUSTRY REVIVED

By MIRA C. COLBY

On a bright October afternoon a small party of ladies met in one of the ancient houses in the delightful village of Waquoit to engage in the novel work of making "Clove Apples"—known to the present generation as "Great-Grandma's Sachet"—and introduced here by one of the summer residents. She appropriately read a pleasing quotation from the old-time book "Cranford," which showed how truly history repeats itself.

The quaint old house, with its antique furnishings, the chatter and laughter of the busy workers, the dainty refreshments served in ancient china before the open fire, the kindly hospitality of our gracious hostess and her friend, all combined to make it a red-letter day to all who were present.

As we bade our adieux the after-glow of the glorious sunset, the silver crescent of the new moon suspended over the still waters of Bourne's Pond, the little house nestling on the hillside which has again opened its doors with charming hospitality as it did in the days of long ago, all formed a rare picture which will long remain in the memory of each of the little group which slowly wended its way across the pleasant fields in the early twilight.

HE WAS PEEVED

Cap'n Baker was a mild-tempered man ashore and his little son had never seen him out of temper. Imagine his surprise when a former mate was visiting him one day to hear him say:

"Cap'n, do you remember the time when you chased the cook outen the cabin and throwed them half-cooked turnips at him all the way up the companion-way?"

The son concluded that his father was a different man when at sea.

NO DANGER FOR HIM

There used to be a well-known character on the Cape who boasted of considerable knowledge, yet who had an aversion to water when applied to his body for cleansing purposes. He was delivering an impromptu lecture, one town meeting day, and in the course of his discourse, which happened to be about bees, said:

"A bee will never light upon anything that is filthy."

"Wal, John," said a wag in the audience, "you never got stung, did ye?"

In sending a year's subscription a Boston lady says: "Enclosed please find check for year's subscription. Kindly begin with first copy. I consider it a most interesting magazine."

THE GRANGES OF CAPE COD

A. W. HIGGINS GRANGE EDITOR

Cape Cod Pomona Grange

Cape Cod Pomona Grange, No. 24, met at Brewster on November 10th. The speaker of the afternoon session was Past State Master C. D. Richardson, and his subject was "Grange Legislation." The main issue of which he spoke was the milk question in its different phases.

He stated that the Grange Legislative Committee firmly believed that the old "Ellis Milk Bill" under all its different names, had been defeated so strongly at the last session of the Legislature that it would never come up again. He said it was the desire and aim of the Legislative Committee to have a bill passed which would be equally fair to both the producer and the consumer.

It was his belief that the present milk law in Massachusetts was not fair to the producer, because it made his expense of production so high that he could not compete with the milkmen across the border in the adjoining states, who shipped milk into Massachusetts cheaper than it could be produced there. Also he said that after years of study, he was convinced that any legislation which was meant for the central and eastern producer of the State would be death to the producer in the western part of the State, whose market was across the border into New York; for the producer there, unhampered by such strict laws, could sell his milk at a price which the Massachusetts farmer would be unable to touch.

He told us that he believed a law could be and would be enacted which would protect equally the producer and the consumer, and yet let the farmer produce his milk at a price which would pay him a fair profit for his labor.

During the afternoon session, six ladies of Brewster Grange gave a fine representation of "Ye Old Tyme Singers," being arrayed in the costumes of the days long since passed into history; hoop skirts, pantellets and poke bonnets, their costumes and the manner in which the leader beat time, the difficulties of the hoop skirt and the old-fashioned foot-stove caused much merriment.

The officers elected at this for the year 1916 were as follows:

Master—Frank E. Howes, Dennis Grange.
Overseer—Henry Foster, Brewster Grange.
Lecturer—John F. Carleton, East Sandwich Grange.
Steward—Laurence Hinkley, Yarmouth Grange.
Assistant Steward—A. Whitman Higgins, East Sandwich Grange.
Chaplain—Nellie Howes, Dennis Grange.
Treasurer—Lena Fuller, Pocasset Grange.
Secretary—Henry C. Davis, Yarmouth Grange.
Gatekeeper—Ferdinand Jones, East Sandwich Grange.
Ceres—Eva Harlow, Cotuit Grange.
Pomona—Adlene Hassard, Brewster Grange.
Flora—Mabel Chase, Eastham Grange.
Lady Assistant—Daisy J. Rose, Harwich Grange.
Executive Committee—Joshua Crowell, Dennis Grange.

In the evening the fifth degree was conferred on twenty-nine candidates, after which the Lecturer gave his program, consisting of a recitation by Mrs. Everett Noyes of Megansett Grange, a reading by Mr. Joshua Crowell of Dennis Grange, a piano solo by Miss Eva Harlow of Cotuit Grange, followed by a short talk by the Masters of Dennis, Brewster, Cotuit and Harwich Granges, and by Mr. Childs of Megansett Grange.

Much encouragement was felt because of the large attendance from the majority of the Granges and great enthusiasm was manifest throughout the entire meeting.

The address of welcome was given by Ernest A. Chase of Brewster Grange and response was made by A. W. Higgins of East Sandwich Grange.

JOHN F. CARLETON, Lecturer.

East Sandwich Grange, No. 139

East Sandwich Grange held on October 12, its annual Harvest Exhibit with a very good showing of fruits and vegetables.

The Lecturer's hours consisted of:

Vocal Solo with Harp—Mrs. Carrie Boyden
The Pigmies—by eight girls, giving action songs, comic recitations and readings
Violin Solo—Wallace Freeman. Mary Haines at piano

Drama—First Act

Duet—Misses Green and Gibbs

Drama—Second Act

Solo—Mrs. Carrie Boyden

Third Act

Violin Solo—Wallace Freeman, Mary Haines at piano

Sale of ice cream and cake, auction sale of fruit and vegetables.

East Sandwich Grange held a Hallowe'en Party on October 26, with the usual games and tricks. The great sport of the evening was the peanut race, having six peanuts in a row across the room (three rows at time) and these were picked up with a silver knife and placed in a tumbler, the one getting all six in the tumbler first winning.

There was a dummy ghost and witch on the stage and the members filed by and had a guess as to who the person was dressed up, and after the contest considerable merriment existed when they found it was a dressmaker's form.

Mrs. Mabel Goodson of Wilmington Grange, No. 160, won the peanut race in the finals. Miss Mary Carleton, East Sandwich Grange won the prize on chewing up a string with cooky attached.

A. WHITMAN HIGGINS, Lecturer.

Megansett Grange, No. 342

The program for October 7th was as follows:

Music—Chorus by the Grange
Reading—Edwin Brown.
Current Events—J. H. Head
Piano Solo—Miss Davis
Music—Violin Solo, Mr. Hall.
Reading—Mrs. Overy

Mrs. Hall read an interesting article on flower gardening and told us her experience this year and one or two others read short articles they thought would be of interest.

October 21 was Neighbors' Night for Megansett Grange and we had a very pleasant time. If our friends only enjoyed the evening one half as much as we did we are glad.

The program was as follows:

Chorus—Megansett Grange
Reading—Mr. Sanderson of Cotuit Grange
Paper—Lace Making, Mrs. Rothery of Pocasset Grange
Drama—"Cousin Frank"—Five girls of Megansett Grange
Recitation—Mrs. Higgins of East Sandwich Grange
Cornet Solo—Mr. Phillips of Pocasset Grange
Recitation—Miss Carlton of East Sandwich Grange
Piano Solo—Miss Harlow of Cotuit Grange
Reading—Miss Lumbert of Pocasset Grange
Solo—Miss Grun of East Sandwich Grange
Recitation—Mr. Higgins of East Sandwich Grange
Piano Solo—Leah Davis of Megansett Grange
Quartet—Megansett Grange

CAROLYN ELDRED, Lecturer.

Dennis Grange, No. 260

Dennis Grange met on the evening of October 7 with only seven members present because of the stormy night, but a social time was enjoyed with recitations, etc.

On October 21 there were fifty present and the Lecturer's hours consisted of two piano solos, two vocal solos and two readings.

During the month five new members were initiated into the Grange.

Our secretary's wife was suddenly called to her long home and Dennis Grange has lost a good and faithful worker and greatly mourns her loss.

MRS. JOSEPHINE GREENLEAF, Lecturer.

Harwich Grange

The program of the meeting held October 22 was as follows:

Violin Solo—Louis J. Peltier
Items of Interest to Housekeepers—Sisters Atkins, Bassett, Ellis, Ryder, Tobey
Readings from Literary Works Contrasting Wit and Humor—Charles E. Hamer
A Musical Game for All—Questions were answered by writing the titles of familiar songs of which short snatches were played on the piano. When the lists were collected many amusing mistakes were discovered.
A Birthday Game—The members were grouped according to their birth month and each group entertained the Grange for five minutes. The latent talent brought out in anecdotes, music, recitations, charades and various humorous stunts were thoroughly enjoyed.

LILLIAN L. COOK, Lecturer Pro-Tem.

Pocasset Grange, No. 280

At the first meeting of Pocasset Grange in October the Lecturer's hour was in charge of Pomona and Ceres and consisted of readings and music with a surprise treat of pears and grapes.

The second meeting in the month the program was as follows:

Roll Call—Responded to by the patrons as they chose with quotation, story, etc.
Does Fall Ploughing Pay—Talk and discussion.
My Idea of a Convenient Barn.
How Should I Store my Vegetables for Winter—Talk and discussion.
Reading—Maxims for the married read by the ladies (each lady giving one).
Household hints by the gentlemen (each giving one).

EDNA SWIFT HANDY, Lecturer.

Don't forget to include "Cape Cod" in your Christmas present list.

James Otis, Jr., who played such an important part in the history of Revolutionary times, was born in Barnstable in 1725. He died by a flash of lightning in 1783 and President John Adams said concerning him: "I have never known a man whose love of country was more ardent or sincere, never one who suffered so much, never one whose services for any ten years of his life were so important and essential to the cause of his country as those of Mr. Otis from 1760 to 1770."

RECORD OF DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT OF PERSONS ON CAPE COD

By HAROLD ROHLINS

Since July 1, 1913, I have examined 3007 patients, of which 95% are natives of Cape Cod, 47% were children ranging from 6 to 17 years of age.

The following corrections I made of the 3007 patients, 30% were simply far-sighted, 60% astigmatism, 10% near-sighted.

Several of my patients wished to know the meaning of astigmatism. The following I am giving as an explanation of astigmatism and its correction with glasses:

No. 1. Original astigmatism.
No. 2. Acquired "
No. 3. Regular "
No. 4. Irregular "
No. 5. Mental "
No. 6. Corneal "
No. 7. Lenticular "

Original astigmatism is the condition in which a child is born. Astigmatism that is inherited and may often be traced for generations.

Acquired astigmatism is due either to diseases of the cornea or due to operations on the cornea.

Regular astigmatism is the physical condition of the eye due to errors of refraction, and can only be corrected by the proper made glasses. Irregular astigmatism is the condition of the eye where there is a difference in reparition in one and the same angle (Meridan) of the eye. This is usually due to disease of the Cornea in which the Corneal surface may have been destroyed; or where the two principal angles (Meridan) are not at right angles. Therefore, the patient sees objects distorted.

Mental astigmatism is not due to any error of refraction, but a misconception of the visual image on the brain, and maybe due to a continuation of the after image. It may be inherited, and in such cases nothing can be done for the patient. This is found mostly in artists, draftsmen or persons continuously doing work of this kind. We conclude this patient has mental astigmatism and all tests remain negative. In such cases we provide glasses and advise a cessation from work for three to four months to overcome this condition.

Corneal astigmatism is caused by irregularity of the curvative of the cornea of the eye.

Lenticular astigmatism is caused by an irregularity of the crystalline lens.

An astigmatism person may hold his head to one side if he wishes to see clearly. He complains of a pain in the forehead, often extending to the nape of the neck. The pupil sometimes irregular or oblong may cause dizziness and nausea. He may even have chusiac attacks (fits). Great care must be taken not to mistake the headaches; since operpaple headaches are found in congestion of the brain and the membrane of the spinal cord; especially spinal meningitis.

Hyannis, Mass.

SONG OF THE SEA WIND

By HERBERT RANDALL

I'll gather up the shreds of night
To twine my raven hair,
And not a trace of sun or moon
Or starlight will I wear;
But hidden in the reeling dark
I'll ride upon the rain,
And whispering, with subtlest breath,
My passion in the ear of Death,
We'll haunt the rolling main.

The swirling waves that lift and sink
Shall be the shroud of men,
And when across the lulling tide
The dawn-lights stretch again,
The world shall from its dreams awake
To search the chartless sea,
But never shall they find the trail
To regions where the phantom pale
Rode on the storm with me.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS
Bayberrie-ized Novelties
THINGS SUGGESTIVE OF CAPE COD

Dame Standish Satin Cream,	$1.00
Dame Standish Bayberrie Balm,	.50
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Meadow Sweet Slumber Bag,	.50

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THE SIGN OF THE PINE, So. Wellfleet, Mass.
The Arts and Crafts Shop, which has at all times interesting and unusual gifts, and is open the entire year.

Chronology of Events

1764—1783

1764. Hon. John Thacher d.—Rev. Nathan Stone settled as pastor of the East parish, Yarmouth.—Hon. Ezra Bourne, Sandwich, d.

1765. Rev. Jonathan Mills called to the pastorate of South precinct, Harwich.

1768. Rev. Joseph Green, Jr., of Yarmouth, d.

1769. Col. James Otis of Barnstable appointed a member of His Majesty's Council.—Rev. Timothy Alden became pastor of First church, Yarmouth.

1770. Rev. Joseph Green of East parish, Barnstable, d., and was succeeded next year by Rev. Timothy Hilliard.

1771. First Baptist church, Barnstable, organized under the ministry of Rev. Enoch Eldridge.

1772. A mysterious tragedy occurred on the high seas this year. Sch. Thomas Nickerson, from Boston to Chatham, was boarded back of the Cape, in consequence of signals of distress which she was flying, and only one man found on board, and he "very much frightened." He stated that the day before a topsail schooner overhauled them, and four boats with armed men came aboard, and the master, mate and one man were murdered and the boy carried away. The survivor says, that supposing they belonged to a King's cruiser and would impress him, he had hidden himself and escaped observation, and after the invaders had left he came out, found the decks bloody, the chests broken open and plundered, etc. Edward Bacon, Esq., of Barnstable, notified the Governor, and Admiral Montague of the frigate "Lively" went in pursuit of the pirate, but none was found, and it was considered certain that there was none on the coast. The person found on board was sent to Boston, tried for murder on the high seas, and the jury disagreed. The next trial resulted in a verdict of Not Guilty, the trial lasting fourteen days, "the most surprising trial on record." The affair was transferred to the politics of the times and did much to increase the popular excitement. The leading Whigs expressed their belief in the prisoner's declarations, and charged murder upon the crew of the royal navy, while the Tories, on the contrary, insisted that he killed three of the crew to obtain their money, and then took the life of the fourth, who was a boy, to escape detection. The names of the victims of this tragedy were, Capt. Thomas Nickerson, Elisha Newcomb, Wm. Kent, Jr., and another, all of Chatham.

1773. Pocasset incorporated as 2d precinct of Sandwich.—Terrible fire in Sandwich woods, attended with great destruction of sheep.—Samuel Tupper, Esq., of Sandwich, d.—Rev. Jona. Mills of Harwich, d.

MADE ON CAPE COD

BY CAPE COD PEOPLE

FROM CAPE COD BAYBERRIES

Instead of a Christmas card why not send two 3½-inch Christmas hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles?**

They come packed in a dainty little box with a "Greetings" "Goodluck" card.

12 boxes, **$1.25**; 6 boxes, **75 cents.**

For generations Cape Cod people have used **Fragrant Bayberry Bags** to polish flatirons on. They are effective and economical, and the odor which rises when the hot flatirons touch them is delightful. These bags also have the pungent fragrance peculiar to the bayberry, and by many are used in bureau drawers. Packed in green box with the "Rhyme of the Bayberry Bag," **15 cents each.**

An attractive little novelty carrying with it the very essence of Cape Cod soil is the **Bayberry Wax "Thimble."** This article used in sewing baskets and bags is molded from pure Cape Cod Bayberry Wax in the shape of a thimble. The handle is a cluster of bayberries, so that the recipient can see what real Cape Cod Bayberries look like. A loop of red ribbon adds to its attractiveness. In green box, **15 cents.**

A favorite **Bayberry Specialty** is a box containing six 7-inch hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles** with "Goodluck" card and hand-tinted card, "The Birth of the Bayberrie." **$1.00 per box.**

A unique combination is a pair of candlesticks made from the net-floats used by Cape Cod fishermen and cast up on the beach, and six 5-inch, hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles** to use with them. The whole for **$1.00.**

Another Cape Coddy gift is a basket, hand made, from the cat-tail rushes from the borders of the pond where the Pilgrim Expedition is said to have camped. In it are two 7-inch, hand-dipped **Bayberry Candles,** some bayberries, a hand-tinted card, "The Birth of the Bayberrie," a leaflet containing copy of the famous Pilgrim "Compact," pictures of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument at Provincetown, etc. Sent for **$1.00.**

Still another. A candlestick made from **Bayberry Wood.** A real novelty and in limited supply. A bargain at **one dollar.**

All of the above and other taking articles described in our interesting price list are sent postpaid.

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Young women going to Boston to work or study, any lady going to Boston for pleasure or on a shopping trip without male escort will find the

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MISS CASTINE C. SWANSON, Supt.,
11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

1776. Feb., Transport ship Friendship, Capt. James Holmes, was cast ashore back of Cape Cod.—A sloop loaded with English goods, household furniture, etc., sailed from Boston to Halifax "with sundry Tories" and a large number of women and children, some of whom were sick of small-pox, was cast ashore at Provincetown, the last of March. A committee was sent to prevent the escape of the passengers and crew and secure the cargo. The men were ordered to Boston for trial.—April 5, the committee of Falmouth petitioned for a guard of soldiers to be placed "on the neck" of that town.—The courts of the county were, by special act, postponed from May to October, on account of the prevalence of small-pox.—The continental congress having recommended the encouragement of the manufacture of salt, the general court also recommended to the inhabitants of the seaport towns to use their utmost endeavors to attain this end.—May 1, the council voted: "Whereas, it is represented to this court that a navigable canal may, without much difficulty, be cut through the isthmus which separates Buzzards Bay and Barnstable Bay, whereby the hazardous navigation around Cape Cod, both by reason of the enemy and the shoals, may be prevented, and a safe communication between this colony and the Southern colonies be so far secured: Therefore, be it resolved, that James Bowdoin and Wm. Seaver, Esquires, with such as the House shall join, or a major part of them, be a committee to repair to the town of Sandwich and view the premises, and determine whether the cutting of the aforesaid be practicable; and they are hereby authorized to employ any necessary assistance of surveyors and engineers for the purpose." Col. Freeman, Brig. Godfrey and Mr. Cushing were joined on the part of the House.

1777. This year the brig Wilkes was cast away on the back side of the Cape, in Eastham, and was pillaged by some parties on shore. The town held a meeting and appointed a committee to endeavor to bring the offenders to justice.—Aug. 17, the board of war was requested to furnish field pieces and ammunition for the defence of Truro, and it was ordered that a company be raised in Truro and adjoining towns to be constantly in practice, and be ready at all times to prevent all intercourse with the British men-of-war in Cape Cod harbor or elsewhere, as well as for protection.

1778. March 23, regular session of the Courts suspended, so many officers, justices, etc., being engaged in military and other operations for the public defence.—Small-pox raged this year in Sandwich, and also carried off large numbers of the native Indians of Yarmouth.—Barnstable was agitated by the action of the provincial assembly, which put on record aspersions upon the patriotism of the town's representative, Edward Bacon, Esq. This quarrel had much to do with the unfortunate record of the town on the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Bacon was vindicated by his townsmen, and subsequently restored most fully to the public confidence.

1779. Committees were chosen by the towns to regulate the prices of necessaries of life and prevent extortion.—Ship America, with Capt. Wm. Doane and twenty-two others of Wellfleet, was lost at sea.

1780. By a special act of the legislature, Joseph Otis and David Thacher, Esquires, were authorized to license Otis Loring of Barnstable to keep an inn; the reason assigned for this unusual proceeding being "for the better accommodation for the courts of justice."—May 19, occurred the "dark day," an event which caused much speculation among the learned, as well as the unlettered and superstitious.

1781. An act passed to prevent damage to Nobscusset meadows in Yarmouth.—All the towns

were engaged in ineffectual efforts to procure their quota of beef for the army.—The militia was this year reorganized, consequent upon the adoption of the Constitution, and the personnel was as follows: Brig.-Gen., Nathan Freeman of Sandwich, who held office for twelve years succeeding. Brigade Major and Inspector, Nathaniel Freeman, Jr., who held office for sixteen years. First Regiment—Col. Enoch Hallet, Yarmouth, resigned 1790. Lt.-Col. Joseph Dimmick, Falmouth, promoted Major in 1790, Brig.-Gen., 1794. Major, Micah Chapman, Yarmouth, succeeded 1790. Adjutant, Thomas Thacher, Yarmouth, succeeded 1790. Second Regiment—Col. Benj. Godfrey, Chatham, resigned 1790. Lt.-Col. Job Crocker, Chatham, succeeded 1790. Major, Wm. Gage, Harwich, Adjutant, Joseph Paine, Chatham, succeeded 1790.

1783. Rev. Mr. Hilliard dismissed from East church, Barnstable, and Rev. John Miller appointed his successor.—Rev. Thomas Roby called to pastorate of church in Chatham.

(To be continued)

A SCHOOL OF MUSIC

There are many schools of music in and around Boston, some specializing in one department and some in another; but it has remained for the Cape Cod pioneer spirit to develop something new in the music world, viz. distinctive normal training, as taught in the Hallett Normal School of Music. Miss Charlotte Matthews Hallett, formerly of Yarmouth, is principal of this school.

Miss Hallett has had many years of experience in teaching music and is therefore well qualified to make an unqualified success of the school. While the normal training is emphasized, courses are arranged for those not desiring to teach.

The school work is based on the highest ideals, and its underlying keynote is shown by the quotation from Weber: "To be a true artist, you must be a true man."

Great care has been used in the selection of teachers. All are artists in their special departments.

Miss Hallett, herself a native of Cape Cod, and especially interested in everything pertaining to the Cape, will welcome pupils from there who wish to make an earnest study of music.

Students entering the school, and who desire to stay in Boston, will be placed in homes selected by the principal.

There have been so many people through the little end of the horn that it has become about as big as the other end.

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After twenty-seven years of elaborate and expensive research in the various fields of lighting science and invention, a kerosene lamp has been invented which successfully adapts the Welsbach mantle to use with kerosene.

By this wonderful innovation incandescent light of finest quality is made available to all mankind. Heretofore only those people who lived near a gas main or electric line could have the brightly lighted evening hours for work or play. Now the home or store in the farthest wilderness may have as clear, bright light as the family or merchant in the most up-to-date city.

Now the most satisfying and eye-comforting light known to man can be enjoyed wherever kerosene is sold—and that is pretty much all over the earth.

To some it may seem strange that such a kerosene lamp has not been developed earlier in view of the fact that the Welsbach mantle has been a commercial success for twenty-seven years. Though there have been kerosene mantle lamps on the market for a number of years, the first appearing about twenty-two years ago, none of these has proven thoroughly dependable under all conditions of use until the Baynes lamp was offered to the public.

In these imperfect lamps it has always been necessary to use a very flimsy mantle on account of the slow kerosene wick flame which was of low light-giving power. Two great points of weakness marked the earlier models; the mantle was not heavy enough to have the strength necessary to a successful lamp, and the ordinary wick flame has not been of the right quality to cause proper incandescence in the mantle.

These serious shortcomings in even the best kerosene mantle lamps heretofore, were the inspiration of the inventor of the Baynes incandescent kerosene mantle lamp. The first problem to be attacked was that of raising the lighting power of kerosene. With more of such power a better mantle could be used, and with a better mantle better light is secured and the necessary strength to insure the final degree of dependability.

Working for fifteen years, Mr. Baynes finally developed a lamp which was accepted by the well-known Welsbach Company as ready for the market; a lamp which won the grand prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in competition with all other kerosene lamps using an incandescent mantle. The winning of the grand prize is in itself testimony of the lamp's excellence. The judges gave that award only to such exhibits as they considered 100 points perfect. The other awards in their order of merit were: Medal of hon-



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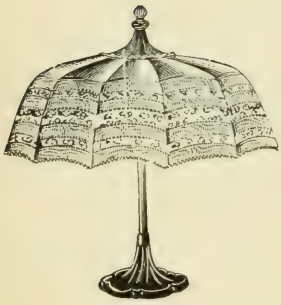
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TEL. HYANNIS 38-2



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Colorings and designs impossible to approach in glass. Interior decorations matched in any conceivable color effect for Parlor, Library, Bed Room, Dining Room, Den, Boudoir, Reception Hall in Home, Bungalow, etc.

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or, second; gold medal, third; silver medal, fourth; and honorable mention.

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The volume and quality of light is equal to that of the best gas light. The general appreciation of the new lamp's superiority and its place in the lives of men is shown by its immediate acceptance from coast to coast in districts where gas light is not available.

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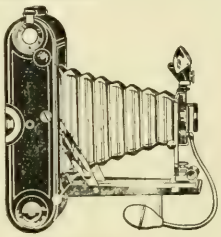
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The Combination price for any one of these newspapers and the Cape Cod Magazine for one year is **$2.00.** This offer is made to obtain new subscribers and is good only for the month of December, 1915.

Think of it, can any realm of mystery be a greater one than this?

It's easier to drift than pull ahead, but not as interesting.



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Our finishing department is the largest and best equipped on Cape Cod. Views, interior and exterior made anywhere on the Cape or vicinity.

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Largest Shoe Repairing Shop on Cape Cod
Goodyear Welt Shoe Repairing System. There is no repairing we cannot do
Send your work to us by parcel post.
24-hour Service from the Time They Leave Your Home

Cape Cod Cookery

Fondant—One cup cold water, four cups granulated sugar, boil slowly. Add ½ teaspoon cream of tartar when mixture has boiled about three minutes. When it keeps its shape in cold water, pour out on cold platter and stir with wooden spoon till stiff. Then knead with your hands until it is of fine texture. Place away in cool place for five or six hours.

Assorted Bon-Bons—Take cherries, raisins, cocoanut, walnuts or any other and roll with fondant into small balls. Let stand over night and in morning dip into following chocolate coating: One cup granulated sugar, ½ cup water, pinch cream tartar. Boil slowly until it can be gathered in soft ball on spoon in cold water. Then add two squares melted chocolate, ½ teaspoonful vanilla and teaspoon butter. Place pan in another of hot water, or use the double boiler and dip. Place the creams on waxed paper. Keep chocolate at an even heat and stir constantly.

Dipped Brazils—Place fondant in double boiler, have a slow, even heat. Great care must be taken that it does not boil. When melted add few drops of vanilla. Drop brazils in one by one and place on waxed paper.

Christmas Tutti-Frutti Bread—Two cups uncooked Quaker oats into four cups boiling water, set aside until luke warm, then add one cup molasses, one heaping tablespoon lard, one heaping tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, one half yeast cake disolved in little luke warm water and enough flour to knead. Let rise over night. In morning knead well and let rise again for three hours. Then make into loaves and add raisins and chopped walnuts, raise again until very light and bake. This bread should be a few days old before using. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. Very good.

Glace Fruit—One pound granulated sugar, ½ cup cold water. Boil until thick. Skim until clear. Dip figs, dates or nuts and place on buttered dish.

SPRUCEMERE

An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.

H. Coleman Pulsifer
Graduate Nurse

Telephone Connection FORESTDALE, MASS.

For Sale—25-Acre Farm

Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings worth all we ask for the property.

John D. W. Bodfish, Hyannis

$5.00 IN MERCHANDISE FREE

If you find an inverted letter in any of the advertisements in this issue. The only conditions are that the advertisement must be clipped, the letter marked, and mailed to us. The sender of the one reaching us with the earliest postmark will receive $5 in merchandise or service from the advertiser.

Look through the advertising now—and if you find an inverted letter anywhere mark it, cut out the advertisement and mail it to us at once. If you are the first to send it, you may have $5.00 worth of any merchandise or service from that advertiser absolutely free; or you may have the $5.00 credited on any merchandise or service you may wish to buy from that advertiser.

Address the envelope,
Advertising Editor, Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass.

If the love of a pure woman could not keep a man pure I would be afraid to trust him with the love of God.

Christmas candy making affords much pleasure and with a little care a variety of delicious and tempting goodies can be made. Fondant is the foundation of mostly all bon-bons.

Stuffed Dates—Remove stones and fill with peanut butter or walnuts and fondant. Roll in sugar.

Stuffed Figs—Cut open, remove centre with spoon, to this add chopped walnuts, moisten with orange juice. Replace in fig shells, roll in sugar.

Banana Cream Pie—Cream 1-3 cup butter, one cup sugar, add two well-beaten eggs. Sift one and three-quarters cups flour three times with two teaspoons baking powder, add alternately with ½ cup milk. Bake in two layers. When ready to serve place sliced bananas between and pile whipped cream on top.

A Few Hints

When baking fruit cake have quite a hot oven at first. This prevents fruit from falling.

When making the Xmas mince pie, sprinkle with raisins and jelly. Have rich upper crust, and when cold sprinkle with powered sugar.

When making cake always sift flour two or three times and place in measuring cup with spoon.

When mashing potatoes use warm milk. They will be fluffy and white.

Instead of paring and boiling squash just break into small pieces and bake. Put through colander and add very little cream, teaspoon sugar, pepper and salt. You will like it this way.

When cooking turnips add heaping tablespoon sugar to each turnip. If turnips are old, boil one-half hour, drain and add freshly boiled water and sugar.

When peeling onions place them in pan of cold water. This way saves many tears.

The snows of winter, the grass of summer, cover alike, prince and pauper. So do I believe God's mercy through all the centuries is, and will be round about humanity, gracious, forbearing, forgiving, beautifying, even after the wind passes over us and we are gone.

"It is just the additional margin that wins, whether in time or toil, in power or in energy, in attention or in earnestness."

Remorse is a viper that coils on your pillow by night and sucks your breath.

Regret is but the injury done another.



SEND US YOUR

UMBRELLA

BY

Parcel Post

We will recover it with the best grade Gloria Silk for **$2.00**, or Taffeta for **$1.00**, and will return it to you by Parcel Post. The frame will be re-enameled.

What Makes a More Appropriate and Useful Gift Than an Umbrella?

One of our Taffeta Silk Umbrellas, with black ebonine carved handle, makes an especially ideal gift, and with careful usage will last a lifetime. Price **$5.00**. By buying direct from us you save two profits: the jobber's and retailer's. If not satisfied in any way, send it back at our expense and we will refund your money.

Economy Umbrella Mfg. Co.

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Attorney-at-Law

HYANNIS, MASS.

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Portrait and Landscape Photographer

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Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.

Studio in Rear of First National Bank

CAN YOU WRITE A STORY ABOUT CAPE COD?

For each of the two stories that best suit our purpose containing not over 5,000 words, sent to us before February 1, 1916, we will pay the writer TEN DOLLARS.

The stories must have a Cape Cod flavor in order to receive consideration. The publishers will be the sole judges of their merits.

Any story which does not win the above prize, but which we consider worthy of being published in the magazine, will be paid for, if used, at a rate to be mutually agreed upon.

MORE ABOUT BIRDS

Editor Cape Cod Magazine:

I was interested in the article in your issue of November, "Bird Census at Sandwich", by A. Whitman Higgins. The number of persons who tried for the prize for the best list of birds seen and the lists were more than most Granges could accomplish. But old and young are becoming more interested every year, and we may hope for a time when all intelligent peope living in the country will know from 50 to 100 species, and more, by name as everybody now knows the crow.

Bird students always like to compare lists, and although it is not a Cape Cod list, perhaps members of the Granges from Cape Cod would like to see what species thrive in central Massachusetts, 1100 feet above sea level. Mine are arranged about in the order seen, beginning January 1.

Here is the list: Brown creeper, crow, jay, white-breasted nuthatch, red-breasted nuthatch, tree sparrow, junco, downy woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, chickadee, ruffed grouse, American goldfinch, snowflake, bluebird, cedar waxwing, fox sparrow, red-winged blackbird, purple finch, phœbe, tree swallow, marsh hawk, chipping sparrow, vesper sparrow, palm warbler, bob-o-link, barn swallow, bronzed gracklem, kingfisher, white-throated sparrow, song sparrow, flicker, house wren, pine warbler, chewink, chimney swift, red-shouldered hawk, myrtle warbler catbird, chebec, meadow lark, brown thrasher, whip-poor-will, kingbird, oriole, ovenbird, scarlet tanager, Maryland yellowthroat, olive-backed thrush, wood thrush, bay-breasted warbler, rose-breasted grosbeak, chestnut-sided warbler, redstart, parula warbler, Canadian warbler, nighthawk, pewee, hermit thrush, black-throated blue warbler, black-throated green warbler, Nashville warbler, sharp-shinned hawk, veery, ruby-throated humming bird, spotted sandpiper, Wilson's warbler, red-tailed hawk, purple martin, black and white warbler, great blue heron, blue-headed vereo, yellow-throated vireo, Connecticut warbler, grey-cheeked thrush, yellow-bellied sapsucker, winter wren, alder flycatcher, redpoll, pileated woodpecker, golden crowned kinglet. Seen outside New Salem. European sparrow, starling, red-headed woodpecker, pheasant, American scoter, Holboell's grebe, herring gull, great black-backed gull, gannet, ring-billed gull, black duck, rusty blackbird, cliff swallow. Total 94.

E. O. MARSHALL,
Secretary of the State Grange Committee on Protection of Wild Birds.

The real test of manhood is only made when under temptation.

LOOKING AHEAD TO 1916

The prospects are that the year 1916 will be a prosperous one for the Cape Cod region and that the summer business will be the greatest ever known. A wide field is offered to the advertisers through the medium of this magazine with its rapidly growing circulation. Our readers are of the most substantial class and advertisers are urged to consider the merits of this publication when making plans for expenditures for the coming year. Wholesale and retail dealers in all sorts of merchandise, manufacturers of engines, pumps, furniture, rugs, etc., boat builders, automobile agents and the sellers of automobile supplies, real estate dealers, summer hotels, cottages for rent and sale, boarding places and boarders wanted; all such advertising should bring good results if placed in this medium. We urge you to consider it now and reap some of the benefits which those who have advertised with us in the past have obtained. For particulars and terms address,

THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Sandwich, Mass.

AVOID DIFFICULTIES

A news agent who sells the Cape Cod Magazine, when asked to explain the material falling off of the sale the past month or two, had this explanation to offer: "Well, you see, everyone around here already subscribes for it direct or borrows their neighbors."

In this connection a very interesting incident has recently come to our attention. Two families, closely related, living side by side, were in the habit of borrowing each other's periodicals. One of them had subscribed to the Cape Cod Magazine; and the mother of this family, being called to the telephone just after she had picked up a new issue to read it, laid it down carefully, with the place where she had been reading carefully marked. Someone from the other family, coming in at that time, and noticing the magazine, picked it up without saying anything and carried it back to her own house. When the mother of the family that was a subscriber found what had happened, a quarrel arose which has not been smoothed out yet.

Moral: Avoid any possibility of a quarrel with your neighbors by subscribing for the Magazine yourself; and you will have the right to suggest to your neighbors that they do likewise.

CAN YOU WRITE A STORY?

The Publishers of the Cape Cod magazine are offering a series of cash prizes for the best fiction stories about Cape Cod. This is a good opportunity for any embryo Joseph Crosby Lincolns to discover themselves.

The magazine is improving wonderfully from month to month. The December number contains a number of new features: one is of particular interest to the Granges of Cape Cod.

There is a very interesting illustrated Cape Cod Christmas story by Geneva A. Eldredge, told in her usually engaging manner. Another feature is an account of a "hike" from Provincetown to Providence, illustrated en route. A continuation of the "Pageant of Cape Cod"; some poems by Albert Edwin Nickerson, Herbert Randall and Katharine Parker Thore; a description of the wireless arrangements whereby Cape Cod is to be linked to Europe, are a few of the many interesting things which make the December number the best 10c worth yet issued. It can be obtained at any live newsdealer's on Cape Cod and vicinity; the subway and elevated stands in Boston, the South Terminal station, the newsboys on the trains, or from the Cape Cod Publishing Co., Sandwich, Mass. The subscription price is $1.00 a year. It makes an admirable Christmas gift.

THE CHAMPIONS
Keep Clean
We CLEAN, PRESS and REPAIR LADIES' and GENTS.' GARMENTS
The Oldest Cleaning Establishment in New Bedford
ORDERS SOLICITED
We Pay Parcel Post One Way
Prices are Reasonable and Work is First Class.
A. M. BUSH & CO.
47 William St., NEW BEDFORD

Ladies of Cape Cod ! !
What have you done with that old, worn-out Carpet? Why not have it made into nice Rugs for your home, by
The New England Rug Co.
Middleboro, Mass.
Send for Circulars

THE CAPE COD POWER DORY CO.
WAREHAM, MASS.
Row Boats, Power Boats and Sail Boats Made to Your Order
SEND FOR CATALOG

HAROLD ROHLINS, O. D.
Registered Optometrist
Exclusively for Examining the Eyes and the Fitting of Glasses.
Cash Block, Hyannis **Branch at Falmouth**

I would rather sit all day in a barrel without a bunghole, if the cover were off, than spend my time in the open and not see the sky. I have known some very good church-members who apparently did not feel this way.

My dream is mine, yours is yours, we are each looking in the same direction, and I have no doubt will approach that which we see, and gather to ourselves its beauty multiplied ten thousand times.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

"The reason most men do not achieve more is because they do not attempt more."

"Be a self-starter, don't wait for the boss to crank up."



SEA PINES

Home School for Girls

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personality

Genuine happy, home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an out door life, which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 2,000 feet of seashore; ponies. Horseback riding. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box L.

Brewster Cape Cod Massachusetts

"The Cafe that's the Talk of the Town"

---and we all met and dined at the most exclusive Italian Restaurant in town

The Hotel Napoli

where we had an excellent dinner for seventy-five cents and enjoyed classical and popular selections rendered by Signor Palladino's orchestra.

Table d' Hote Lunch, 11 to 3 p. m., **50 cents**
Table d' Hote Dinner, 5 to 9 p. m., **75 cents**
Daily Specials, **45 cents**

Yours truly,

84 to 96 Friend Street
Boston, Mass

M. DI PESA & SON.

THE LAMP that created a sensation at the Barnstable County Fair



BAYNES INCANDESCENT KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP

awarded

GRAND PRIZE

at

Panama-Pacific International Exposition

San Francisco, California
1915

The Grand Prize is the highest honor within the gift of the Exposition, and to obtain it, the product must not only be superior to all other contestants but must be

100 Points Perfect

The Baynes lamp is the first lamp of its kind ever to receive such high award of merit.

Noiseless, odorless, reliable, economical, and simple to operate. Sent on ten days' free trial. Agents, for full particulars, write



W. J. CARRY, District Distributor
NORTH EASTON, MASS.

CAPE COD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



ON WEQUAQUET LAKE

January, 1916

THE CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO.
SANDWICH, MASS.
SINGLE COPY, 10 cts. BY THE YEAR, $1.00



ORDER BY MAIL We have the most completely stocked Drug Store on Cape Cod, embracing everything necessary in the sick room as well as the general stock that the up-to-date drug store is supposed to carry. If you cannot come to our store, we can send you what you want by parcel post.

MEGATHLIN'S DRUG STORE, HYANNIS, MASS.

PURIZONE VAPORIZER



For use in Deodorizing the ordinary Living Room, Sick Room, Dining Room, Saloon, Office, School Room, Theatre, Etc.

PURIZONE THEATRE SPRAY

A highly perfumed liquid spray for use in deodorizing the atmosphere in theatres, halls, and all places where large numbers of people are gathered.

It gives a pleasant and lasting odor, and will not stain the finest furniture, upholstery or decorations.

Purizone Theatre Spray used in the Purizone Vaporizer makes the ideal deodorant for use in bath room, living room, halls, kitchen and any place where a pleasant odor is desired.

Purizone Theatre Spray is made in odors of Carnation, Hyacinth, Jasmin, Heliotrope, Geranium and Bouquet, of which you can obtain samples and prices upon application.



As a Special Offer we will upon receipt of $1.00 mail Parcel Post Prepaid to any address, one of these Purizone Vaporizers and one Pint of Purizone Hyacinth Theatre Spray.

We manufacture twenty-seven Sanitary Products which will care for all kinds of disinfecting, deodorizing, sanitizing, etc., of which you can obtain booklet and prices upon application.

WASHBURN PURIZONE COMPANY **486-488 Broad St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

Largest Manufacturers of Products of This Kind in the East



Cape Cod Magazine

JANUARY, 1916

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor — VOLUME I
SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr. — NUMBER 9

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WHERE TO GO



Bradford Arms

At

Sagamore Beach

And Springs

Spring water, unrivalled for its purity.
Perfect bathing beach—no undertow.

SAGAMORE BEACH

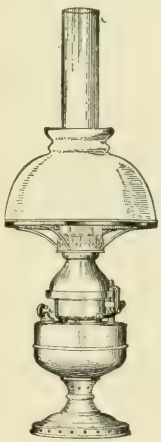
E. W. SOUTHER, Gen. Mgr.
Address until June 1st, 159 Devonshire Street, Boston, after that Sagamore Beach, Mass.

Each year customs of early Pilgrims are enacted and their manners and customs assumed on this historic ground. Every conceivable kind of summer sport. Essentially a summer resort for refined people and no other patronage is solicited or desired.

WHAT TO DO



The Baynes Incandescent Lamp



Manufactured by Welsbach Company of Gloucester, N. J., and fully guaranteed by them. The only kerosene oil lamp using a mantle that ever received GRAND PRIZE at any Worlds' Fair. This lamp was pronounced a 100 point perfect product by the International Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. This alone should be conclusive proof of the superiority of our Baynes lamp over any other product of this kind in the world. It is absolutely odorless, noiseless (no pressure), cannot blacken up the mantle and smoke as others do, and is perfectly reliable. Can be left with complete safety one minute after being properly lighted. Every lamp burning in a home is a delight to the user, and creates a big demand for them. Everyone who sees the lamp in operation will order one. We want live people in every town to distribute our lamps. You don't have to peddle them; they sell themselves.

For full particulars write

W. J. CARRY

N. E. Distributor North Easton, Mass.

Dept. D.

Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 JANUARY, 1916 NO. 9

From the Publishers' Desk

REALIZING the value to be obtained from a trip to Washington by the graduating classes of the High Schools of Cape Cod and vicinity, the Publishers desire to do everything in their power to help. This trip is the only opportunity for many of the coming generation to take a journey any distance from the Cape; and under the right auspices, to meet people and gain experiences which cannot help but be beneficial and broadening. Elsewhere in this issue is the announcement of a method whereby members of the graduating high school classes can make it easy for themselves to arrange this trip.

Attention is called also to the contest now being conducted by the CAPE COD MAGAZINE for short stories. A cash prize is being offered for the best story about the Cape. Here is an opportunity for amateur writers of fiction to discover themselves. See full particulars elsewhere in this issue.

The two prizes awarded to those sending in the first inverted letters in the advertisements in the December issue were won by Miss Lillian W. Makepeace, of West Barnstable, who was the first to send in the advertisement of the Craig System, and Mrs. Thomas Otis of New Bedford, who was the first to send in the advertisement of the Economy Umbrella Company. Both of the letters bore a postmark of 5 p. m. on November 26th, being the first letters received (the only ones in that mail) and the ones bearing the earliest postmark. The following mails were flooded with replies, but all too late. It showed quick work on the part of both contestants, as the magazines had only gone out in the first mails of November 26th.

Many inquiries have been made about the date of issue of the magazine. It is issued several days before the first of each month; should reach subscribers two or three days before the first of the month; and should be on sale at news-stands by the first. Any subscriber who fails to get the magazine by the first of the month, except those who live at a distance, should notify us at once.



NO MAN'S LAND

ARTHUR CLEVELAND HALL

Far as the eye can reach across the sea,
There is no sign of life, nor bird, nor sail.
Thy murmuring music does not cease, nor fail
To sound on desert shores its symphony.

Why cannot I be happy like thee
And sing across my being's heaving deeps
From lonely lands, wherein no welcome sleeps,
Songs which unknown may charm my cares from me?
Thou mirrorest all fair things on thy breast,
Yea, ugliest things, in the reflected, shine
With beauteous witchery almost divine,
And yet thou art the type of all unrest.
Drink deep, my soul, beauty and truth, like wine,
That life so mirrored may seem wholly blest.

AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES ON CAPE COD

By R. H. CAHOON

APPLES are grown on Cape Cod—that sandy neck of land called the "right arm of Massachusetts"—that rival those of the West for fine flavor. Peaches are raised that make the famous Delaware variety look insignificant when compared side by side. Cranberries are grown that are known the world over for their quality, being far superior to those grown in New Jersey, Wisconsin or elsewhere. And garden vegetables of all kinds are shipped to nearby city markets, where they bring high market prices and are sold along with produce shipped from the South and other points.

These are all broad statements. But, nevertheless, they are facts. It does not seem possible to the casual observer.

Cape Cod has too long been known far and wide as a small flat bunch of sand, where nothing grows except possibly a small quantity of beach grass. Hundreds of persons think there are no hills on Cape Cod. Thousands have an idea that it is a small place of three or four towns, each composed of a mere half dozen residences, a post office and grocery store. And millions think that the residents live mainly on fish which they catch from the sea, and that whatever vegetables, fruit or other edible material is consumed is imported from other sections of the world.

This is all a great mistake, and a careful journey over the Cape will set at ease the most doubtful, and reveal that Cape Codders are not entirely dependent upon others for their foodstuff.

For example, at Truro, near the tip end of the Cape, there is a peach orchard. This is managed by a Portuguese resident named Corey. The orchard is ideally located. It would be difficult to find an orchard anywhere that had more favorable opportunities than this. The owner, a middle-aged man, has a peck measure full of ribbons, prizes and tags which he has won at agricultural fairs and exhibits throughout the State of Massachusetts, on his peaches. He grows luscious, red fruit which sells readily to summer residents and natives, and is never obliged to ship his produce to market, although he is an extensive grower and handles thousands of dollars' worth each season. Along with his peach orchard, which does not occupy his entire time, he conducts a poultry farm, and



BROKEN DOWN UNDER ITS LOAD OF APPLES

believes, as many successful poultry men do, that fruit and poultry go well together and that one is, in a measure, necessary for the profitable production of the other. This joint fruit and poultry farm is conducted in a part of the Cape which even the residents of the Cape declare is a "vast expanse of waste land."

Farming, however, is not practiced so extensively as in former years. It is possible to find in nearly any section estates which formerly were owned and cultivated by sea captains or fishermen, although they devoted only a small portion of their time to agriculture. In many instances, the old houses have been torn down and moved away; only fields remain, with possibly a dozen or two fruit trees which have become mossy and woody, with absolutely no trace of an apple, pear or peach. The fields have become covered with even coats of grass, ideal places for pastures.

It is true that practically no apples or fruit of this nature is shipped off the Cape to market. Instead, a great part of the people are obliged to buy them from local grocers who have them shipped from the great apple regions of the northern New England states. But, on the other hand, not a few have fine orchards which supply their own demand and often times that of several neighbors. Many of these old neglected orchards can be renewed and made extremely profitable.

There is always a ready market for good fruit and it has been stated truly that an orchard producing first-class fruit is a real gold mine for profits. First the orchard must be pruned thoroughly, then fertilized, and, finally, sprayed.

Cape Cod today offers excellent chances for market-gardening. This is really the chief industry, not considering, of course, the cranberry and fishing industries and the



THERE ARE NUMEROUS DAIRY FARMS

entertaining of summer visitors. There are thousands upon thousands of acres of scrub land lying idle on the Cape which are, in their present condition, almost worthless. And yet, this land is the best that one could desire. Land on which scrub oak trees grow is the best soil that can be obtained. "Scrub oaks," as the inhabitants name small oak trees which grow to a height of from three to eight feet, demand the richest soil. Where they thrive, corn, potatoes, turnips, barley and other garden truck would yield profusely and fruit trees would produce record amounts of apples, pears, plums, peaches, etc., while grape vines and the like would bear in abundance.

In any part of the Cape may be found dreary tracts of waste land, which were recently heavily wooded, and burned over lately by forest fires. In fact, nearly all the tall timber, both oak and pine, which grew extensively in days gone by, has been destroyed by these fires. So great has been the devastation in this line, that the State Forester sometime ago petitioned the Legislature for a meeting, at which the Commissioners, railroad representatives and many prominent residents of the Cape assembled, discussing the advisability of having the locomotives equipped with oil-burners instead of coal for fuel. As yet nothing has been done, except that a fire patrol has been established on the track through the wooded district. The State Forester has an idea for making this land again valuable, by reforestization, that is, setting out trees and allowing them to grow. At Nantucket, an island south of the Cape, thousands of small trees have already been planted.

In order to prevent the sand from shifting and blowing onto gardens on some parts of the Cape, beach grass has been transplanted, several inches apart. This thrives readily and prevents the fine, white beach sand from destroying garden plants during severe wind storms. At the lower Cape there are many sand dunes—huge piles of sand which have been blown together by the heavy sea breezes.

Dairying holds out opportunities which cannot be surpassed. Many large dairy farms are conducted on the Cape; in many places there is excellent pasturage, and the land for such places often sells at exceedingly low figures.

Years ago sheep were kept in large flocks in many parts of Cape Cod. Tracts that are now covered with a growth of pine and oak

were once fenced in and contained hundreds of the animals, which required very little attention and netted their owners large sums annually. At present a tract is being surveyed near the middle section of the Cape where a sheep farm is to be started.

There is no better place for poultry. At Orleans, a small coast town, is found the largest duck farm in the whole State of Massachusetts, and one of the largest in New England. About ten years ago the owner began the business with a small pen of ducks, and two years later was heavily in debt for grain, houses and fixtures. Today the plant is equipped throughout with every modern



THE CAPE IS AN IDEAL SHEEP COUNTRY

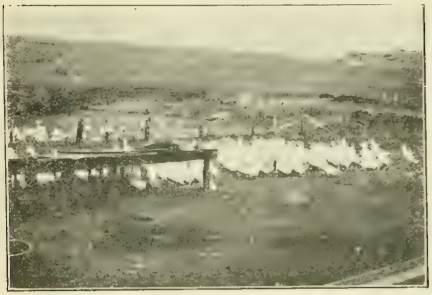
convenience and the manager is receiving immense profits from the institution. All grain is bought in car-load lots, and everything in proportion. There are a great many smaller poultry farms which are conducted profitably.

Game fowl of nearly every description are raised on a 6000-acre farm on the Cape, with the intention of restocking the country with game. This project, which has the support of the American Game Protective and Propagation Society, of which John B. Burnham is president, already is under way. Being backed by 200,000 sportsmen, it is certain to be a success. The farm is a virgin game country. Mr. Burnham states concerning the project: "It is to help repeople with wild life those desolated covers that our association has leased and constructed like the game farm at East Head, in Carver. The farm has all the aspect of a section of the wilderness far northwest of the wildest country in the Eastern States. Besides the ponds, there are tracts of thick pine and oak, and big reaches of burned-over ground on which has sprung up scrub oak, the natural home of the quail, partridge and other wild birds. The land is held under a 10-year lease, with an option to purchase up to the time the lease expires. Pheasant coops, pens, runs for the young birds and many large enclosures of wire netting, some of them in the water, were built, and our breeding stock of pheasants, ducks, geese and wild turkeys was soon established in these quarters."

Cape Cod cranberry bog land is indeed very valuable. Worthless marshes and swamps have been converted into cranberry meadows that are now held by their owners at a valuation of from $800 to $1500 per acre. The State has an experimental bog of its own at East Wareham, on the upper portion of the Cape. The bog consists of 12½ acres in bearing condition; the crop for the year of 1912 was about 1250 barrels of excellent berries. Three varieties of berries only are planted, viz., Early Blacks, Late Howes and McFarlins. All sorts of experiments are tried there, and the results reported to growers at meetings, etc. The bog is in charge of Professor H. J. Franklin. At Nantucket several hundred acres have recently been constructed, while at the upper Cape, near Plymouth, Carver and Wareham are scores of bogs ranging in size from two acres up to 300 each. In fact, the Cape is dotted here and there with cranberry bogs, and in many of the small villages it is impossible to find any resident who does not own, or have an interest in some cranberry property. Cranberry evaporating plants are being run successfully. There are two which do quite an extensive business. One of these is located in Harwichport and is run by Nathaniel Doane, who, with a company of business men from Manchester, N. H. and other places, owns several large tracts of bog. The other is

owned by the "king of the cranberry business," A. D. Makepeace & Co., who have conducted the plant at Wareham for about four years.

All of which goes to show Cape Cod, widely noted for its beaches of sand, is capable of producing various crops both with success and profit. There is such a good grade of fine, white sand on the lower Cape, by the way, that the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company, which has a track the entire length of the Cape, is selling the sand by the trainload. It is said that $40 a carload is easily obtained for the sand, which is sold to builders, and also to other railroads which use it in their engines for wet rails.



THERE'S PROFITS IN RAISING DUCKS

In passing—there is enough virtue in the poorest Cape Cod sand to sustain plant life for seven hundred years, if it were handled properly.

BARNSTABLE COUNTY Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor:

I take this opportunity to thank the many kind friends that have stood by us so faithfully in what looked like a hopeless proposition, and to give a report of what has been done.

We have groups meeting once a week in Falmouth, West Falmouth, Sagamore, Bourne, Cotuit, Yarmouth, South Yarmouth and Orleans. These groups are meeting under the best leadership, which is a vital point. Wellfleet and Eastham have been worked and we are in hopes to have group meetings before long.

The success of the organization has been due to the fact that God has been with us and the County Committee, with the help of Mr. Drew and Mr. Dudley of the State Committee, have worked to the best of their ability with this fact in mind.

As your secretary I plan to co-operate in every way that I can to help any organization make their work and our work more helpful.

For our New Year resolution let us resolve to work together for the betterment of the Boy and Young Man Life on Cape Cod. Thanking you all for your loyal support and wishing you a bright and Happy New Year, I remain,

Most sincerely yours,
ALBERT F. SIMPSON, County Sec'y.
Sagamore, Dec. 14, 1915.

I KIND O' LIKE TO SEE 'EM

By T. J. COSTELLO

I'm kind o' sad sometimes and wish 'twas olden time again
When folks was always honest and your neighbors just the same;
The meeting house was full them days, the preacher done his best
To make this old world an easier place to earn eternal rest.
I'd kind o' like to have folks to see the better way
And frown on every gossip and put the liars on the run.
Yes, I'd like to see it, for I vum it could be done.

I kind o' like folks what are honest, as you'd say,
With no high filutin' actions when you meet 'em on the way.
To meet 'em bright and cheery, in any way you're bound.
When they say, "How do, Aunt Jane," I'd like their voices to sound
Kind o' honest like, that makes one feel so good
That you're always glad you meet 'em, a-walkin' in the road.
Then I really feel I'm livin' with folks as want to try
To make others happy afore their time to die.



GOING TO CAMPMEETING

By L. C. HALL

HONK! HONK! 'Lisha fetched a jump that landed him into the bayberry bushes long-side the road. "Hey, you son of a sea cook," he yelled, "What ye mean by tootin' that blasted siren that-a-way in a feller's ears? Gosh-a-mighty, hain't nobody got a right no more ter be a-walkin' 'long ther road? Say, I thought yer was right aboard of me when I heard it a snortin.' I was awalkin' along kinder peaceful like, a-thinkin' of the time when the Tabby Ann was run down on the Banks by the liner, and jist then you blew that confounded horn and I thought I was back aboard of her agin. Say, young feller, where be ye goin'?"

The young man in the car laughed pleasantly and said: "I didn't mean to scare you, Captain. I just blew the horn so you would know I was coming. I didn't want to run over you. Get in if you are going my way. I'm going to South Eastham where my uncle lives. Do you know the way?"

"Know the way? Say, son, that's where I b'long. I've lived there nigh onto all my life 'cept when I'm a-fishin' on ther Banks. Who might yer uncle be?"

"Captain Abijah Wixon, know him?"

"Course I know him. Hain't I ben cook aboard his Tabby Ann nigh twenty year and don't I live right along side him? Say, be you Jonathan Wixon's son in Boston?"

"Yes. My father is his brother and that makes him my uncle."

"I want ter know. So you be Jonathan's boy, hey. I've heard tell of ye. Went to college, didn't ye? Yes, I'll get in and show ye the way."

'Lisha climbed into the automobile as though he was getting into a cranky boat and sat down beside the rugged looking young man at the wheel. The clutch was thrown in and the car started smoothly. He was silent for a few moments and his expression indicated that he was getting used to the motion of the car. It was not the first time



he had ridden in one, but such a means of locomotion was by no means customary with him as could be readily seen by the way he gripped his seat, as though he expected to be thrown out at any minute. About a mile along a road turned off from the main highway.

"Make a starboard tack here," said 'Lisha, nudging the driver with his elbow. "There's your uncle's house, right over yonder, that white house with the green blinds and the picket fence 'round it. Cap'n 'Bijah don't never spare paint, he don't. Seems like he's a paintin' all the time. A feller can't never lean up agin that there fence without gettin' striped like one of them zebras I saw in a circus once. He's a powerful man for paint, the Cap'n is."

The car came to a stop at the gate and 'Lisha climbed out, followed by the young man who appeared to be about twenty-two and something of an athlete.

"Glad to have run across you, Captain, hope it won't be the last I shall see of you, either. You see I am likely to stay here some time if Uncle Abijah is willing."

"Gosh! You didn't run across me. Might have though, if I hadn't been so spry," chuckled 'Lisha. "I reckon you won't have no trouble seein' me agin' if you stay hereabouts long. I'm 'most allus' round. You see I go out to my lobster pots mornin's, then I go over to the post office after the mail, then I come home and putter round till it's time to go after the mail agin'."

"You must get a lot of mail to go after it so often."

"No, I don't get no mail, but that don't hinder me from goin' after it, does it?"

'Lisha shuffled off in the direction of a dilapidated shanty that stood near the shore and the young man opened the gate and went up the path.

The next day the young man, whose name proved to be Henry, and who was, in fact, the celebrated Hen Wixon, the best halfback Harvard had known for years, was wandering down by the shore when he again came across 'Lisha who had evidently just landed from a trip to his lobster pots.

"Hello, young feller," said 'Lisha. "How's the Cap'n, and how's that pesky housekeeper of his'n? Seems like she's the alfiredest woman for yelling' 'Wipe your feet, 'Lisha,' I ever seed. But she can cook, Hulda can. Yes, by gum, she sure can cook. Say, young feller, when I eat them pies and cookies she sends over to me sometimes, I feel like I wanted to marry her, but when she yells 'wipe your feet, 'Lisha,' every time I go up to the house of an evenin' it kinder puts me out and I dunno whether I want to or not. I 'spect I'll up and ask her some time, though. I've been sort of keeping company with her for 'bout 'leven year and folks is beginnin' to talk."

'Lisha gathered up his lobsters and started for his home. In a few minutes he emerged from the doorway and started off on his twice daily trip to the post office.

Henry was on a vacation after a hard college term and enjoyed the life at South Eastham. Some days he would take long runs about the country in his automobile and other days he would get up early and accompany 'Lisha to his lobster pots. His acquaintanceship with the quaint fisherman grew into liking and he could listen for hours without getting bored with his rambling talks. He became his confidant in his courtship with Hulda and tried to bolster up his wavering courage to the point of proposal. He quizzed Hulda, too, and found that though she often spoke slightingly of 'Lisha, she seemed to have a liking for him and made up his mind that when 'Lisha did get up his courage to the proposal point he stood a fair show of being accepted.

'Lisha could talk when he had men for his audience, but in the presence of Hulda he was dumb. He said he was always expecting her to say, "wipe your feet, 'Lisha" whenever he spent an hour in her neat kitchen, so he never felt quite at home when in her company.

Henry watched things for a while and made up his mind to help matters along if he could and waited the opportunity. Hulda was deeply religious and attended "Come Outer" meeting every Sunday night. 'Lisha, she considered an unregenerated sinner because he sat on the back seat and made audible grunts and sniffs when Deacon Snow gave his "tes-

timony." 'Lisha had caught the deacon pulling his lobster pots one morning and since that time had been an open skeptic in regard to his neighbor's oft expressed opinion that he had been "born agin' in the blood of the Lamb."

"When Old Man Snow comes to me and says, ' 'Lisha, I want you to forgive me for takin' them lobsters outen your pots,' and offers to pay for 'em, then I may take some stock in his perfession of 'ligion, but I hain't got no use for a blasted old hypocrite," 'Lisha was often heard to remark.

After the meeting was over 'Lisha would sometimes walk home with Hulda, but when his sniffs and snorts had been too loud she would punish him by being cold and distant and would not linger at the gate with him or invite him into the house. Thus things drifted along until campmeeting time, when Hulda made preparations to attend for the week that it was to be in session. She had engaged a place in the Eastham tent and was prepared to enjoy her annual vacation while feeding her soul on the gospel truths that fell from the lips of the preachers.

The night before camp meeting was to begin she had packed her bag and was ready to start on the morning train for the camp ground. But Henry had other plans. "Hulda," said he, "I am going to take you over in the automobile in the morning."

"Land sakes, Henry, I dunno as I dast to go in that thing or not. Seems like temptin' Providence to ride in one of them things, but if you will promise to drive slow and keerful, I dunno but I might try it."

With this acceptance of his plan on the part of Hulda, Henry went over to see 'Lisha —for he, too was involved in the deep laid plot.

" 'Lisha," said Henry, "I'm going to take Hulda to Yarmouth tomorrow morning and I want you to go too."

"I dunno," said 'Lisha. "I don't believe Hulda will let me go 'long. She'd be 'fraid I might snort at some of them preachers."

"She don't know you're going, 'Lisha, and I don't want her to know anything about it beforehand. We'll start about eight o'clock and I want you to dress up and stroll down the road a ways and when we come along I will ask you to go so as to be company coming back and she can't object."

So the plan was made and in the morning Henry and Hulda started off after many admonitions on her part for him to be "keerful." Down the road, as per plans and specifications, 'Lisha was seen plodding along. Honk! Honk! went the horn, but this time 'Lisha didn't jump into the bushes.

"Where are you going, 'Lisha," called Henry.

"Arter the mail," grinned 'Lisha.

"Get in, 'Lisha," said Henry. "I'm going to carry Hulda to Yarmouth, so come along with us and be company coming back."

"Wal, I dunno, Henry, I might miss my mail."

"Never mind the mail, 'Lisha. Just get into the back seat and see that Hulda doesn't fall out going 'round some of the curves," said Henry, with a wink.

"Guess I will," said 'Lisha, climbing in.

The roads on the Cape were not as good then as they are now and Henry didn't drive as slowly as he might, so there were many jolts and jounces and lurches as the car swung around the curves. Hulda protested in vain and finally subsided, feeling sure that Henry was crazy and that they were bound for destruction. Faster and faster went the car and wilder became the lurches and harder the jolts. Hulda grasped 'Lisha firmly by the arm and 'Lisha grasped Hulda round the waist. In her fear she scarcely noticed it, yet felt the security of the manly grasp. There was a swerve of the car and it scraped the bushes by the road side.

"Save me, 'Lisha, save me," gasped Hulda. "The thing's gone wild and is running away with us."

"Hold me tight, Hulda, if you smash, I'll smash with you," shouted 'Lisha. "Stop it Henry! Stop it, I tell ye! Have you gone crazy?"

As if in obedience to his command the car stopped. It stopped suddenly. So suddenly, in fact, that both Hulda and 'Lisha were thrown off the seat and lay in a huddled heap on the bottom.

When they found their speech they climbed out. 'Lisha still held Hulda's hand, but Hulda did not appear to notice it.

"Henry Wixon," said Hulda, her eyes flashing, "what do you mean by sich conduct? Have you been drinkin'?

"Yes, Henry Wixon," said 'Lisha, "What do you mean by sich conduct? If I hadn't been here to protect her you would have



scared this lady nigh to death. What do you mean by it?"

"That's right, 'Lisha, give it to him. He ought to be 'shamed of himself, scaring a body so. I wouldn't ride another inch with him if he paid me a million dollars. 'Lisha, you go over to that house over there and hire a horse and buggy and drive me the rest of the way. I'll never get into that thing again."

Henry tried to explain that something was the matter with the car—that the carburetor had become jammed, or something like that, but Hulda would not listen to his explanation.

"Mebby so," she said, "but I won't take another chance with it. 'Lisha, go get that buggy."

'Lisha went after the buggy as directed and Henry busied himself about the car, while Hulda sat in silence by the roadside until he returned.

Soon he appeared with an ancient buggy and a mild mannered horse. He assisted her in and drove off with his head in the air. After they had disappeared, Henry released his emergency brake. He wore an inscrutable smile and the twinkle in his eye was mischievous to say the least. "I guess that ride will help some," he mused to himself. "If 'Lisha don't get up courage enough to propose before he gets to Yarmouth with that crow bait of a horse he deserves to lose her, and I hope he will!"

'Lisha did not appear again in South Eastham until the week was up. When he returned Hulda returned with him and the next day their engagement was announced.

"How did you enjoy the camp meeting, 'Lisha?" Henry asked.

"Never had such a time in all my life," replied 'Lisha. "We hadn't gone two miles in that ere buggy before I had asked Hulda if she'd have me and she 'lowed she would. Say, young feller, did that automobile ever run away before?"

"No," answered Henry, "and I don't believe it will again."

"Thought so," replied 'Lisha. "Much obleeged."

Cape Cod has a new manufacturing plant, located here. Chatham capital and Chatham men furnished the money and brains for the Weld Manufacturing Company. It has closed a contract with the Edwards Company of Chicago to furnish 1,500,000 metal pieces before the middle of next year and expects this to lead up to large future contracts. Rumor says these parts are for the allies' munitions.

A MEMORY OF JANUARY

BY LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

MARK TWAIN says that New England can produce more weather in a given time than any other place in the world. I agree with him, except I should somewhat narrow the boundaries of the area and make it: "Southern Massachusetts" or, to be correct: "Cape Cod." For, in three never-to-be-forgotten-days in January, we had weather—"weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, weather to give to the poor."

It began on a Friday morning. It was a morning to carry you in imagination to the "north country", and make you look towards the horizon, half expecting to see there the mountains, white-clad, rising one beyond the other; and you looked in vain for the tall hemlocks and spruces. But the bare trees were covered with white, glistening frost that made every branch and twig sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight. The sky was clear and gray; not a cloud was to be seen, and the smoke rolled up straight and white from the chimneys. The air was frosty and still; it made your ears and fingers tingle. You took deep breaths until your lungs were full of it, and it made you feel as if the world was created for your own especial delight—as if there was so much happiness in you that your poor little body was not half big enough to hold it.

A chickadee, perched on a low pine, called a greeting to his mate while the snow "scrunched" musically under your feet. The sound of men's voices came ringing heartily across the fields and the shouts of laughter of children echoed faintly from the school house hill.

A little gray cloud appeared on the horizon that grew and grew until it overspread the sky, and then the snow fell in giddy flurries that developed into a blustering blizzard. Next Boreas added his efforts. He whistled and roared and screamed. He picked up great armfuls of the snow and threw them up into the air and laughed in his wild glee as they swirled and spread about. Where his career was unchecked, he swept big, bare patches and piled great heaps of snow against front doors and along highway fences. He moulded it into fantastic shapes and dainty designs. The hedge became a long mound like the work of some pre-historic man. The shrubs turned to masses of branching white coral.

All the rest of the day he blustered, and, with the coming of night, Jack Frost joined him in his rough play. They hung icicles along the eaves and windows and gutters. They drew strange pictures of mountains and forests and palaces on the window panes. They rattled the casements and whistled around the corner and shouted down the chimneys. And ever fell the snow, and yet more snow.

Morning dawned. For one day we presented a dramatized version of "Snowbound." "Shut in from all the world without" we read and worked and played and sewed. There were the 'house dog on his paws outspread," "the cat's dark silhouette on the wall." And now and then we watched from the window the slow and plodding journey of some poor man who, with every step, sank to his hips in drifts, or, from momentary exhaustion, leaned against some tree or telephone pole. No teams passed, for the horses trying to face the storm were stifled and fell to their knees so that the wagons were abandoned by the roadside and the horses were given refuge in neighboring barns. The shrill engine whistles were heard infrequently. Half, three-quarters, an hour, two hours late were the trains. They stuck in snow banks, were shoveled out and went on, only to stick fast again. One train was stalled for two days,

with little except the smoke stack on the engine visible.

The short winter day was soon over and the soft twilight gave way to darkness. The storm continued and, through the casements, we could see the gray whiteness rushing through the night. The pile of snow on the window sill increased with every hour until the pane was nearly covered and all view of the storm was cut off. It was just the kind of an evening when home seems just a little more cozy and dear than ever before. When the supper dishes were washed and put away and the doors were securely fastened for the night,

> "We sat the clean winged hearth about,
> Content to let the North wind roar
> In baffled rage at pane and door."

The fire blazed and crackled cheerily and the row of red cheeked apples sputtered in front of it. When it had burned down to just a red glow, we brought out the corn popper and took turns in energetically shaking it over the coals until the handful of little yellow kernels filled it to the cover with crisp pop-corn. And the pitcher of cider on the table made a typical New England picture such as Whittier describes.

> "Our father"—not as Whittier drew—
> "Was boy at heart, with man's broad view,
> And sober thought he laid away
> And spent the time in prankish play
> Until the circle laughed with joy
> To see the man again a boy."

"Our mother, while she turned the wheel" (which I have to confess was the wheel of a sewing machine)
"Or run the new-knit stocking heel" (which, as I am truthful, I must admit was knit in a factory)
"Watched the fun with smiling eyes."

> "Our uncle, innocent of books
> Was versed in rods and fishing hooks,
> And where the oysters thickest lay
> Along the shores of Little Bay.
> When skies were fair, with dog and gun
> He sought the woods where foxes run.
> His life in quiet pleasures spent,
> He sought no more, and was content."

> "Next the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
> And voice in dreams I see and hear,
> The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate,
> Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
> Found peace in love's unselfishness
> And welcome wheresoe'er she went."

Who could doubt that Whittier had in mind our own dear aunt?

> "There, too, our elder sister plied
> Her evening task, the stand beside."

But the elder sister was, in reality, elder cousin, and her task—a task of joy—was that of reading aloud from "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm".

> "The youngest sat upon the hearth,
> Wide eyed at all the bubbling mirth.
> Her brother, who beside her sat,
> Would slyly tease the sleeping cat.
> At eight o'clock, when mother said,
> 'It's time that young folks were in bed,'
> They begged to be allowed to stay,
> Reluctant to give up the play."

> "Grandmother, who for eighty years
> Had faced life's joys and hopes and fears,
> Close by the fire-side had her place.
> The smile that wreathed her gentle face
> That night seemed youthful. Sitting there
> A-knitting in her easy chair,
> She watched her children, filled with pride
> To have them all still at her side."

> "Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
> The mistress of the district school
> Held at the fire her favored place,
> Its warm glow lit a laughing face.
> Born the wild northern hills among,
> From whence her yeoman father wrung
> By patient toil, subsistence scant;
> Not competence and yet not want,
> She early gained the power to pay
> Her cheerful, self-reliant way."

Sunday morning! Clear, warm, delightful! Boreas and Jack Frost had been defeated and routed by Notus and Sunshine and had left behind only the effects of their siege. How the drifts and broad stretches of smooth snow glistened! It was as if the wonderful Valley of Diamonds had been outspread during the night before our wondering gaze.

The house had been turned by magic to a fairyland palace. Huge drifts reached half way to the second story windows and above them the side of the house was covered with a thick coating of snow and sleet. Long icicles hung from the eaves. And the sunlight, flashing on the ice and snow, was indescribably gorgeous. Every telephone wire was a cable of crystal. And every branch sagged beneath its clinging load.

But how the drifts, which the routed army had left, mocked us! With shovel and broom we attacked them. We pulled their foundations from under them and razed them to the ground. If the two generals had been there, how they would have rebelled at seeing their fortifications attacked. How they would have stormed and howled and fought! But they were gone, and we merrily dug our paths and piled the blocks high on either side. The dog joined us and burrowed into the drifts with his paws, scattering the snow in all directions and finally emerging with his black hair almost completely covered with snow.

"We saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out."

The men's voices rang out across the drifts in cordial greeting to us or cheery encouragement to the horses. In their shirt sleeves, they shoveled the snow, pausing now and then to wipe the perspiration from their faces. They passed, and there was heard only the drip, drip of melted snow from the roof and the cheery song of a solitary chickadee.

"We received the first number of your magazine and it was constantly in use by some member of our party, since then we have eagerly secured the ensuing issues. . . Your editorials are worth the price of the magazine, they are so loyal to the Cape. . . Anything about the Cape I know is looked forward to with pleasure by all who have ever been there and I wish you great success with your work."—Extracts from a letter received by the publishers.

HOMESICK

By JOSHUA WILLIS CROSBY

There is a land of pure delight,
Where violets bloom and daisies nod,
Where all is pleasant to the sight,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

The Pilgrim Fathers, ocean crossing,
First landed on Cape Cod,
And ever since their folks are singing,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

A sense of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life, a friendly nod,
I love them all, this was my home,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

And as the seasons move in mirth,
The child's not spoiled to spare the rod;
Comes like a blessing from the land,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

Perfumes and beauty everywhere,
Sky, trees, grass, the very sod;
I love them all, this was my home,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

Oh, make me worthy of this land,
Especially blessed by the Great God
With winter skies and summer suns,
Dear Old Cape Cod.

The Town of Barnstable offers three silver cups to the three milkmen of the town whose product makes the highest scores at the Milk, Cream and Butter Show to be held in Boston the first week in January. The cups will be suitably inscribed. They are now on exhibition in the window of Johnstone, the Jeweller, at Hyannis. Last year the town made an exhibit in the health class at this show and was awarded the second prize. The previous year the town won the third prize.

There have been numerous instances that have proven that the Cape Cod Magazine brings results to its advertisers. It seems to offer advantages possessed by no other publication.

During the 1915 open season 22 deer were killed in Barnstable county.

An Ideal Winter Home

A JOURNEY about the Cape in the winter time shows that not all who come to enjoy its delightful summer climate depart for their city homes as the days begin to grow shorter. Here and there we find those who believe that the Cape has much to offer as a place of all the year 'round residence.

Among these we find Captain and Mrs. C. Lawrence Barry, cosily ensconced in their comfortable cottage at Craigville, enjoying sunshine and storms as they may come. Their residence, "Indian Head," overlooks the waters of Vineyard Sound and out on the leaden waters on an overcast day they can see the steamers with their trailing smoke as they pass through this busy lane of marine travel. One



"INDIAN HEAD"

can scarcely imagine Captain Barry happy away from the sight of the water. He believes that Cape Cod is destined to be known as the Nation's pleasure ground, and speaking of the beach in front of his residence he says: "It is the finest in the world, pure, clean sand, without current or undertow, where a child can bathe without the slightest danger. There's nothing in the world like it."

And Captain Barry surely is an authority. He is something of a traveller, familiar with every coast "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." While in the United States navy he lived a life upon the water and now that he has resigned the water still retains his fancy.

Captain Barry went to Craigville some eight years ago for a week-end. He fell in love with the place and has built an all the year 'round home there. And now he is one of Cape Cod's most strenuous "boosters."

In many ways the home of the Barrys is unique. It has a delightful location and gives the visitor at once a sense of comfort and cheer. It is a "home," as distinguished from many houses which are usually built for the purpose of being lived in only for a few months of the year.

As the years go by we hope that many more of the men who have lived active lives and played their parts in the busy world will make Cape Cod their abiding place and help to shape the destinies of this "right arm of the Old Bay State." Cape Cod stands ready to welcome them with open arms. Strong, rugged men Cape Cod has ever loved and its history has proven that it has been the abiding place of such since the days when the Pilgrims sought its shores.

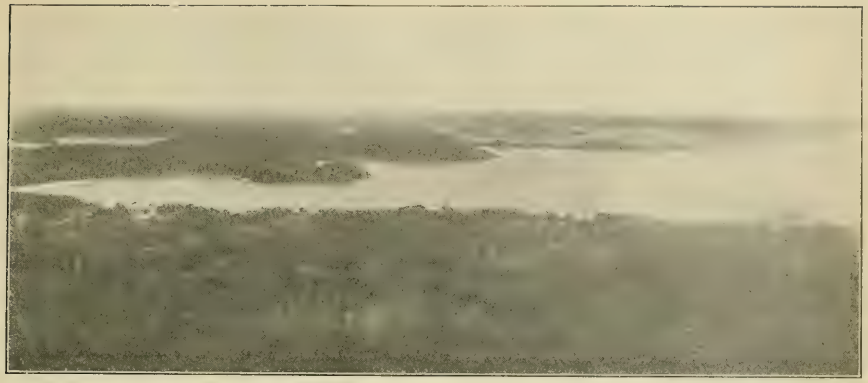
Here's something for students of Cape Cod history to ponder:

Seventeen old-fashioned cannon balls, some of two and others of four-pound weight, were found recently under the residence of Mrs. Olive Cook in Provincetown. Just when or why they were put there is a mystery to the members of the family, but they have the appearance of having laid there for a long time.

During the stay of the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor the first white child of English parentage in New England was born and the wife of William Bradford fell overboard and was drowned, this being the first recorded death in the colonies.

The Order of Red Men is planning to erect a statue to Massasoit, the Indian chief, at Plymouth in 1920.

As an advertising medium we offer great advantages.



WEQUAQUET LAKE FROM SHOOT FLYING HILL

WEQUAQUET LAKE

THE remarkable opportunities for pleasure which Centerville affords, including excellent facilities for bathing, boating, fishing, riding, and walking, draw many people there each season; and those who have felt the peculiar charm amid the quiet and beauty of its shaded street do not need to be urged to summer there when the warm weather approaches. Wequaquet Lake, known until recent years as Nine Mile Pond, and located between Barnstable and Centerville, is another attraction.

During 1898 Howard Marston, a lake enthusiast, had it surveyed and a chart made by George W. Eldredge, hydrographer of Chatham. The lake covers 656 acres, and its shore line measures 10½ miles. In Amos Otis' Geographical Notes of Barnstable, he says that the Indian name, Wequaquet, means fair, pleasant, delightful, and that there is poetry in the name. The pond or lake has ever been a favorite resort with sportsmen.

Elisha B. Bearse has been the pioneer in catering to the wants of visitors since 1875. His camp, located on the shore of the lake, and his home nearby, have housed many famous guests, including Ex-President Cleveland, Joseph Jefferson, the noted actor, Governor Herrick of Ohio and a governor from Indiana, who have come there to enjoy his famous dinners and the freedom of hunting and fishing at their pleasure.

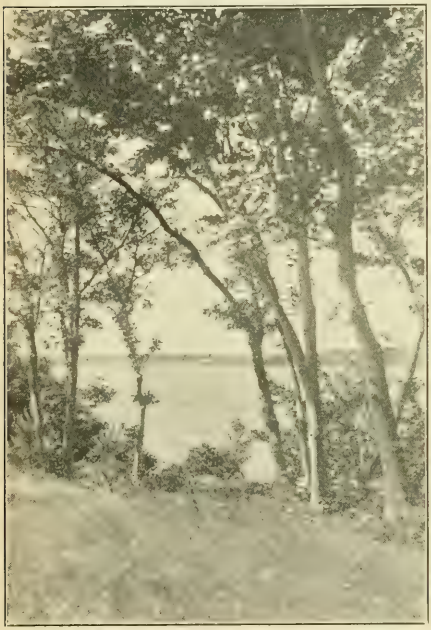
In 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Starck built and opened to the public a fine cafe which they christened "Camp Opechee." Mr. and Mrs. Starck are born caterers and were immediately successful in their new enterprise.

One of the most desirable points of land on the lake was obtained by Andrew Gardner in exchange for a harness made by him in 1886. Messrs. Russell and Howard Marston and others have made large purchases of property around the lake and improved the same by building piers, boathouses, etc. A number have erected camps and cottages, having been attracted by the natural scenery and peaceful quiet of this beautiful spot.

Howard Marston has taken the lead in aquatic sports with his fast Hereshoff boats. During "vacation days in the good old summer time," many moonlight fetes are held, such as illuminations, fireworks and bonfires in the center of the lake on rafts provided for the purpose. On such occasions large numbers have gathered from the surrounding

villages to witness the enchanting scene of sailboats, rowboats and canoes, gaily decorated, as they glide to and fro over its silvery surface.

Since 1890 yachting has been a favorite pastime, a large fleet of small boats being raced at frequent intervals. The steamer "Rambler" has carried many excursionists around the lake, and several naphtha launches have added to the enjoyment of summer visitors who frequent this beautiful sheet of



A VIEW THROUGH THE TREES

water from the many resorts in the vicinity.

Could we pause here and roll back the wheels of time, even for one century, how strange the picture that we should behold, and with what astonishment would those old Puritan ancestors gaze upon the many changes that have been wrought by the transforming hand of time. Those old days have long since passed, however, and the hunting grounds of the Indians have been converted into peaceful homes that we see about us today.

Wequaquet Lake is in process of development and is one of the many beauty spots to be found upon the Cape which are destined to become known wherever there are people who seek peacefulness, quiet and beauty during the heated months of the year.

The Little House Under the Hill

By LUCY C. MORSE

I HAVE a copy of the Cape Cod Magazine before me. It was sent to me by my brother—and how I prize it! The name brings back to me some of the most precious of memories, the home of my childhood days, my school days—happy days, but all too short. Yet we cherish no such memories of our schoolmates as we do of home and mother.

The dear old house under the hill is as dear to me as ever, although I have lived past the allotted time given to most. What good times my sisters and brothers and I used to have in the winter coasting down hill, and in the summer playing hide and seek around the house! And often we used to go up on the hill to see the moon come up out of the ocean, as it seemed to us, big as a wash tub, and to see the long stretch of fishing vessels in the bay. It was a pretty sight.

This magazine brings back to me so many pleasant memories, and sad ones as well. There were seven of us children, besides two that died in infancy. They are all laid away now in the village churchyard, except my brother and I.

O memory, be sweet to me,
Take all else at will to thee,
But leave me safe and sound,
Without a token my heart to wound,
The little house under the hill.

My father's name was Edmund Freeman,

and his father was Edmund Freeman, a descendant from the Edmund Freeman who married Tabitha Chase, whose children were Samuel, Thomas, Mary, May, Josiah (who moved to Vermont), Nathan (who moved to New York), and Edmund (that was my grandfather) who married Lucy Churchill of Plymouth, so you see I am a true daughter of Cape Cod. My grandmother was born and brought up in Plymouth and my grandfather built his house (which is standing now and well preserved) in Spring Hill, down by the mill pond. Grandfather brought his bride home to the new house and they lived there all their lives. Three boys were born to them and two girls. John was the oldest, Edmund (my father) came next; then Josiah, Lucy and Mary.

Grandmother was married in a lovely white silk dress with red roses and green leaves woven into it. It was so thick it would stand alone and I have a piece of it now, yellow with age, that still shows its quality. She had two sets of furs. The muffs were as big as a small nail keg and the neck pieces long enough to go around the neck two or three times. Her other clothes were as nice as could be had in those days, and she had a thousand dollars in money that was her dowry. I never knew anything about my greatuncles and aunts, except "Aunt Polly." Her name was Mary, but she was always called Polly. Dear Aunt Polly! How we children loved her! She was a little woman with dark eyes and lived with grandfather and grandmother as long as they lived and then went to live with relatives. I hope they were good to her, but I never knew much about her after that.

I was named for grandmother. My dear father's death, in the prime of his life, was a great blow to me. I was only a child and it had never occurred to me that my father could die. He took a sudden cold, was stricken with paralysis and lived but a short time, leaving my mother with five young children. He was one of the best of men. I used to think he was about as good as God, always willing to do a kindness for a neighbor, free hearted and a strict temperance man.

After a while our home had to be broken up and we were scattered. That was the hardest of all, to leave each other and all the dear familiar places we loved so well. Many and many a night my pillow was wet with tears, for I was always a home body.

My oldest brother met with a tragic death. He drove the stage from Falmouth to Monument. On this morning there was a sea captain who was going to sea. He had a loaded gun among his other baggage. My brother, not knowing it was loaded, dropped it off the top of the stage and it was discharged into his body. It was a dreadful thing and a cruel blow to my mother as he was her eldest boy. He was taken to Wareham on the train, but the best of medical skill could not save his life.

Cape Cod has changed very much in the last few years and in the years to come the change will doubtless be even greater now that the canal is through.

I often wish I could have been born a generation later so that I could see the changes take place, but the twilight of my life deepens, the shadows grow longer. With my dear children and grandchildren I hope to be here awhile longer 'till the shadows flee away and I join my dear ones over the river.

[Editor's Note—The above account of the life of a true daughter of Cape Cod, now over seventy years old, is certainly very touching and will remind many of their own family histories. We hope that others will follow the example set by Mrs. Morse and write just such bits of intimate Cape Cod history for publication in this magazine.]

Falmouth probably has a greater variety of scenic beauties than any town on the Cape. It has an outlook upon the waters of placid Buzzards Bay, as well as wide marine views upon Vineyard Sound. Its landscape is heavily wooded and dotted with fresh water lakes. It is a well-kept town in every way and is most attractive to the eye of the visitor.

"Cape Cod"

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Editorial

IT is natural that people should take pride in their ancestry and it is not snobbishness to refer to it if it is done in the proper way. Here on Cape Cod many of us can trace our ancestry back to the days when the pilgrim sought our shores to escape from religious and political persecution. Here upon one of the eastern extremities of the continent they established their homes and here they found what they sought. Hardy souls —these men and women—and we feel proud that some of their blood runs in our veins. They underwent hardship and privation in their effort to maintain a foothold here and the families which were established then still remain, and many Cape Cod families still live upon the land that has come down to them through the succession of generations.

On Cape Cod the first democratic government was founded. Cape Cod men gave the wisdom of their council in colonial affairs. They fought in the Indian wars and in the war for freedom, on sea and land. They took part in the war of 1812 and drove from their shores the frigates of the English. In the Civil War Cape Cod furnished its brave quota of men who fought beneath the southern skies to establish the freedom of fellow men.

Cape Cod men sailed the seven seas, carrying the American flag into every quarter of the globe and established records for bravery and daring. They chased the whales in the frozen north and beneath the shadow of the Southern cross. Leaving the sea they became the pioneers of the West. They dug gold in California in '49 and populated Washington and Oregon. Some of them entered the marts of trade and made reputations for shrewdness and honesty in business dealings that still lives.

A generation or two ago destiny led the most progressive Cape Codders far afield. They were forced to leave their native soil and establish themselves wherever the opportunity for gaining a livelihood seemed most promising. Some stayed at home and kept the old place in order. Some still toiled upon the water and tilled the soil. Some kept the local stores and administered the affairs of their native towns. Some manned the life-boats that rescued those about to perish upon the wreck-strewn coast.

The fathers and grandfathers of those who make the Cape their home today were the men who did their part in the scheme of life, and wherever their lives were lived they were still Cape Codders at heart and soul. Today the tide has turned—Cape Cod is no longer drained of its best blood to build the cities and populate the prairies. Backward are coming the sons and daughters of former generations to help build up the land of their ancestry. With them are coming those who find with us the things which their souls seek.

Cape Cod welcomes all who come because of a desire to live with us, who will cherish the traditions of the past and help us carve our future. Whether their ancestors came in the Mayflower, whether they came with the settlers of the Old Bay Colony, or whether they came in later ships—we welcome them all if they show a disposition to become Cape

Codders in spirit and mingle upon equal terms with those with whom they come in daily contact.

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NOW is the time to plan for the summer to come. Now is the time to clean up the wood lots and the waysides, to mend and paint and prune. Tear down the tumble-down fences, paint the old woodshed, clear the yard of its disfiguring rubbish and prepare to present to the world in the spring the shining countenance of the child that has been scrubbed by a fond but thorough mother. Cleanliness and order are virtues that should be cultivated and fostered. Every village should seek to make itself spick and span against the coming of another summer, and when the spring breezes come blowing gently from the south, plant flowers and make our fair land blossom with color and sweetness. Thus can we make a better Cape Cod. Individuals and communities can each play a part in the work that is necessary to be done. Time is the cheapest thing that we have at this season of the year and time spent in "righting up" our premises and our town can be made to pay the biggest dividends that we have ever known.

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THE country is fast recovering its poise. The war is no longer demoralizing our affairs. The wheels of industry are turning and stocks that last year were worthless are now paying dividends. Prosperity is upon us like an avalanche. There is more gold in the United States than any one country ever before possessed. Every nook and cranny of our land is bathed in the sunshine of plenty, and when the tide of pleasure seekers again turns our way they must find that Cape Cod realizes its opportunity and is prepared to give service in return for the money that will be offered for entertainment and good fellowship.

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WAR supplies for the Allies are being made at a machine shop in Chatham.

AN advertising man has said that he would like to write the story of Cape Cod to spread before the people of the country for the purpose of "selling" our climate, our beaches, our woodlands, and dimpling ponds, and our hospitality, in the manner in which sales are made of commodities manufactured and produced by those who advertise in the magazines, by booklet and letter. It takes the trained mind of a business man to see where we fall short in our opportunities.

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OUR purpose is to show Cape Cod as it really is and we have already succeeded in surprising even those who thought that they were familiar with its interesting features. In fact we have surprised ourselves. Interesting things are constantly coming to our attention about which we had but a vague idea. Thousands of readers have also been enlightened and their views changed by the perusal of the pages of this magazine. We have succeeded in arousing some measure of enthusiasm in regard to the land in which they live in the minds of many Cape Cod people and even in the short period of the life of this publication we feel that we have accomplished much. We have come in contact with many interesting personalities, many Cape Cod enthusiasts, and many prophets who assert that it has a brilliant future as well as a glorious past.

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WE are in receipt of a letter from Joseph Crosby Lincoln, the noted writer of Cape Cod stories, in which he expresses his interest in this magazine and gives us the hope that we may sometime be able to give to our readers a story or poem from his pen.

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LAKE Wequaquet is not the only large sheet of fresh water within the confines of the Cape. There is also Wakeby Lake in Sandwich, Lake Manomet in Bourne and Long Pond in Harwich to be considered.

"UPLIFT CORNER FOLKS"

THE Mattacheesit Club is primarily a summer resort club overlooking the waters of Vineyard Sound and the "Uplift Corner" is the southeast point of the piazza so situated as to get the best view of the ocean.

The self-elected members of the "Uplift Corner" are a number of successful, mostly retired, business and professional men who have drifted together through the mutual love of old Cape Cod and with just the amount of variance in life interests, habits and moods to form a cohesive whole. The members are:—

JOHN FRANKLIN AMMEN—A retired actor-manager.
HARVEY A. BREEZE—The Cranberry King and a "shining light" of the Barnstable County Bar.
HON. STANLEY M. BRIXTON—Member of Congress of the 14th District and a late law partner of Harvey Breeze.
IRA M. A. BUGGE—Ph.D., Lit.D., A.M., C.M.Z.S.; an eminent zoologist and piscatorial scientist engaged by the National Fisheries Bureau in the study of the dogfish question.
MAJOR ALFRED GOODE, U. S. Marines (retired)—Known to his intimates as "All-fired Good" from his well known reputation as a raconteur and to the rest of the Cape as the "navy man."
H. HAMILTON HESS—An advertising expert and exponent on "psychology in publicity."
CAPTAIN ABIJAH HOLMES—A retired sea-dog.
A. PERLEY POOLE—A retired Wall Street broker.

THE LANCE OF FIRE

BY A CAPE COD HAPPY JACK

"Hello, boys! But I'm glad to get back to dear old Cape Cod again, even if it's only for a few days," remarked the Honorable Stanley M. Brixton as he joined a group of gentlemen who were sitting inside the rail of the piazza at the Mattacheesit Club.

This particular rail of this particular piazza faced the open waters of the Sound and had, on a clear day, a fine view of Martha's Vineyard, but today, owing to a slight misty haze on the horizon, the island showed dimly as a low lying bank of fog in spite of the fact that the sun shone cheerfully in the mid-afternoon sky and the proverbially cool summer breezes, with which the Cape is singularly blessed, kept the thermometer from registering a heat that is usually associated in one's mind with a late August day.

"Beat Washington for comfort, Stanley?" inquired Harvey A. Breeze, the Cranberry King as he was locally known, making room for the Congressman, his one time law partner and life-long friend. "Wonder you wouldn't retire and give some of the young fellars a chance, Stan."

"I would, Harvey, if I owned half Cape Cod and had that half planted to cranberries, but nowadays, when each session of Congress laps over into the next, one does not get a very big chance to tend to private law practice and a Congressman's salary doesn't take into consideration the need of artificial refrigeration necessary during a summer session. If our first President hadn't lived at Mount Vernon we might have planned our National Capitol somewhere else in the three

million, five hundred and seventy odd thousand square miles that go to make up this 'land of the free and home of the brave.' It was an awful price to pay just to save the immortal George time and mileage some hundred and thirty years ago."

"Pity you don't hold your summer sessions on the Cape, Brixton," remarked H. Hamilton Hess, a member of one of the largest advertising firms in New York and an enthusiastic exponent of 'psychology in publicity.' "I haven't seen it above 76° since I've been here and the nights are cool enough to lave the fevered brow of William Jennings Bryan."

"Young man," Hess was every day of forty-five, but Congressman Brixton never addressed anyone under sixty by a more mature title, "Young man, if Cape Cod climate had been as well known in our fore-fathers' days as it is now, they would be erecting summer cottages on spilings halfway between here and the Vineyard."

"You're some booster, Stan, some booster!" muttered Breeze as he lighted up a fresh cigar.

"By the way," remarked Cap'n 'Bijah Holmes, "speaking of boosters, where's the navy man?"

Captain Abijah Holmes, a product of the Cape and a relic of the old merchant marine, had come back home to live on a competence won from over fifty years of sea-faring life from cabin boy on a New Bedford whaler to master of an up-to-date, coast-wise steamship, while the "navy man" he referred to was Major Alfred Goode of the United States Marine Corps, retired, and known among his friends and intimates as "All-fired Good" from the esteem with which his sea yarns were held by all who could secure his services as a raconteur. Major Goode, in the performance of his duties for his country, had sailed the Seven Seas and been domiciled, more or less temporarily, in most of the odd corners of the globe and had finally, after an arduous and honorable career, married and settled down on Cape Cod, to use his own terms, "the last place the Creator made and therefore the most perfect."

"The 'navy man's' present to speak for himself," interjected the Major, coming around the corner of the piazza. "They say a listener hears no good of himself, but I have evidently arrived before the hammer has begun to get in its knocks. What is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"Why this tardiness in reaching the 'Uplift Corner' on such a beautiful afternoon?" asked the psychologic Hess, secretly admiring the upright, military poise of the new arrival. "We had begun to fear that war had been declared against some obstreperous kinglet or revolutionary dictator and that you had been recalled to the colors."

"No such luck, Ham," sighed the Major, "we've too many young 'uns and too few reconstruction jobs to need the services of the old scrapheap hulks. I've been giving the local troop of Boy Scouts a talk on neutrality and incidentally conveying to their young minds the fact that their organization, though uniformed, is not a military one."

"Humph!" growled the Cranberry King. "About as simple as putting out a conflagration with gasolene. If you'd given your lecture in the full uniform and accessories as laid down in the Naval Regulations you'd have had the lads shipping on the next cattle steamer en bloc and enlisting in the British army at the other end of their voyage. You'd make a fine understudy for the Dove of Peace if your oratory to the lads is at all like the brand you give your friends here at the club."

"I'm not the swashbuckler my kind friends would make me out," replied the Major, "and to show you how mild and gentle I can be at times I'll tell you that one of the Scouts had killed a four foot black snake down in the swamp and I was trying to convince them that the killing was a mistake, as a black snake was most useful in ridding the neighborhood of rats and other vermin."

"Under some conditions I'd rather put up with the vermin," remarked 'Ham' Hess, with an exaggerated shudder, "I don't really

faint at the sight of a snake, especially those little green garden chaps, but I certainly draw the line at those big black fellars and they can have the whole road as far as I am concerned."

"You can't judge the malignity of a snake by its size, Hess," replied the 'navy man,' "for from my personal experience the smaller they are the more dangerous they can be."

"Sit right down here, Major, and tell us all about your snake experience," cried the Hon. Stanley M. "I knew the Scout lads hadn't milked you dry of all your yarns and we haven't had a good one since the last you told about the German Emperor."

"It isn't a tale that I'm passionately fond of telling," staring across the Sound at the government tender making the trip from Bishop's and Clerk's to the Succonnesset Shoals Lightship, "but if you can stand hearing it I can stand telling it for the second time in my life.

"It was during my first cruise in the New York. We had lain for seven months sweltering in the bay of Rio Janeiro, watching the spiggotties shooting up one another and now and then killing a man, almost by mistake. It was 'wear-out' and not warfare with those South American Portuguese and we were pretty blamed sick of the whole business.

"There we were, week after week and month after month in the fetid, germ-ladened waters of that filthy bay and wishing either the rebels or the de facto government would make a mistake and insult our Flag, capture one of our mail-orderlies or open fire on one of our shore-boats or cruisers, for we had five of the latter, from the big New York down to the little gunboat Detroit, so that we might have an excuse to jump in and clear up things and then get out for 'God's Country.'

"Those psychological sharps say that if one only wishes for a thing long enough and hard enough that that very thing is bound to happen, and sure as you're born, old Admiral de Gama and his bunch of rebels undertook to interfere with the unloading of two American merchantmen at the docks of Rio. Rear Admiral Menton, one of the quietest and best natured souls that ever wore the 'fouled anchor,' promptly cleared his ships for action on a Sunday morning, and after a rifle shot across the bows of the American brig and a four-inch shot from the New York into the bowels of the rebel gunboat that fired the first shot, de Gama boarded our Flagship and tried to surrender his sword to our Commander-in-Chief.

"It wasn't Admiral Menton's day for accepting gold bricks, so he told the old rebel to get aboard his own ship and fight fair or he'd open up such a broadside of assorted four, six and eight-inch shells as would make scrap-iron a drug on the market in that section of the world.

"I think that rather took all the fight out of the spiggoty admiral, because a couple of weeks later, when the Nictheroy, she of the dynamite gun, more deadly at the breech than at the muzzle, came steaming into the bay at the head of a long line of converted yachts, condemned tramps and oyster dredges, all flying the Brazilian flag, de Gama scuttled and blew up everything he held, from the obsolete Aquideban, his flagship, to the modernized fortress of Villegagnon, just opposite the docks of Rio, and, rowing out to two Portuguese men-o-war in the roadstead, steamed out of the bay with all his family, personal and official. Within three days we were ordered home.

I guess that homeward-bound pennant of ours was the greatest labor of love our quartermasters ever did. It was several hundred feet long and had everything woven into it but a broiled live lobster, and we knew we could get that as soon as ever we struck Broadway! We left some of our sister ships down there to keep the peace, and as fuel was scarce, received orders to stop at Saint Lucia, in the Windward Islands, for coal.

"Just why we were ordered to that out-of-way place nobody seemed to know, unless it was to give the U. S. Consul at Port Castries, who was incidentally the coal merchant, a chance to make a living. We had taken on

coal there on the run down from New York to Rio eight months before and the consul had soaked us two sovereigns a ton, nine dollars and seventy-five cents gold in American money! He ought to have lost his job as consul, but I suppose the Administration were afraid to remove him for fear he might return to the States and gradually acquire the United States Treasury.

"We ran into the harbor of Port Castries and dropped anchor near the docks, the only place you can find good holding ground, as the bay has practically no bottom in the centre, being evidently what is left of an extinct volcano and soon found that Pocahontas coal wasn't any cheaper than on our last trip. However, we warped alongside the dock and started taking in enough coal to last us up to Kingston, Jamaica, where we knew there was a coal merchant, an English Jew, who didn't need to make his whole fortune out of one cargo.

"In most of the West India Islands it seems to be the prevailing custom for the black women to coal ship. They have a flat, heavy-woven basket holding about thirty or thirty-five pounds which they fill, and, placing on their heads, run up the narrow gangways to the coaling-ports on the side of the ship or to the shutes on the upper decks. The men never seem to work, but hang around smoking and sleeping in the sun and only getting active when it comes time to take the pay away from the women workers of their families.

"The Governor of the island visited our ship and over the 'walnuts and wine' begged that our men might be given shore liberty after they had finished coaling, and it was explained to him that, while Jacky could be trusted to behave himself in a foreign port, he had the embarrassing habit of wanting to pick things to pieces to see how the 'wheels go round' and that a horde of five hundred American blue-jackets with anywhere from one hundred and fifty to three hundred American gold dollars apiece for spending money and no shore liberty in the past eight months, might safely be expected to upset the internal mechanism of the island, to say nothing of the town of Port Castries with its five thousand inhabitants, mostly black!

"The Governor could see no objection to all that—the gold dollars looked good to him —and promised to call off his black constabulary from interfering with Jacky's liberty, and he even went so far as to suggest that our Marine Guard should act in the capacity of town police for the time being, and laughingly dubbed me 'Her Majesty's Police Magistrate During the Invasion of the American Sailors.' I wasn't pleased with the prospects, but the men sadly needed a holiday and the Captain seemed taken with the idea too, so the Chief of Police, an ex-Sergeant-Major of one of the crack British regiments, turned over his quarters in the town jail and I assumed the first land duties I had had in some time.

"Our Jackies didn't quite pick everything to pieces, though what they left consisted principally of the Anthropological Museum, which they didn't understand, and one or two shops in the town, the contents of which they had no use for. On the whole they acted very decently, paid for what they drank, drank as much and no more than they could stand up under and, from want of a proper fulcrum and lever, refrained from prying the tight little island off its foundation and standing it on its peaks in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. All peccadilloes committed by our sailors in that forty-eight hour liberty to each watch, for there were no serious misdemeanors, could have been put down to one of two reasons—too much money and too short a time in which to spend it.

"I did have to close up the Niles Hotel three times between sunset and midnight on the first day of liberty, but it was only because our Jackies and the Tommy Atkinses couldn't discuss such topics as Bunker Hill, the Battle of Trenton or the Fall of Yorktown in a tone of voice low enough to permit the townspeople getting a little sleep, but after

they had realized that there were subjects that were better not discussed among friends, comparative peace was the result.

"It was a pleasure to see how readily and with what good grace the British soldier took unto himself the orders we gave our own men. The 'Belted Guard,' as an adjunct to the town police, was no new sight to Tommy Atkins and he respected it, no matter who wore the belt.

"The Executive Officer, the Marine Guard and myself were about the only members of the ship's company who did not find time for the convivial sociabilities between shore and ship, and even I, with my almost hourly tribulations, was not without my social callers, as they casually dropped in at the jail to see for themselves what sort of a British Chief of Police I made. My visitors, officers of the garrison for the most part, were a jolly, whole-souled set of fellows, inclined to poke fun at my quasi-judicial position, but hospitable to the last word.

"After the ship's company had all had their liberty, I accepted an invitation to take breakfast with the officers at the Morne, their mountain garrison at the top of one of the two cones that rise three thousand feet out of the ocean. They left a good saddle-horse for me at the Niles Hotel in the town and early in the morning I started the ascent: the road, an exceedingly fine piece of British macadam, winding in and out through picturesque wood and rock, first bears toward and then falls away from partially concealed emplacements for modern guns of huge calibre, for the whole island is honeycombed with the latest type of fortifications, in fact, it is called the Gibralter of the Western Hemisphere.

"Half way up the mountain my horse snorted with fear and crouched back on his haunches. I looked about in amazement for, as far as I could see, everything was as it should have been and this particular place seemed the very antithesis of trouble or interruption. About ten feet further up the road and to one side, where the morning sunlight fell full on the rank, tropical vegetation, a gigantic negro lay flat on his stomach, his legs and one arm outstretched, his head pillowed on the other arm. 'Pretty lazy fellow to be sleeping at this time in the morning' I thought to myself, and raising my voice I asked him if I was on the right road to the Morne. He neither answered nor moved from his position, so putting it down to the usual sulkiness of the Santa Lucian Negro to strangers, I spurred my horse by him and resumed my way.

"I shall never forget the feeling of pleasure I experienced as I emerged from the heavily wooded road onto the small plateau at the top of the mountain. Below me lay the harbor with the New York like a jeweled replica set in a gargantuan turquoise. The lines of the mountain were so sharply set that I had a feeling of dread lest I might ride my horse across the level place on which the garrison stood and off the further edge into the ocean three thousand feet below. It seemed as though it would have been a very simple feat to have spurred my horse into a leap that would have carried us both clear of the mountain-side.

"I am some lover of nature and was rather inured to her surprises, but that scene caught my breath like the first dash of an ice-cold shower-bath, and as I sat drinking in the sight, I failed to see or hear the approach of two of my hosts.

"Don't ask me what they set before me to eat! I absorbed such quantities of atmosphere and wild scenery from the windows of their quaint old mess-hall that I don't think I took more than a mouthful or two of solid food. It seemed but a few minutes, it was really hours, before we were mounted and off for the trip down the mountain-side to the town.

"At the selfsame place I had passed the Negro in the morning, we found him lying in the road and in the same position, and when I told them that I had seen him there on my way up to the Morne, one of my companions, an army surgeon, jumped from his

horse and, approaching the body, turned him over.

" 'Dead!' he remarked, making a few simple tests; 'killed by the Lance de Feu and dead when you passed him this morning, which accounts for your horse's terror.'

" 'Is that a snake?' I questioned, getting down from my horse and joining the surgeon near the body.

" 'Yes, a small snake about five or six inches long,' he replied, pointing to two minute incisions on the side of the instep of the Negro's left foot. 'We warn them repeatedly not to go without shoes, but some of them are too poor, many too lazy, to earn the money to buy decent foot-covering and so the death rate from this cause alone is very great. The sting of the Lance of Fire kills inside of eight minutes and no antidote that we have tried will stop the rapid spread of the poison.'

"Do you wonder now, Brixton," concluded the Major, "that I claim that you cannot always judge the malignity of a snake by its size."

Opechee, the Robin

THAT there is something poetical in the make-up of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Starck, proprietors of Camp Opechee, is shown by the selection of the name of that popular resort. In Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha," is found the word Opechee, being the Indian name for the robin, and the name of the camp had its origin because of the poetical beauty of the word.

Camp Opechee closed October first, after a most successful season. It has become one of Cape Cod's best known resorts, and tourists come from long distances to partake of one of its famous dinners. During the winter Mr. and Mrs. Starck are to be found at Opechee Inn, Marston Farm, at Centerville, where the traveller can obtain excellent meals at any season of the year. There they have a large farm where Mr. Starck raises blooded horses, and much of the vegetables that are served at Camp Opechee. Mr. Starck exhibited his splendid draught horses at the Barnstable Fair last fall and received the blue ribbon of excellence.

Thomas Baker of Yarmouthport while recently strolling along the shore, picked up a vessel's sea chest made of solid mahogany. It was probably a cash box. It is four feet long and 2½ feet high, and is marked with brass letters "H. M. ship Pioneer, Portsmouth, England, 1861." Mr. Baker sold the chest to a collector for $20.

WHAT TOWN?

At the end of ends it lieth,
  In nature's elbow curve,
This sandy, smiling village,
  That time and tide both serve
To bring good people far and near
To taste its bounteous, happy cheer.

Old ocean breaks upon its shore
  In melody serene,
Or thunders forth a symphony
  With minor chords between,
Then rippling, shimmering, silvery sweet
Drops mane and rage in tide retreat.

The piney woods on western hills
  Stand guard and sentinel
And nod and beck to ocean gray
  The tidings, "All is well!"
Thus watch and ward of Nature's own,
Protect the peaceful, seaside town.

By night its beacon lights stream out,
  Afar upon the dangerous wave,
Oft saving in the wintry storm
  The sailor boy an ocean grave.
Shine on, oh lights, across the bars
As changeless as the sailor's stars.

And now my surf-beat elbow town,
  The bard hath this to sing:
How e'er thy sons and daughters rove,
  Still do they fondly cling
To thee, and summer tide
Shall bring them to thy welcome side.

L. E. E.

The Pageant of Cape Cod

Episode 5: The Barnstable County Court

Barnstable: In front of the County Court House. The drum is heard approaching from the direction of Sandwich. People, mostly women and children, appear in large numbers from various directions, evidently knowing that a notable event is soon to happen. From the trees at one side comes Col. James Otis, the elder, of Barnstable, with members of his family. From Barnstable and the lower towns of the Cape come a large body of men who greet Col. Otis with a cheer and take their places on one side of the Court House. The sound of the drum comes nearer and nearer and then there comes marching from the direction of Sandwich a procession of men headed by Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, of Sandwich, on horseback with Stephen Nye of Sandwich as his chief adjutant. First come a number of men on horseback riding in double file with Noah Fearing of Wareham and Joseph Haskell, 3rd of Rochester as additional adjutants at the rear and then a large number of the men of Barnstable and Bristol Counties on foot under Salathiel Bumpas and Malachi Ellis. As they march past Col. Otis they all raise their hats in his honor and from time to time greet him with a cheer, which he acknowledges by removing his hat and bowing to them. Col. Otis puts his hat on his head and retires into his home, his family attending him as it were to the door and then coming out and joining their friends and neighbors. The men of the procession draw up in a body before the Court House in a quiet and dignified manner.

Dr. Nathaniel Freeman—Attention, friends and neighbors! It was voted by the Body of the People that the resolves be read once every day at some convenient time and place during our transitory state and temporary fellowship, that so our righteousness may plead our cause and bear a public testimony that we are neither friends to mobs or riots or any other wickedness or abomination. I will now direct your adjutant, Stephen Nye, to read the resolves.

Stephen Nye—Whereas the vicinity from the Counties of Bristol and Plymouth and Barnstable think it necessary in support of the Common Cause to propose some matters of importance to the honorable Justices of the Court of Common Pleas; and whereas these, our public transactions, are of a public nature, and, as we apprehend, laudable; and as we have no private interest to serve or anything in view but the good of our COUNTRY and its common cause; Therefore resolved—

Stephen Nye is interrupted by the ringing of the Court House Bell.

Dr. Freeman—Hold! Why is the bell rung?

Several—It is being rung for the meeting of the Court.

Dr. Freeman—It must not be rung. Bring out the man who is ringing the bell.

Men go into the Court House and immediately the bell ceases ringing. They return forthwith leading a man, who is protesting against their interference with him.

Dr. Freeman—Who are you, and why do you ring the bell?

Bell Ringer—I am a deputy sheriff and it is my duty to ring the bell for the assembling of the Court.

Dr. Freeman—It is the will of the Body of the People that the bell be not rung.

Bell Ringer—I care not. It is my duty and—

Dr. Freeman—I commend your courage. Hold him at one side. Here come the Court. The Committee to Present the Address will stand forward. The whole Body will keep the door.

Dr. Nathaniel Freeman, John Pitcher, Stephen Nye, Daniel Crocker and Noah Fearing stand forward in a group together in front of the people and directly in the way to the Court House. From the direction of the house of Daniel Davis, where the Justices had assembled come the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas in their robes of of-

fice, there being present of them—James Otis, C. J. Kenelm Winslow, and Edward Bacon, JJ. preceded by the High Sheriff with a broad cockade in his hat and a long white staff in his left hand and a drawn sword in his right. They halt at a short distance from the Committee.

Chief Justice Otis—Gentlemen, what is the purpose for which this vast assemblage is collected here?

Dr. Freeman—May it please your honor, this movement is directed to prevent the Court from being opened or doing business. We have taken all the consequences into consideration; we have weighed them well and have formed this resolution which we shall not rescind. We have embodied our determinations in an address to your honors, which we herewith present.

Chief Justice Otis—This is a legal and constitutional court. Why do you interrupt its proceedings? Why do you make a leap before you get to the hedge?

Dr. Freeman—We do not appear here out of any disrespect to this honorable court; nor do we apprehend that if you proceed to business, you will do anything that we could censure. But, sir, from all the decisions of this court of more than forty shillings amount, an appeal lies; an appeal to what? to a court holding office during the king's pleasure, a court over which we have no control or influence, and where the jury will be appointed by the sheriff. For this reason we have adopted this method of stopping the avenue through which business may otherwise pass to that tribunal—well knowing that if they have no business, they can do us no harm.

Chief Justice Otis—As it is my duty, I now in His Majesty's name order you immediately to disperse, and give the court the opportunity to perform the business of the country.

Dr. Freeman—We thank your honor for having done your duty. We shall continue to perform ours.

Dr. Freeman steps forward and hands the address to the Chief Justice.

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Dr. Freeman—Two members of the Committee will attend upon the members of the honorable court to receive their answer to our address. The Body of the People will meantime hear the recantations of those who have offended against the common cause.

Two of the Committee go out after the Justices. Tory is brought forward.

Dr. Freeman—It is stated by reliable men that you threatened to pull down the Liberty Pole. What have you to say? Do you confess it?

The Tory—I did not; I did not. I offered to treat a man who threatened to pull it down, but I was only in jest and had no thought of doing mischief and would never disturb the pole.

The two Committeemen return with a paper in their hands.

Stephen Nye—The Justices consent to our requests! (Cheers).

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An Officer—I move that the Towns appoint committees to desire all military officers that they no longer hold commissions under the present Captain-General, who has actually besieged the capital of this province with a fleet and army. I for my part will at once resign my commission. (Cheers).

Other Officers (Running forward with their sheathed swords in their hands)—And I! And I! And I! (Cheers).

Dr. Freeman—You have heard the motion. Is it seconded?

Many—Seconded! Seconded! Question! Question!

Dr. Freeman—Those who are in favor,

The Crowd—Aye.

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Dr. Freeman—You have heard the motion. Is it seconded?

Many—Seconded! Seconded! Question! Question!

Dr. Freeman—Those who are in favor,

The Crowd—Aye.

Dr. Freeman—Those contrary minded. (Silence).

Dr. Freeman—It is carried unanimously! (Prolonged cheers). Are there any other motions? Now, my friends, we will pay our sincere respects to that venerable patriot, and father of patriots, our beloved neighbor, Col. Otis. And then to our homes. Forward!

The body then march in order around to the place where Col. Otis was before seen, the rest of the people, the women and the children following. As they come up in front of Col. Otis' house, he again appears at the door with members of his family. As he steps forward and takes off his hat, there is a great and hearty cheer, after which all stand in silence with bared heads.

Dr. Freeman—May it please your Honor, the Body of the people of the several counties of Barnstable, Plymouth and Bristol beg leave to assure you that we entertain a very high and grateful sense of that integrity and those abilities which have long distinguished you, and we pray your Honor that you will as one of his Majesty's constitutional council attend the session of the Great and General Court to meet at Salem on the 5th of October next.

Col. Otis—Gentlemen: Your very complaisant address desiring me to attend my duty at Salem on the 5th of October I am obliged to you for; and I am determined to attend at Salem at that time in case my health permits.

There are hearty and prolonged cheers. The fife and drum strike up "Yankee Doodle" and the people depart, passing in review before Col. Otis, waving to him and cheering him as they go. The people of the upper end of the Cape go out one way; those from Barnstable and from the lower end of the Cape go out the other.

Readers will confer a favor by mentioning this publication when patronizing its advertisers.

A NEW CAPE COD AUTHOR

Sara Ware Bassett came to Cape Cod to spend her summers in a small cottage close to the sea and she began to observe that some of the stories that she heard ought to be preserved, for they were full of local color. So she listened to the tales that were told and the idea came into her head to write a story with Cape Cod as its scene. So she wrote "The Taming of Zenas Henry" and it at once gave her prominence as a writer, for it was strong in character and full of humor. She did not come to the Cape with the idea of writing, but she found that the people had been misrepresented, and so she became absorbed in writing about them with truth and fidelity.

Automobiles and the canal are rapidly changing the characteristics of the Cape and she feared that the spirit of the place would soon be lost. She tramped all over the country and along the shores, took a few notes and finally began to write. She says that the people are cordial, generous and humorous, and they cannot look upon her as a writer who has taken advantage of their hospitality, nor can they find fault with her stories.

She says that the springtime is the season for being on Cape Cod, for then the people are themselves and are not absorbed with caring for summer visitors.

MUST HAVE COMPLETE FILES

The following extract from a letter from a man high up in the educational world, is self-explanatory:

"Last summer I subscribed for the Cape Cod Magazine. . . but have missed some of the numbers. You may have another dollar if you need it in your business, but I **must** have a complete file of your publication."

The names given to Cape Cod towns were all of English origin except Mashpee, which is an Indian name.

THE GRANGES OF CAPE COD

A. W. HIGGINS — GRANGE EDITOR

POCASSET GRANGE, No. 280

Thursday evening, November 11, was Poverty and Old Time evening.

All the members of the Grange had been requested to appear in a poverty costume or pay a fine. There were no fines, as all appeared in what he or she considered a fitting costume and the appearance of many was very amusing.

A grand march was the first number on the program.

Reading—"Both Sides of the Question," Mrs. Lena Fuller
Chorus—Home Sweet Home
Reading—"The Railroad Crossin'" Francis K. Irwin
Solo—Juanita, Mrs Delina Kendrick
Reading—"After Marriage" Miss Myra Lumbert
Solo—"In the Gloaming" Mrs. Ada Collins
Reading—"The Sewing Machine" Herman P. Handy
Song—"Way Down Upon the Swanee River," Chorus
Molasses cookies passed.
Reading—"In School Days," Miss Etta Handy
Song—"Annie Laurie," Miss Esther Hammond

A committee of three was appointed to judge the costumes and the ladies marched once around the hall. Mrs. Ellen Wright received the first prize.

The gentlemen marched around the hall and the prize was given to Bertram Wright.

Song—"Coming Through the Rye," Mrs. Edna Handy

(The readings for this evening were nearly all taken from an old Fifth Reader familiar to all.)

On Thursday evening, November 25, a Thanksgiving program was given after the election of officers.

Roll-Call—Each patron responded with a quotation about Thanksgiving.

Origin of the Day Miss Clara Avery
The Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving, Miss Myra Lumbert
Thanksgiving Day Miss Martha Landers
Reading, Mrs. Lena Fuller
Reading—"Give Thanks" Lecturer

Each patron was asked to tell something for which he or she was thankful and all responded.

The meeting closed with the singing of the Doxology.

EDNA SWIFT HANDY, Lecturer.

HARWICH GRANGE, No. 349

Harwich Grange held its first meeting November 12, with the following program:

Paper on Household Helps Mrs. Smyser
Piano Solo, Eleanor Berg
Reading—"Street Musicians," Lillian E. Cook
Assisted by vocal quartet, Brothers Cahoon and Peltier, Sisters Kurtz and Rose
Reading—"The Wounded Gull," Lillian Lincoln
The Delicious Apple—A talk by Milton S. Rose, who treated the Grange to some fine specimens of this variety.

At the November 26 meeting the annual election of officers was held. The officers-elect will be given later.

MRS. DAISY J. ROSE, Lecturer.

* * * *

BREWSTER LODGE. No. 272

On the evening of November 5, Brewster Grange worked the first and second degrees on a class of eleven candidates.

Owing to the severe storm there were only 30 patrons present, and several who had papers for the Lecturer's hour were unable to attend, so the program was not as full as usual, but Thomas B. Tubman gave a very interesting talk on "The cost of an irrigation system, and will it pay?"

A piano duet by two of the sisters closed the program.

November 19 was another stormy evening; but 62 members and six visitors were present.

The third and fourth degrees were worked, after which a feast was served, followed by the election of officers for 1916, which are as follows:

Master—Asa Cahoon.
Overseer—Harry Alexander.
Lecturer—Alseno Atkins.
Secretary—Henry Allen.
Treasurer—William Knowles.
Chaplain—Beulah Doane.
Assistant Steward—Carleton Sears.
L. A. S.—Adeline Hassard.
Executive Committee (3 years)—States K. Parks.
Executive Committee (1 year)—Ernest A. Chase.

The first entertainment of the Grange course will be given on Wednesday, December 15, by the John Thomas Co. Mr. Thomas is a humorist of the

P. A. NESE
HYANNIS, MASS.

Largest Shoe Repairing Shop on Cape Cod
Goodyear Welt Shoe Repairing System. There is no repairing we cannot do
Send your work to us by parcel post.
24-hour Service from the Time They Leave Your Home

(Continued from page 33)

duce a family esprit de corps which is to result not only in an organization of all of the name and connection in America, but in a restoration to the Tupper family of its ancestral home; nor will the restoration stop with possession as every effort will be made to again place within its walls the furnishings of other days.

What is more, the old home will not again be the property of one person nor of one branch of the family, but of all the descendants of its builder, representing each of our United States and each of the provinces of Canada, to be held by them as a shrine so long as it may stand.

Standing as it does, a relic of the earliest days of Sandwich, the saving of the Tupper house from destruction should be a matter of interest and joy to all descendants of the first settlers as well as to the Tupper family, for did not these walls echo the voices and footsteps, the merry laughter and the tale of sorrow, perhaps, of those first comers, as neighbors passed within its doorways from day to day?

It was from here Katherine Tupper became the bride of Benjamin Nye, the first bride to leave this protecting roof, and they were the ancestors of all the Nyes who, in association, oft meet in Sandwich, there to be near the scenes of the life of their first American forbears.

In succeeding generations, the interests of these two families have been closely linked, so it is not surprising that among the most enthusiastic of those who are working for the rehabilitation of the oldest house on Cape Cod, and probably the oldest in our country,

(Continued on page 36)

Hallett
Normal School of Music
TEMPLE BUILDING
240 HUNTINGTON AVE., BOSTON

A select school for the Teaching of Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Harmony, Composition, Interpretation, Voice and Aesthetic Culture.

PRINCIPAL
MISS CHARLOTTE MATTHEWS HALLETT
PIANOFORTE
(Leschetizky Technique)

ASSOCIATE TEACHERS
MISS EDITH PEARL SPENCER
Voice and Aesthetic Culture
MR. HARRIS S. SHAW, A. A. G. O.
Organ, Harmony and Composition
MISS GERTRUDE MARSHALL, pupil of Loeffler
Violin
Member of American String Quartet
MISS GERTRUDE FOGLER
French
(Yersin Phono-Rhythmic method of Pronunciation)

CLASSES IN FRENCH CLASSES IN SOLFEGGIO
COURSE IN PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC
A diploma is given at the completion of a two-year course.
"To be a true artist, you must be a true man"

Flowers...



Seeds, Plants,
Trees, Shrubs
H. V. LAWRENCE
FALMOUTH, MASS.

If the artificial satisfies you have no capacity for enjoying the truth.

A Trip to Washington

For

High School Graduating Classes

Of Cape Cod and Vicinity

The Publishers of this magazine hope that the graduating classes of every High School on Cape Cod and vicinity may have an opportunity to go to Washington. It is the never-to-be-forgotten event of a life-time. It is an exhilarating experience to see the city of Washington, with its many beautiful buildings, where the government of the country is carried on. And the many wonderful sights on the way have their broadening influence, which can be made of invaluable benefit.

In order to help the members of the graduating classes of the High Schools of Cape Cod and vicinity, the publishers make the following offer:

To the graduating High School class which succeeds in obtaining the largest number of yearly subscriptions to the Cape Cod magazine the publishers will give

THREE FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO WASHINGTON

To the class which succeeds in obtaining the second largest number of yearly subscriptions to the magazine the publishers will give

TWO FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO WASHINGTON

And to the class which gets the third largest number of yearly subscriptions to the magazine, the publishers will give

ONE FIRST-CLASS ROUND TRIP TICKET TO WASHINGTON

Each round trip ticket will cover every reasonable expense from the time of leaving home to the time of returning.

The tickets will be obtained through the tourist agency of Thomas Cook & Son, 336 Washington St., Boston, who also have offices in New York, Chicago, and other large cities; or any reputable tourist agency. If any of the winning classes prefer, the actual cash value that the tickets represent will be paid into the class treasury by the Publishers, at the close of the contest. And in addition, the Publishers will pay 10% cash for all subscriptions obtained in the contest, so that even the classes which are not fortunate enough to win any of the round trip tickets will be repaid for their trouble.

No tickets will be awarded to any class which does not succeed in getting at least 35 subscriptions. The cash commission of 10% will be paid on any number of subscriptions.

The subscriptions may be obtained from new subscribers; or may be renewals for any number of years ahead from people who are already subscribers, at the regular rate of $1.00 per year.

The contest closes March 20—the result will be announced in five days from that date—and the tickets will be good for any date desired after that.

Subscriptions should be sent in as soon as obtained.

For further information address the

Business Mgr., CAPE COD PUBLISHING CO., Sandwich

(Continued from page 34)

many are of the Nye connection.

Another ancient name to be identified with the house is that of Mayhew, for Martha Mayhew, of the Vineyard, was the first bride to become mistress of this home as the wife of Thomas Tupper, the second, who was known as Captain Thomas.

Both Thomas, the first, and Captain Thomas were men of strong character and were prominent in all town and church affairs throughout their lives.

With the third generation, the name began to spread beyond the bounds of Sandwich until with the ninth and tenth, it is known from coast to coast, from Canada's northern boundary to the Gulf of Mexico.

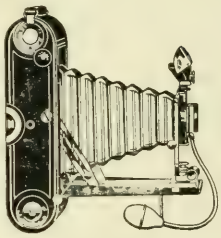
Throughout all these generations there have been men and women of strong personality, and all professions of state and church are well represented by Tuppers who might be said to have made the family aristocracy an intellectual one.

But of those to whom prominence has come through able mind and strength of purpose, none has been more illustrious than Sir Charles Tupper, who, by his influence, made a united Dominion and earned his well deserved title, "The Grand Old Man of Canada"; his recent demise, at the venerable age of ninety-four, marked the passing of one who honored his name and country and was, in turn, honored by them.

During the summer just gone, as in previous years, many of the name of Tupper journeyed to the Tupper house at Sandwich; on the last day of September the writer paid a second visit, after a lapse of five years, and was shocked at the deterioration which had occurred during those years; a careful inspection, however, indicated that if action was taken at once the damage could be repaired and the house saved.

This resulted in a meeting of a few interested Tuppers at the Boston Public Library on October fifth; that, in the option on the property being secured and in a permanent organization of the family, at the New Eng-

(Continued on page 37)



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(Continued from page 36)

land Historical and Genealogical Society, in Boston, on December third.

The objects of the association as set forth in its constitution are:

1. To buy, repair, and maintain the Tupper House.

2. To complete and publish the Tupper Genealogy.

3. To erect suitable memorials to Captain Thomas Tupper and other members of the Tupper family.

4. To hold annual meetings at Sandwich (or other designated places).

The officers elected were:

President, Frederic Allison Tupper, Boston, Mass.

Vice-President, Nathan W. Tupper, New York city.

Secretary, Mrs. Charles White Nash, Albany, N. Y.

Treasurer, George W. Tupper, Brookline, Mass.

These officers, with the following, to form the Executive Committee: Edward E. Tupper, Cambridge, Mass.; Frederick E. Tupper, Quincy, Mass.; George L. Tupper, Duluth, Minn.; Miss Nonie D. Tupper, Boston, Mass.; William L. Nye, Sandwich, Mass.; Franklin E. Smith, Boston, Mass.

The next meeting will be a reunion at Sandwich during the summer of 1916, and the highest hopes will be realized if, by that time, the house, now tenantless, is once more made habitable, and those Tuppers who make the pilgrimage are thus enabled to feel that theirs is truly a home coming.

NOTE—The publishers expect to be able to print other articles on the old houses on the Cape from time to time and wish to obtain pictures and descriptions of the historic places in the various towns.

The Barnstable County Agricultural Society will build a ring for the horse show exhibitions before the next fair. Bids are being asked for the cutting and filling of about 1500 cubic yards of earth at the grounds, in preparation for the same.

Rev. E. E. Phillips planted one-half bushel of seed potatoes on his land at Pilgrim Heights, Provincetown, and raised twelve bushels of fine potatoes. Pretty good for Cape Cod's supposedly sandy soil.

The bayberry candle factory at North Truro is having difficulty in getting enough bayberries to fill the large demand that has been created for its product.

There is a toy-maker in Yarmouth who has created a large demand for his goods and who recently made a shipment direct to Scotland.

Cape Cod Cookery

A thorough knowledge of simple and wholesome cookery should be a part of every woman's education.

Food well cooked and daintily served appeals to the eye and often revives a lagging appetite.

Salmon Loaf—One large can salmon, one egg beaten light, one cup stale bread crumbs, cup milk, small onion chopped fine; pepper and salt to taste; put in buttered tin, dot with butter and bake 30 minutes. Good hot or cold.

Salmon Wiggle—One can salmon, one can peas. Butter pudding dish, put in alternate layers the salmon, peas and cream sauce until dish is filled. Sprinkle with rolled cracker crumbs and dot with butter. Bake five minutes in hot oven.

Lemon Meringue Pie—Two cups sugar, rind and juice of two lemons, yokes four eggs, two tablespoons cornstarch, ½-cup boiling water, one tablespoon butter, scant pinch salt; bake in one crust. When cool add beaten whites, return to oven and brown. Very good.

Butter Pie—One cup sugar, two tablespoons flour, mix with sugar, butter, (size walnut) melted, two eggs well beaten, 1½-cups sweet milk, pinch salt and dash nutmeg. Bake in deep pie plate.

French Toast—Beat two eggs lightly, add ½ pint milk, slice stale bread (remove crusts), dip and fry a rich brown on hot griddle. Can be served with apple jelly or sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon. Serve hot.

Creamed Egg Toast—Make a rich cream sauce, chop coarsely two hard-boiled eggs, add to cream sauce; pour all over hot toast.

Mock Fried Oysters—One can corn, drain, add two beaten eggs, three tablespoons flour; salt and pepper to taste. Drop by spoonful on hot buttered griddle, fry golden brown.

Cocoanut Gingerbread—One scant cup molasses, ½ cup boiling water, one teaspoon soda, 1¼ teaspoons ginger, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, butter (size of large walnut), pinch salt, 2 heaping cups of flour; beat well. Bake in two layers; spread with boiled frosting; sprinkle with cocoanut.

Apple Cream Pudding—Pare and quarter three large apples, stew carefully with little water, two tablespoons sugar until done; place in pudding dish. Make custard of one pint milk, yolk one egg beaten, add three tablespoons sugar, heaping tablespoon cornstarch; add to hot milk, stir until thick; flavor with lemon or vanilla; pour over apples. When cool place meringue on top and brown. Serve when cold.

Apple Butter—Peel, quarter and core apples, place in preserving kettle, flavor to taste with clove, cinnamon and allspice, cover with sweet cider; cook slowly until mixture becomes dark brown jam, not too dry; add few drops lemon juice and put up in jars or crock.

Tomato Rarebit—Pour into chafing dish one can tomato soup, two cloves; when hot add 1 pound grated cheese (mild); stir until cheese is melted; add pepper and salt to taste, and, lastly add beaten egg. Serve on toasted crackers.

Chronology of Events 1784-1812

1784. Aug. 8, Rev. Abram Williams of Sandwich died.—Mr. Cornelius Crocker of Barnstable, tavern keeper, died, aged 80.

1785. Rev. Levi Whitman settled over the Wellfleet society.—An act passed the legislature to protect Pocha beach, in Eastham.

1786. An act passed the legislature for the protection of Provincetown harbor.—Rev. Caleb Upham of Truro died, and was succeeded by Rev. Jude Damon.

1787. Rev. Jonathan Burr succeeded Mr. Williams in Sandwich.—Mr. Elisha Tupper, missionary to the Indians, died in Pocasset, aged 80.—Dr. Abner Hersey died in Barnstable.

1788. Col. Enoch Hallet of Yarmouth, sheriff of the county, died.—Hon. Nymphas Marston of Barnstable died.—Rev. Enoch Eldredge ordained pastor of First Baptist church in Barnstable (Hyannis).

1789. Rev. Josiah Mann of Falmouth died, and Rev. Henry Lincoln succeeded him.—Barnstable offered a reward of $50 to any one who would kill the wolf that infested the vicinity, if killed in town; if elsewhere, $25.

1790. Sandwich offered a reward of $30 to any one who would kill the wolf, catamount or tiger that infested this and the neighboring towns; and it was ordered, that if, in the opinion of the committee, a general muster of the inhabitants be necessary, every able-bodied man be called upon to hunt him.

1791. Capt. Joshua Gray, of Revolutionary fame died in Yarmouth.—Rev. Isaiah Dunster, pastor o

North precinct of Harwich, died, and was succeeded by Rev. John Simpkins.

1792. The wolf continuing its ravages, a general muster of the inhabitants of Sandwich was ordered for its destruction.—Rev. Nathan Underwood was settled over the Second precinct of Harwich.

1794. Rev. Edward Cheever of Eastham died.

1797. Ineffectual attempt was made to divide the town of Sandwich, and make a separate township of Monument and Pocasset.

1798. Job Chase and others were incorporated under the name of The Baptist Religious Society of Harwich.

1800. The death of Gen. Washington was observed in Orleans by a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Bascom, which was afterwards published.

1802. Wellfleet voted "to repair the Indians' house in the north part of the town so as to make it comfortable."—A Methodist church, consisting of three persons, was organized in Wellfleet.—Capt. David Wood of Falmouth and four men died of yellow fever at Cape Francois, Aug. 10.

1804. Capt. Joshua Crowell of Falmouth and four men were lost in Boston bay, by the capsizing of their vessel.

1807. Rev. Oakes Shaw, pastor of West Barnstable church, died Feb. 11th, in the 47th year of his ministry.—Rev. Gideon Hawley of Mashpee died, Oct. 3.—Rev. Jonathan Bascom, pastor of Orleans church, died March 8, after a ministry of 35 years.

1809. Methodist Episcopal church gathered in Falmouth through the instrumentality of Rev. Erastus Otis.—Holmes Allen, councillor at law, died in Barnstable.

1810. Gen. Joseph Otis, of Barnstable, died Sept. 23, aged 82.—It is recorded that a bass viol was purchased this year for the choir in Orleans meeting-house, the first instrument of music ever employed there.—Brewster voted to remonstrate against the appointment of Edward O'Brien as postmaster of that town, "he being a foreigner, and, in the opinion of the inhabitants, an alien."

1811. Leave was granted to Samuel Wing and others of Sandwich "to erect a dam and works of a cotton factory on the stream between the upper and lower ponds, at a place near Wolf-trap Neck, so-called."—Hon. Ebenezer Bacon of Barnstable died. —Rev. James Barnaby was called to the pastorate of the Baptist church in West Harwich.

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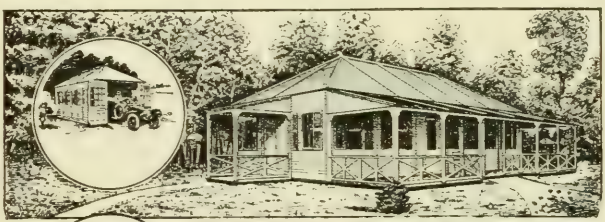
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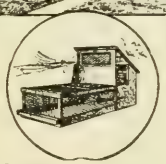
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Cape Cod Magazine

FEBRUARY, 1916

LEMUEL C. HALL, Editor — VOLUME I

SAMUEL B. CORR, Business Mgr. — NUMBER 10

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Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 FEBRUARY, 1916 NO. 10

From the Publishers' Desk

TO say that the publishers are highly gratified with the response that the magazine is meeting, would be simply to reiterate what has been said here many times before. But at the risk of becoming tedious we want especially to express our gratification for the number of letters we are continually receiving with suggestions and ideas for the magazine, as well as offers of manuscripts. We are, of course, gratified with the way in which subscriptions are coming in; and with the fact that advertisers have confidence enough and find it to their profit to use space in the magazine; but the most encouraging sign of all is that many people are taking the trouble to write enthusiastic letters—and, still better—respond to our invitation to contribute ideas and suggestions, as well as manuscripts.

Necessarily, not all of these suggestions and ideas can be used at this time. Some of them we may already have contemplated; but have found the time perhaps not quite ripe. Others are not quite practical with the present scope of the magazine. However, we are none the less appreciative and grateful. Then again, coming as they do, from such a wide range, some of them conflict perhaps in some essentials. This has been especially true in the case of manuscripts.

We intend to have the magazine represent every point of view conducive to the welfare of Cape Cod; and while different people may disagree as to the best methods to be used in any good cause, it is our purpose to include in the columns as wide a range as possible. We want to make the magazine representative of as wide a range of subjects pertaining to Cape Cod as possible; and to make its appeal as broad and general as it consistently can be, considering the aim and purpose for which the publication was founded.

Naturally, not everything that appears in the columns represents the personal opinions of the publishers. And this does not mean any evasion of responsibility on the part of the publishers for anything that appears in the columns; but simply that some articles or stories will find their way into the columns, the value of which purely as literature may not be very high; at other times articles may find their way into the columns the ideas of which may not be in accordance with those of the publishers, but which for some sufficient reason will be considered valuable enough to be included.



A WINTER SUNSET ON BUZZARDS BAY

By EARL L. BROWNSON

A bank of clouds, athwart the western sky,
In multi-tinted evanescence lay
Like some resplendent robe made for the sun
To fold about her at the close of day.

With breathless thrill I watched the master hand
Of Nature, paint—as never mortal can—
In cosmographic gorgeousness divine,
The God-work worshiped by primeval man.

As some fair goddess might unveil her face,
The sun beamed forth, from out a cloudy fold,
And flung across the dreary, ice-bound bay,
A wonder-path of pure, burnished gold.

Slowly, slowly sank the flaming disc,
And, one by one, the colors dimmed and died,
Till only pink and lilac reigned supreme
Far overhead and round on either side.

Then they too faded and the sober gray
Of twilight settled, as a dove from flight;
And down her star-flecked stairway, smiling came,
In virgin glory, the blest Queen of Night.

CAPE COD CHARACTERISTICS

By L. C. HALL



THERE has been a tendency among the authors, the playwrights and poets to idealize rather than eulogize the Cape Codder. His manners of speech have been exaggerated to make more interesting the reading, and imagination has been drawn upon to make him quaint, witty and dry in his sayings. His speech has been flavored with sea-slang to an extent that never existed and his story-telling ability enlarged upon until he has been visualized by the casual reader as a weather-beaten old salt, heartily good-natured, kind-hearted and humanity-loving.

As men they are not, nor ever have been, the "hardy sea salts" with a never-ending store of sailor's yarns; neither as women, are they weather beaten shrews and gossips with faces hardened by the Atlantic breezes. They are honest, progressive people with an intensely literal mind and utterly unacquainted with evasive expressions. They are candid and out-spoken in the extreme, quick to recognize insincerity, and have never cultivated the polite art of flattery and many a city visitor has been shocked by the frankness with which his platitudes have been punctured.

The summer visitor has ever found that the Cape Codder does not always view wealth and position with the respect and awe which is characteristic of most rural communities. The Cape Codder has confidence in himself and a feeling that he is as good as the next man, no matter how important that man may be in his own estimation. Even a President of the United States fails to impress him to such an extent that he cannot exhibit his natural characteristics, and he sees no reason why he cannot be just as familiar with him as with anyone else. He is democratic in spirit and fine raiment and fine manners do not unduly impress him. Many a man has been surprised to hear words of sound common-sense and profound philosophy issuing from the lips of those who make no pretension of wisdom or learning.

Cape Cod has a fund of local idioms. The Cape Codder has an emphatic vocabulary and is never at a loss to find words which fittingly express his thoughts. He is somewhat conservative in his views and sticks with tenacity to his old ways, yet when aroused he can exhibit a spirit of independence from precedent that knows no bounds.

Politically Cape Cod was long in the ranks of stand-pat Republicanism. Yet it was the first section of the country to revolt against the cut-and-dried methods of that party. The rock-ribbed Republican 14th district became insurgent over night, chose Eugene N. Foss as its standard bearer and landed him in Congress to the astonishment of the country. Since that time Cape Cod has been consistently independent of political bossism. It has since repeated its exploit by electing Hon. Thomas C. Thacher, a democrat, to Congress; has cast a majority for democratic candidates for governor, yet persistently elects Republican candidates to membership in the State Legislature.

There have been too many instances in stories of the town freak, the exception being made the town representative and rule, and because of this misrepresentation the native Cape Codder has suffered.

If the business men and women of the

world whose ancestors lived their lives among the pines of Cape Cod were to compare their intellect with those who criticise them they would suffer nothing by comparison.

The country grocery store and post office, once the loafing place of the expert checker-player and the news-monger, have been modernized and today the delivery wagons stand being loaded hourly for the extra trade of the summer residents and the long line of cottagers waiting for their mail make the native and buffet in place of the old-fashioned secretary and settle, and the low brass bed with its down puff instead of the high four-poster with the covering of a crazy-quilt.

On the parlor walls, in place of the funeral wreath, in a deep glass frame, there are the rectangular etchings and sepias of the New York artists. A few college flags flout the spirit that effected the sale of the house, for in some instances the grandparents have remodelled the barn and moved in, that the



CARTER'S RIVER AND LAKE MANOMET

seem a stranger. There are no covered wagons or horse carts outside the post office at the sorting of the mail; instead are the runabouts, the touring car and the motorcycle.

One looks in vain also for the old-fashioned house with its small window panes, its square chimneys and its low front stoop and gabled roof, and upon searching the bluff of the woodland nooks, he finds it transformed into a bungalow with wide veranda and grilled arches at the door spaces.

Instead of the flowered paper and the "set-figure" for the front hall there is a wall decoration of dark green cartridge or burlap. Instead of the warm Brussels carpets there are hard floors and rugs, the sideboard proceeds of the sale of their home might help grandson through his college course.

It is not unusual to see the lines of an old-fashioned home shine from under the fancy gables and verandas of a summer cottage, as many of the summer residents have preferred to keep as much as possible of the old style of architecture, as in the case of an old homestead of South Dennis, moved a distance of eight miles, remodelled on the Wychmere bluff, and occupied each year by a family from New York.

Those dear old souls, in their full skirts and poke bonnets! Those willing slaves to the happiness of the home! Those simple,

but strong people whose sober wishes never learned to stray, would feel like strangers in the Cape today, and would scarcely recognize their own homes or descendants.

Thirty years ago was the age of cookies and the cooky jar, or many jars of jams and jellies, or piccalilli, fruit cake and mince pies and the penetrating odor of frying pork for the fish cakes and chowder. The long rows of home-made pies in the cellar and the cake wrapped in linen are luscious memories of the past. The remnants of hospitality are still there, but there are fewer to exercise it. What remains is still of the same fine quality as of old, but the way of expressing it is different.



AUGUST BELMONT'S "SCOUT"

It is no wonder how the families of today earn their living; how they provide the means for educating their children and gasoline for their automobiles, with the fishing industry dead, and the cranberry culture devoted to the large grower. But many have learned the art of catering to the wants of the summer folks for their year's maintenance. They first have sold their old homes and built smaller but more modern structures along the main streets. They have rented their boats, grown and sold vegetables and berries and opened roadside tea rooms and ice cream parlors. The dry goods stores have quadrupled their stocks of bathing suits, caps and shoes and the grocery has swelled beyond its confines and has to have a storeroom for its stock of canned goods. The carpenter, the mason, the garage owner, all find ample patronage and there is a dearth of labor rather than a surplus.

In the summer time the roads are thronged with automobiles, and every roadside inn has its quota before it. They exude delicious odors of steamed clams, lobster and chicken. At bathing time the beaches are crowded with a merry throng, the golf links are well populated and the tennis courts filled with mixed-doubles. There are receptions and balls and social functions galore and the moving picture theatre has invaded almost every village. Every harbor is filled with anchored Cape cats, Herreshoff knockabout racers and gasoline speeders, with here and there a more pretentious steam yacht.

In winter the Cape Codder welcomes a period of quiet and rest. It is his vacation time. He takes his family to Boston or New York for a change of scene, or perhaps goes to Florida or California for recreation, where he becomes a welcome visitor, even as he welcomes others during the all too short summer period.

The younger generation has become ac-

customed to the Cape Cod of today and takes it as a matter of course, but the older people sometimes sigh over old-time memories, but only to the whispering pines and the restless surge of the waves upon the shore do they confide their longing. The veteran looks toward the bluffs dotted with summer cottages along the shore and remembers the old wooded paths, the swimming pool, the busy fishing fleet, the old houses, dogs and horses, and most of all the dear old folks. As he looks, a crowd of summer girls in their bathing suits motor down near the beach, a thoroughbred dog jumps out and races down to the waves, and he realizes that their laughter is the laughter of a generation which gives little thought to things of the past, but is alive and vibrant with the pleasures of the present.

ELDER BREWSTER

On the seal of the town of Brewster there is a picture of an ancient chair, and the legend: "The Chair of Elder Brewster." It would be interesting to know who suggested that this town be named after the famous Pilgrim when it was incorporated in 1803.

Elder William Brewster was one of the greatest men that ever stepped on these shores, but how many of our young people are acquainted with the sketch of his life written by his comrade and "loving friend," William Bradford? It is a remarkable bit of biography in so far as it reveals the personality of Brewster, and one can only regret that Bradford left so much to conjecture by omitting particulars he must have known about Brewster's early life in England. Brewster must have told Bradford many interesting facts concerning Secretary Davison, who was thrown into prison by Elizabeth under pretence that he had exceeded his authority in despatching the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots. Elizabeth hypocritically protested that although she signed the warrant, she never meant it to be executed. So, in her rage, Brewster's protector, Davison, suffered. Bradford just touches on these things, leaving us eager for the more intimate knowledge of Elizabeth's intrigues, which Brewster undoubtedly possessed..

But if Bradford is reticent about these matters, his description of Elder Brewster's life and work in Plymouth is complete and satisfying. It should be familiar to every Cape Codder, and especially to every inhabitant of Brewster, a town which numbers among its citizens several descendants of the worthy elder.



EXCHANGE BUILDING AT HARWICH

Some of the Cape Cod towns hold their annual town meetings in February. This early date is a relic from the time when so many voters were engaged in fishing that the meetings were held early in order that they might participate in them before going away for the fishing season.

A movement is in progress to secure a "Farm Bureau" for Barnstable County. It is a form of co-operation between the Federal government, the State and the County, which has worked well wherever it has been tried. Every encouragement should be given to the promotion of Agriculture on Cape Cod. A good Farm Agent is an important influence toward that end.

RECLAIMING AN ABANDONED FARM

By ROBERT H. CAHOON

Who can say that an "abandoned" farm cannot be reclaimed? Manager Ambrose F. Roche, of Watertown, Mass., has purchased a 40-acre abandoned farm on Cape Cod, in the village of Pleasant Lake. This was bought at first for a summer residence, being located



HOUSE OVERLOOKING SEYMOUR'S POND

on Seymour's Pond, a beautiful sheet of fresh water. And then the owner, realizing that his 40-acre tract contained some fairly good land for tillage, put several hired farm hands on the place and set about to "reclaim" it.

Years ago Greenleaf Bassett, an old settler, tilled more than half of his land. He raised corn that ranked with any other. All sorts of garden vegetables were grown with success and profit, for Mr. Bassett was a farmer; agriculture was his only source of income. The only trouble with this land was that it was rather too high; it is situated at least 70 feet above the surface of the lake. And the soil itself is none too heavy. All Cape Cod soil is of a light, sandy nature, although some locations are a bit better than others.

But that fact is not to prevent the Rev. Mr. Roche from growing good crops. Expense is of no consequence. If fertilizers and irrigation, will help grow garden stuff, it will be grown on this Cape Cod farm of 40 acres. Mgr. Roche is wealthy, so it is not for profit alone that he is to till this land.

The house, barn, poultry houses and sheds were sadly in need of repairs. First, the interior was remodelled to some extent; a chimney which ran up through a room in the second story was torn down and built outside. Then the place was painted and reshingled. The barn was next put in good condition. Floors were made stronger, for Mgr. Roche owns a heavy touring car. Poultry houses were fitted up and a large flock of poultry brought onto the place. Two large poultry yards were made—one enclosing an orchard of several dozen fruit trees, the other fencing around an acre or so of new land, in which were set several more dozen apple, pear, plum and peach trees. Fruit trees which had been, of course, entirely neglected for perhaps ten or twelve years, were given a severe pruning and thinned to the proper distances.

Modern sulky plows, disc harrows, cultivators, seeders, and other farming implements were bought by the owner. Mgr. Roche believed that the ground was ideal for the growing of onions, so the first thing he



A PORTION OF THE "ABANDONED" FARM

did last year was to set a large plot to onions.

This year the owner decided to construct a pretty bungalow on a bluff overlooking the lake, a short distance from the old homestead, where he might entertain his friends. This

site, nearly 100 feet above the water, is one of the finest on the Cape, and the owner declares that he would not sell it for thousands of dollars.

A. F. Roche is confident he will show that an abandoned farm can be reclaimed, as well as show that excellent yields can be obtained from a light soil, by the proper irrigation and use of fertilizers. To protect his crops against drought, a Skinner irrigation system will probably be installed, the supply of water coming from the pond just below the property. With the aid of that, the new owner will have a great advantage over the possessor a few years ago, who abandoned the place after repeated crops had reduced the fertility of the soil considerably. Mgr. A. F. Roche is a firm believer in the "back-to-the-soil" movement and is doing his part.

Post Cane In Orleans

By GEORGE B. STEELE



MR. ATKINS PAINE

About five years ago during the distribution of the "Post Cane," one was presented to Mr. John Hopkins, at the age of 93 years. Mr. Hopkins, at the age of 98 years passed out, after which the cane was handed down to Mr. Atkins Paine, who is now 86 years and 3 months.

Mr. Paine is a native of Cape Cod, born in Truro, October 12, 1829. He spent his boyhood days in Truro and Provincetown. Leaving Provincetown at the age of 18 years, he located on a farm down in Scarboro, Me., with a brother.

After 15 years' experience on the farm, Mr. Paine decided to look for different work. He started with his belongings in a small knapsack from Maine to Boston. He found employment at Jordan Marsh Co., beginning as a helper and advancing rapidly until he enlisted in the army in 1862, and served until the end of the Civil War.

After the war he returned to Boston and found a position as a clerk in a drug store, later acting as traveling salesman, which he followed for 30 years or more.

Mr. Paine has married three times during his career. His first wife was a Boston lady. Mrs. Paine was taken seriously ill and in a few years passed into the world beyond. Later he married for his second wife, Hannah Dill of Eastham, who died June 22, 1908, and in 1913, he again married, his third bride being Jerusha Brewer of Eastham.

Mr. Paine has been a citizen of Orleans for about 18 years. He has now retired from all business.

It was the pleasure of the town officials to present the cane to Mr. Paine, in behalf of the Boston Post some few months ago.

He is a proud owner of the cane and enjoys very good health considering his age. In passing him on the street one would not take him to be over 70 years.

PRESIDENTIAL VISITS

The first President to visit the Cape was General Grant, in 1874. Grover Cleveland made the Cape his place of summer residence for a number of years. President Roosevelt visited the Cape in 1907 when he laid the corner stone of the Pilgrim Monument, and President Taft was here when it was dedicated in 1910.

We offer the advertiser a wider circulation than any other Cape Cod publication.

THANKFUL

By MYRA HALL BURNHAM

She was my grandmother, this dame with the ancient name, and well do I remember her portly form, her genial countenance, her ever pleasant smile, although I was but a child of six when she died.

Well do I recall the thud of a lapful of potatoes, rolling about the kitchen floor, as she rushed to envelop me in the folds of her woolen gown to quench my flaming clothes when I made too close acquaintance with an open fireplace.

I recall the open Bible on her lap as she drew me to her side and read to me from the sacred pages. But 'tis of days far beyond my memory that I would record.

A romance clusters about the early life of my grandmother, fact more idealistic than ordinary fiction. She grew up in the home of her own "Granny Low." To spare dishonor to the dead I give her a fictitious name, but she was a real personage and everybody called her "Granny." She was a harsh, stern, repellent person, especially to Thankful, who was mild of temper, yielding, pliant, though not wholly without wit and wisdom for herself, as we shall see.

She was seventeen years of age, when on one bright morning Granny Low took her knitting in a bag and assayed forth to spend a day with a near relative. Such rare days were red-letter ones in Thankful's calendar. She was mostly nourished on hasty-pudding, porridge, beans and oven-baked brown bread, with rarely a bit of cake or pie. For weeks she had been longing for a taste of gingerbread. Surely now the time had arrived for self-indulgence. She mixed the cake and put it in a pan to bake before a glowing fire and watched it turning to a tempting golden brown. It came unbroken from the pan, food fit for the gods, it looked to longing Thankful. About to break a morsel for a first sweet taste, from a window she beheld Granny Low close at hand. Too dismayed to act for the first brief instant, she quickly rallied and thrust the hot loaf under a chair cushion. All might have been well, for Granny's olfactory nerves were dulled with use of snuff and of tobacco; but in his cage there hung a lovely green and yellow parrot, Thankful's strong detestation, but Granny's pet.

While Thankful plied her grandmother with questions relating to her unexpected quick return the parrot preened and bent his head knowingly from side to side. At length he began to chatter.

"Cake—cushion—Thankful—cake —cushion."

Vainly Thankful tried to drown the bird's voice with counter chatter. Granny Low was keen of ear and listened to the bird's tattling, inferring that beneath it lay some hidden fact, and lifting all the cushions the cake stood revealed.

Local history shuts down on words and scenes immediately following, and only lifts again when Thankful was years older, and has her heart set upon attending a party in the neighborhood, to mingle with other lads and lassies. Granny's mind was set against the party. In vain Thankful coaxed and pleaded, then turned wily, pleading a headache, and retired early to her bed-chamber beneath the sloping roof. When darkness served to veil her movements she doffed her everyday attire and donned her best, drew inside the small four-paned window, the only one in the room, and pressing her slight figure backward through the small opening, stood on the roof of the lean-to beneath. It was not the first time she had enjoyed a walk beneath the untattling stars in a similar way. Her unhealthful way of living had demanded some such outlet to retain a true spark of life within her, and Thankful had what every maiden should possess—a lover. He lived in the neighborhood, a young farmer-fisherman, well schooled as the times went for scholarship, personable, and deeply in love with Thankful.

Granny Low allowed him no approach, so it had to be clandestine.

She found him waiting outside, not far away, and quickly she became a very different Thankful from the one her grandmother knew. The hours of that evening sped as such hours always do "where youth and pleasure meet." Too soon came the moment of departure. Of course the homeward distance wasn't traversed hurriedly; but its end had to come and Thankful clambered to her unfastened window while Joshua Hall lingered a few minutes outside and below.

He heard the window fastened, waited still for the dim light of a candle to penetrate its thick curtain, then turned away, but his departing steps were quickly arrested. It was something between a scream and a groan, half-stifled, and in his Thankful's voice. And then the sound of blows heavy and fast. He would have sprung to the window, but he knew his burly form could not be squeezed through it, though he smashed the panes and rent the curtain. He tried doors and windows of the lower story. Wooden shutters and strong bolts intervened. He returned below his Thankful's window, leaped upon the lean-to, and with face pressed close against the window pane called softly: "Thankful! Thankful!"

The cry was several times repeated before there came questioning response:

"You, Joshua?" and the lifting of the curtain.

There was a pathetic tremor in her voice, as of tears still unshed.

"Yes, me—Joshua," he replied, a sternness in his voice he tried vainly to suppress, "and I've come to bear you away from this place of torture."

"She never beat me half so hard ever before," moaned Thankful, still tremulous with excitement and exhaustion, "with the hard part of her shoe. She was awful angry, and lay in wait for me on my bed. I might have resisted more—but then, she is my grandma, Joshua."

" 'Tis the last beating she shall ever give you, Thankful. Tomorrow morning you must become my wife."

"I can't, Joshua; I've no such things as maidens have when they get married; not even a quilt, or extra change of clothing."

"Who wants a rag of the old hag's providing?" protested Joshua, becoming angry. "Wrap just a sheet around you, or your raggedest clothes—and come. In the morning Parson ——— shall make us one, and I'll see that you have clothes, and that you never cross the threshold of this prison pen again, save under my protection. Come, Thankful."

But Thankful seemed paralyzed by the stupendous suggestion. "Do you not love me, Thankful? Will you not be my wife?" he questioned, pleadingly.

"Yes, but oh, Joshua, not so suddenly. The thought takes my breath away. I feel so unready."

"Let me take you to my mother," he pleaded further. "She has sons, but not yet a daughter. She'll be kind to you, and love you very dearly. Come."

"I'm—not—ready, Joshua."

She had unwittingly approached so near the window that Joshua's strong arms reached in and drew her unresistingly outside, while her words came falteringly.

It was an easy climb from the lean-to to the ground, and Joshua held her close, and turned their steps toward his house. Then she resisted.

"No, No," she protested; "Take me to the seashore that the rolling waves may quiet the tumult in my soul. The rhythm of the waves always composes me."

Without further parley they turned shoreward, and for a long time paced slowly back and forth upon the beach in almost utter silence. Joshua was well satisfied while she hung confidingly upon his arm and Thankful tried to reason with herself and to decide, while the waves sang to her of the undying love.

Then the east began to grow bright with dawn upon that warm May morning, for the

first time she looked up and smiled into her lover's face.

"Is it well?" he asked; "and will you be my wife?"

"'Till death do us part," she answered in the tone of mingled levity and earnestness that always fascinated him, coming from the curve of her rosy lips.

Thankful had not disrobed from her best gown when she threw herself, sobbing, upon her bed, wishing, praying that something—anything might break into the tragedy of her life; and while talking at the window she had been twirling in her nervous hands the woolen scarf she had worn about her neck and head. Joshua had wrested it from her grasp and wrapped it as he thought it should be. He now led the way back to the waking village, to the Squire's house to obtain a license, and to the pastor's for a brief ceremony.

"Now let's have it over with my Granny before we breakfast anywhere," pleaded Thankful.

Joshua was healthily hungry, but he would not deny her.

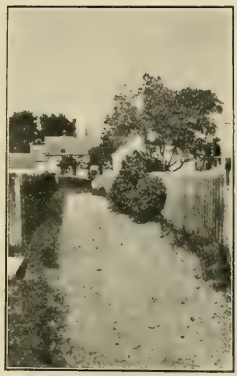
"Haven't found any better place, so you've come back, hey?" greeted Granny Low, rising up from a bending posture at the fireplace where the morning's hasty pudding was in process of preparation.

"I've found a place for her in my heart and home. We've just come to tell you that we've been married this morning," said Joshua, in a more severe tone than he quite realized.

"Well, now you've told it, get you home and leave me to my breakfast. I'll have one the less mouth to feed," and Granny gave no further attention save to her pudding; but the parrot cried lustily, "Thankful! Thankful!" as the newly wedded wife turned without regret from the only home she had ever known.

The compact signed in Provincetown harbor on November 11, 1620, was the forerunner of the Constitution of the United States.

Old Days on Cape Cod



PROVINCETOWN

To the boy or girl, born and raised on the Cape, who left some 30 years ago for business or social reasons, the little towns are fast becoming unrecognizable.

"The path where we met," as the old song has it, has become the site of a summer cottage and it nestles among the pines, a welcome stranger to the town, but a sort of a sentimental regret to the boy or girl who trod the path to school, "long, long years ago."

The change in Cape Cod has been the most marked within the last 30 years. Previous to that, the business, little by little, seems to have quietly died or stolen away, and the progress of other towns has slowly crept in with its progressive people.

In 1865 the fishing industry was at its height, the largest owner of the fishing schooners being Captain Valentine Doane of Harwichport. This industry began to wane from a cause not wholly devoid of superstition and theory. The complaint arose that the net fishing frightened the fish away from the hook fishermen, and gradually the fish moved their submarine colony around the south shore of the Cape to the coast of Gloucester, where the fishermen who wished to continue in the business moved also, and where they are today carrying on a good trade.

The general interest in the fisheries can be best illustrated by an incident which ac-

tually occurred on the coast of Eastham and Orleans. The old blue laws did not affect the Sunday, as some of the many descendants of the Mayflower would have us believe, for during a church service in the late sixties a man appeared at the door and announced a school of blackfish in the bay, and the congregation, including the minister, rushed out and caught as many as possible that they might reap the profit on the blackfish oil.

The cranberry industry also in '65 was most profitable, the fruit selling that year in Boston as high as $44 a barrel. That was



AN OLD HOMESTEAD

the banner year for berries, as they never reached that price again. An increase in acreage enlarged the crops, reduced the price, and nearly swamped the small grower. Gradually the acreage extended up the Cape, the hand-picking in the four-quart measures by the native giving place to machine gathering by the rapid-growing colony of Portuguese.

Another old-time institution that has passed into history is the old-fashioned stage coach, for 30 years ago the last branch road of the Old Colony line was extended from Harwich to Chatham, and thus the principal destination of the stage coach was placed within steam distance of Boston.

The old coaches are almost forgotten, but the name and memory of the drivers revives an interest in many a tourist of long ago whose business, family, or curiosity, took him to the Cape, especially in the winter time.

Simeon Nickerson, Simeon Higgins, Rufus Smith, Barney Taylor and Whit Howes were among the stage drivers not yet forgotten. They had the spirit of the pioneer—courage, endurance, patience and geniality. The storms along the coast not only blocked the trains with drifts of snow, but necessitated many times that the stage driver should get out and shovel the track in the obliterated road, the passengers often lending a hand also.

These rides were long and tiresome, extending from Yarmouth to the old Atlantic House in Harwichport, where horses were changed and the journey continued to Chatham. Many a passenger dropped out of the coach at his destination semi-conscious from fatigue or some spirit of cheer that he had imbibed in one manner or another.

The drivers of Cape coaches were rich in experiences and jokes, as full of stories as a commercial traveller, and as fond of conversation as a barber. In the year 1870 when Gen. U. S. Grant visited Provincetown, Barney Taylor was chosen as the most careful, experienced driver to take him up High Pole hill, where a slight celebration awaited him. It was the first visit of a President to the Cape, and all along the line, as usual, crowds were waiting to shake his hand.

As the enthusiasm grew from town to town the responsibility of taking the President to the top of the highest hill at the Cape's extremity town grew also, and the driver and the four horses were literally prancing with excitement as the train pulled in.

"Barney," as everyone lovingly called him, was waiting eagerly. The President stepped into the coach as the band started to play "America." The horses reared and plunged, but no one feared, for Barney held the reins.

"I tell you," he afterwards said, "with a brass band ahead and one on both sides of us, it was some noise,. I didn't mind it much along the road, but when we went to climb the hill, with the crowd a-cheering and the bands a-playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and the horses a-rearing on their hind legs,

I was glad I had left my wife at home. There was one time there when the fellow with the bass drum got too near my off horse, and he danced a spell before I could pull him down. In that minute as plain as could be I could see the Boston papers coming out in big, black headlines, 'Barney Taylor Killed the President,' and I sweat as I never will again, but we made it as everybody knows and got him to the train again safe, and he give me a cigar as he stepped aboard."

The means of travel through the Cape today are excellent. The train service is frequent and the carriage roads, miles of oiled



PACKING MACKEREL, PROVINCETOWN

macadam, have become during the summer months the speedways for the hundreds of automobiles, and the trains are met by autos and carriages that do not suggest a rumble or a jar by which the occupant may be shaken.

In the good old days horses were better thought of than they are today. Every village had its favorite trotter and many impromptu brushes over the streets, when chance meetings took place, made the subject of spirited conversation. Horse races were frequent. It was native entertainment and native stock, and best of all a local band and home-made candy and pop corn. Capt. Therpholus Baker's Juno, Chester Snow's Don, and some blooded stock from the stable of Bill Stetson of Hyannis and Luther Fisk of West Dennis made the fun and betting an exciting day.

A New York syndicate bought the bluff and the land about Salt Water Pond, where the old race track was, and renamed it Wychmere. Through their efforts a channel was cut through from the ocean to the pond, making a gap in the circular track and racing became extinct, except at Barnstable Fair time. The ownership of fast horses has given place to speedier automobiles and the hands that once held reins now grasp the steering wheel.

A Rediscovery of Cape Cod

By A CONTENTED WOMAN

Sitting one day on the piazza of my summer home on the South Shore, a man, a stranger to me, drove up to the house and asked for a member of the family who happened to be away. He stated that possibly I could help him out and said he was very anxious to obtain some cuttings of a certain shrub for one of his customers who had a very large and wonderful garden on Cape Cod. I told him to help himself to all he needed, but wondered to myself what he ever expected to do with those shrubs among "the dreary doones of the wind-swept Cape," for I had read the lugubrious book of Henry David Thoreau which had so mislead thousands of readers and which must have been written when that author had a bilious attack more acute than usual.

Shortly after this my mother was taken very ill and the doctor said that she must go to the southern part of Cape Cod if she was to live at all and mentioned that part of the Cape between Hyannisport and Falmouth. As for myself, being a swimmer and in the water almost as much as I was out of it, I had developed rheumatism so badly from continual bathing in the deep waters around the rocks of the South Shore that the doctor decided I must give it up and I was then wearing clothing, in mid-summer, as thick as boards.

No one but a "water-lover" can appreciate how I felt and thought there must be some place somewhere that I could enjoy the one great pleasure of my summer vacations without paying the penalty of constant pains and aches, and a friend, hearing that I contemplated a change, said: "My daughter tells me that what pleases one does not another, but I want to tell you that her case was similar to yours, but she found a spot where she has been helped," and he drew a plan of the place on a sheet of paper and it happened to be near where my mother had been ordered to go.

Four of us, all friends, decided to try the climate for two weeks and, after the railroad had dropped us at the nearest point, we took the barge to the hotel, and as we drove between the ponds to the place my friend had described, I stood right up in the barge and, before all the passengers, exclaimed: "This is the place! This is the place!" Folks who were in that barge laugh about it to this day, and one of the party thought I had suddenly lost my senses, but it seemed so good to find things real for once and as they had been represented to me that I forgot, for the time being, that my enthusiasm might need some explanation.

I had, in previous summers, driven all over the rest of New England, mountains as well as seashore and had never seen anything so restful and beautiful to the eye, and it was just as my friend had said I would find it. The first thing that struck me was the combination of fresh and salt water and the pine trees, a combination that I don't think can be found anywhere else but on Cape Cod. In my childhood days, my mother having been born in Salem, we had been in the habit of going to a place near there where there were rivers and pine trees, but never had I seen all three together; the second thing that attracted my attention was the invariable inquiry from those who had discovered the place before me, "How did you ever find this place? It is never advertised."

Of course, my own people were delighted to have me so near them and we drove back and forth often, and when the two allotted weeks were up, I felt so much better that I remained until the hotel closed, which was very early for me, as I had been in the habit of remaining out of the city until late in the autumn, and I am not ashamed to say that I cried most of the way home in the train. The next year I was the first to arrive and the last to leave and felt the same sorrow



FISHING

in leaving when the Cape seemed at its very best, and at last came to the conclusion that this would never do and that I must have a cottage of my own where I could stay as long as I might choose.

My folks said that it was foolish to locate here when I had other places and that, in time, I would tire of the Cape, but I knew better and, meanwhile my mother having lost her sight and her doctor wishing to keep her in such a beneficial climate as long as the mild weather permitted, I decided to get a cottage of my own where we could enjoy it all together and this was the means of keeping her alive for several years. Another member of our family, learning of the good this climate had done for us, closed up his Newport home and took a cottage near us and told me, not once, but often, how it had prolonged his life.

That was sixteen years ago and I have never regretted finding the "best spot on the

(Continued on page 28)

My Sally's Talking Machine

By E. M. CHASE

"Come right in, neighbor, and have a seat. Take that chair over there, the rocker, you will find it the comfortablest. Take off your bunnit and lay it on the sofy, excuse me for not getting up, but I'm that tired I wouldn't get up to wait on the king of England.

"There, you take that fan and keep yourself cool while I tell you what a day I've had. You know our Sally, that married Amos Green, is living over to Pigeon Crick now, in one of them new fangled houses they call a 'bungler,' or some such name. I don't see as it is any different than any other kind of a house only it hasn't any upstairs. Sally said Amos built the house that way because it is stylish now, but my idea is he built it to save the trouble and expense of making stairs, he is a little close, but here I am getting off the track. I started to tell you about Amos's new talking machine, though I should call it a singing machine, as that is what it does mostly. When I heard he had bought a new machine that could talk I asked Sam what in the name of common sense he wanted of a talking machine, with Sally around. You know Sally takes after her father, seein' as I'm not much of a talker.

"Well, as I was saying, Amos got the machine second-handed, at a mark-down, I reckon that is why he bought it. Amos would buy anything that was marked down. He bought a dozen nursing bottles one time—a man who was selling out one time let him have them at half price. They ain't got chick nor child you know, so Sally uses them for putting up grape juice, and when they have company and want to treat 'em they just pass around the nursing bottles of grape juice—they are real handy to drink out of. Sally is a knowin' girl, she takes after her mother, if I do say it.

"Oh, don't go, I haven't told you about the talking machine yet. O, you're only going to the other winder where you can watch the passing, that's right, you will see the deacon's Mollie out walking with Jim Hollis, it's most time for 'em now. When I was young folks didn't waste so much time courtin,' they got married and settled down soon as they could. I made Sam pop the question the second time he called on me, and we were married in two weeks, and Sally—but that brings me back to the talking machine. Sally wanted me and Sam to come over and hear it talk and sing, and this morning we went. Sam could hardly wait 'til we got in the house, so Sally started the thing off at once. She took a round black thing, shaped like a stove pipe, only smaller and shinier, out of a round box, and put it, the black thing, not the box, onto a round thing on the machine that fitted inside as though it had been made for that very purpose. Then she turned a crank, though I don't know what good that did, the black thing didn't turn. She wound and wound, then she put the end of a big horn right onto the black thing. I guess the end of the horn touched off a secret spring, for the black thing started going 'round and 'round, faster'n I could count. Just then something out on the kitchen stove started to boil over and Sally went out to tend to it, but the machine was talking. At first I couldn't make out a word, it sounded like a jig saw running over a file, but soon I could make out the words, 'A red man, a red man, a red man'—that was all right, but the thing kept on saying it over and over until I was ready to hear something else. I never did like red anyway. Sally came rushing in from the kitchen. She snatched up the horn and muttered something about 'record worn out.' We take the 'Jonesville Record' every week and I couldn't see what that had to do with the machine, but Sally started it off again. This time it went all right as far as I know. The horn traveled way to the end of the black thing, and then Sally stopped it. Amos asked us if we didn't think it was fine and I told him I did, only I would like to know what happened to the red man, as that was the last word I had been able to make out.

Sally laughed and put on another piece and gave us the information, 'free gratus,' as they say, that anyone had to get used to a talking machine to understand it, but this piece was plainer. I guess it was, it rumbled on for a while, then a man's voice said, 'When we are married, dear, will you see that my coffee is not cold in the morning?' Then a woman's voice answered, 'I will make it hot for you,' then they both laughed. I didn't see nothing funny in that, I have to make hot coffee for Sam every morning, but we don't stop and laugh over it. I can't remember what the other pieces was about. I couldn't make out more'n a word once in a while, but Sally played the whole thirty that Amos had bought. When she was through my head was buzzing as bad as the machine and my stomach felt pretty empty. I looked at the clock and it was after two, and we hadn't had no dinner. I thought of course Sally had a good meal all ready for us, so I got up and made a motion towards the kitchen. Just then Amos, who had gone out of the room, came rushing in and told Sally he could take her over to Little Bend for that setting of eggs, if she could get ready in three minutes. She never so much as said, 'Have you got a stomach?' She rushed out, or started to, but I stopped her. I tell you I was some mad. I grabbed my bunnit in my hand and then read Sally and Amos the riot act in three chapters, and it didn't take me long either.

I told Sally she could keep her Amos and her talking machine and her bungler house, and the next time she wanted patches to mend Amos's trouses she could go to the store and get new cloth; she needn't come to me. I told her when she comes over to spend the day with me again she can bring her dinner in a paper bag. I shan't invite her to eat with me. She tried to get in a word but I wouldn't let her, and when I was out of breath I grabbed Sam by the arm and hustled him out of the house.

"I helped Sam harness up. I guess the horse was mad and hungry too. He started out of the yard at an uncommon fast gait for him. Sam is so slow—his temper didn't rise 'til we got half way home. Then he didn't say much, but I knew the signs. He pulled harder and harder on the reins, and just as we turned that corner into the woods, he rattled the whip. The old horse wouldn't stand for that. He leaped clear out of the road and cramped the wagon so it went right over. I flew in one direction and Sam in the other. I wasn't hurt a mite, but Sam landed square on his nose and it commenced to bleed two-forty. He grabbed holt of his nose and begun to holler loud enough to be heard half a mile away. 'You consarned, good-for-nothing piece of horse-flesh, you ought to have your con—' But I interrupted, 'Don't you swear another word, Samuel; it is all your fault, more'n the horse's. You had no business to rattle the whip, it made him nervous.'

" 'Nervous, nervous, well, this nose-bleed makes me nervous. How in Sam Hill am I going to hang onto my nose with one hand and harness the horse with the other, I'd like to know?'

"I told him to tie his bandana 'round his nose and use both hands, but there is no use in trying to reason with a man when he is mad. I gave it up and sat down by the side of the road to wait developments. That seemed to irritate Sam more'n anything else.

" 'Do you want to stay here all night and starve to death?' he asked. 'Why don't you get something cold and put it down my neck to stop this con—'

" 'Don't swear,' I cautioned him, but I saw the wisdom of his words. The only thing I could find that was cold was stones, so I picked up both hands full and dropped them down his neck one by one. It did seem to check the flow of blood a little so I kept on putting them down the back of his neck until I filled his shirt so full I couldn't put in another one. I guess the last stone, like the last straw, did the trick. His nose stopped bleeding, but when he bent over to fix the harness he let out such a blood-curdling shriek I looked around to see if the Indians had rushed out upon us.

" 'Where are they?' I asked, in fright.

" 'Down my neck, and the biggest one has nearly broken my spine. Take them out.'

"When I saw he only meant the stones I drew a breath of relief but I told him he must keep the stones in there or his nose would bleed again and we wouldn't get home until after dark.

"Well, to make a short story long, I mean short, I mean a long story short, Sam, with many groans and hollers, and my help and sympathy, managed to get fixed up and we started for home again. This time nothing special happened, and as soon as I could get into the house I started supper. As we were home I thought it safe to take the stones out of Sam's back and we sure did enjoy that meal. After I got cleared up I was so tired I just dropped into this chair and haven't moved since. The next person that wants me to hear a talking machine will have to bring it to my house."

POPULATION, 1915

According to the State census, taken in 1915, the population of Cape Cod is as follows:

Barnstable	4,995
Bourne	2,672
Brewster	783
Chatham	1,667
Dennis	1,822
Eastham	545
Falmouth	3,917
Harwich	2,179
Mashpee	263
Orleans	1,166
Provincetown	4,295
Sandwich	1,500
Truro	663
Wellfleet	936
Yarmouth	1,415
Total	28,818

Megathlin's Drug Store at Hyannis carries a line of Japanese goods, as fine as any in the country, and has had a large holiday trade.

A Hall Family association is being planned by the descendants of John Hall whose grave is in a neglected cemetery at Dennis.

ALØNE

By ELIZABETH KENDRICK HOLT.

My gray-roofed cottage by the sea,
Its lonely vigil keeps;
Safe guarded by a silver-tree
It wakes, and then it sleeps.

Awake, it hears the breakers' crash,
The pine-trees' sob and wail;
'Neath broken clouds it sees the flash
Of sunlight on a sail.

All still, it waits the fog's embrace;
All tense, it dares the blast;
All watchful, notes the sea-gull's grace
As he dips circling past.

It hears the call of fisher men
Along the weed-banked shore;
It sees the twilight fall, and then
The lights wink out once more.

But when the snow sifts slowly down,
Ah, then it goes to sleep!
It cares not that the heavens frown
And deep calls unto deep.

'Tis vision-filled with sunny days
And hum of flower-hid bees,
With dipping paddles, shell-strewn ways,
Cool shadows, whispering trees.

It dreams of children's happy play,
Or drowsy hours in flight,
And sees the rainbow froth of day
Melt into moon-lit night.

Half-waking, soon, it softly stirs,
Its blanket slips away;
A robin pipes, with merry slurs,
"Wake up! 'tis Spring today!"

MEMORIAL TABLETS

A memorial tablet will be placed in the new town hall at Eastham, in the near future, to the memory of Edward Bangs, who was one of the men who established the first settlement there in 1644. The Doane descendants will also have a tablet to the memory of Deacon John Doane and other family associations have the matter under consideration.

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Editorial

OPPORTUNITIES AT HOME

OPPORTUNITY lies in taking advantage of what is offered near at hand rather than longing for adventures far afield. Unless one has the essential qualifications for success, failure is just as easy in one place as another. We could point out many instances where opportunity has come to the young men and women of the Cape who have been wise enough and had imagination enough to see that success comes to the one who seeks it in the ordinary walks of life, rather than in seeking for that which is unattainable.

If we were to offer any criticism of the people of the Cape we would point out that effort, ambition and courage is not given the stimulus and encouragement that it deserves. We are too prone to follow precedent and to take the opinion of our ancestors rather than to seek the advice of the living. We do not realize that times have changed and that opportunities for a livelihood are offered of which our fathers never knew. It is a pointed fact, pregnant with significance, that our young people make notable successes of their lives whenever they leave the Cape and enter into competitive business with the rest of the world. This should signify to us that our young people have brains, energy and faculties as great, if not greater, than those of other communities and that it takes only contact with them to bring out the fact. The point which we wish to make is that the same effort and thinking powers exercised at home would have probably been just as fruitful and the Cape would have benefited instead of some community far away.

Isn't it barely possible that we are to blame for not retaining the services of such persons in our communities? Have we given them the encouragement they need? Have we stifled or stimulated enterprise and progress? Are we prone to criticism rather than given to lending encouragement? Do we give sufficient credit to those who are working for the good of all? In other words, do we give the respect, help and encouragement due to those who live their lives among us with whom we come in daily contact?

It is an old saying that "familiarity brings contempt," and too often do we belittle the efforts of others, measuring them more by what we consider to be their capabilities than by what their real quality merits.

The real life of our community is measured by the number of active men and women in it. Selfishness and narrow-minded impulses are our besetting sin. We should learn to take a wider view of things and all strive together to the end that a better Cape shall result.

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THERE are mighty few days in the year when an automobile cannot be used with pleasure and convenience upon the Cape. Even in the dead of winter they are in daily use. Our winter climate is scarcely less ideal than that of summer.

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THE statement has been made by one qualified to speak with authority upon the subject that Cape Cod is capable of producing poultry products to the value of $15,000,000 annually.

LITERARY TALENT

SINCE we have been engaged in the publication of this magazine we have been truly amazed at the amount of literary talent displayed by those who live on the Cape and who are of Cape Cod origin. Many of them have shown conclusively through the articles and stories that we have published and which we shall publish in successive numbers, that they have talent, imagination and descriptive powers which are worthy of cultivation and encouragement. In the Cape Cod Magazine, for the first time, they are offered a medium in which they can find expression for their talents. If we accomplish nothing more, we have already proved that there is much slumbering literary talent that can be drawn upon when the occasion calls and that there are boundless fields from which to draw inspiration. It is not the purpose of the publishers to make this magazine "literary" in the usual sense of the word. No one by reason of lack of education or on account of the supposed absense of facility of expression should hesitate to put their thoughts into words on that account. If we succeed in making the Cape Cod Magazine a mirror of Cape Cod life we shall have accomplished our purpose and will not care whether the literary critics are pleased with the manner in which a thought is expressed or not. Our measure of the matter submitted to us for publication is guaged by its probable interest to our readers and by the helpfulness of its character.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned winters that we used to hear so much about? Has the climate of the Cape grown milder, or has our point of view merely changed?

GIVE us plenty of "snap shots" of Cape Cod life. We can use more than we are getting.

WHAT have you ever done to build up your community life? Answer that before you criticize.

CAPE COD

By DANIEL WING

When bounteous Nature made the land and sea
And all the wonders that therein there be;
With such material as remained on hand
She made Cape Cod of little else than sand.

But then to equalize and make all fair,
She brought a special brand of ocean air,
With hills and lakes and rivers fair to view,
And quahaugs, eels and clams and codfish too.

And then she planted trees and shrubs so green,
And choicest flowers to beautify the scene;
Hence, most Cape Codders rate their place of birth
One of the loveliest spots of all the earth.

And now her fame seems ever to expand;
Outstretching all the borders of our land;
And people come from all the country o'er,
Pleasures to find and healthfulness restore.

Hail! land of our fathers, embraced by the sea;
In dreams we have visions of home and of thee:
We know that thy fair reputation will stand;
For thou and thy people have plenty of sand.

Maywood, Ill., December, 1915.

POLITICIANS can never be very dangerous in any community which has town meetings, which every man attends. Politicians thrive because you do not attend to the public business yourselves.

COMMUNITY co-operation is necessary to build up the community. Private co-operation in that community must co-operate with the community. This is fundamental.

ANY law passed in favor of the lazy and inefficient is bound to fail. It is a mere vote catcher, nothing else.

HAVE you forgotten the slogan of the Cape Cod Board of Trade? Cape Cod Calls.

THE day of the gabfest must give way to the day of service.

"UPLIFT CORNER FOLKS"

THE Mattacheesit Club is primarily a summer resort club overlooking the waters of Vineyard Sound and the "Uplift Corner" is the southeast point of the piazza so situated as to get the best view of the ocean.

The self-elected members of the "Uplift Corner" are a number of successful, mostly retired, business and professional men who have drifted together through the mutual love of old Cape Cod and with just the amount of variance in life interests, habits and moods to form a cohesive whole. The members are:—

JOHN FRANKLIN AMMEN—A retired actor-manager.
HARVEY A. BREEZE—The Cranberry King and a "shining light" of the Barnstable County Bar.
HON. STANLEY M. BRIXTON—Member of Congress of the 14th District and a late law partner of Harvey Breeze.
IRA M. A. BUGGE—Ph.D., Lit.D., A.M., C.M.Z.S.; an eminent zoologist and piscatorial scientist engaged by the National Fisheries Bureau in the study of the dogfish question.
MAJOR ALFRED GOODE, U. S. Marines (retired)—Known to his intimates as "All-fired Good" from his well known reputation as a raconteur and to the rest of the Cape as the "navy man."
H. HAMILTON HESS—An advertising expert and exponent on "psychology in publicity."
CAPTAIN ABIJAH HOLMES—A retired sea-dog.
A. PERLEY POOLE—A retired Wall Street broker.

A BORROWED SALUTE

By A CAPE COD HAPPY JACK

"What was all that heavy gun firing off in the southeast, yesterday evening?" asked A. Perley Poole, the retired Wall Street broker to his life-long friend and townsman, the Honorable Stanley M. Brixton, member of Congress from the 14th District.

There were few members around the house or the immediate grounds of the Mattacheesit Club, as there was a very interesting and "sporty" event being pulled off down on the golf links, but the southeast end of the piazza, which had been facetiously dubbed the "Uplift Corner" and was the habitual hang-out of seven or eight of the regular club members who were mutual lovers of and persistent boosters of Cape Cod, was fairly well populated. There was present, besides the two already mentioned, Professor Ira M. A. Bugge, Ph.D., Lit.D., A.M., C.M.Z.S. and a dozen more honorary titles; a very noted zoologist who was at the Cape studying the dogfish question for the government; Cap'n 'Bijah Holmes, the ancient mariner of the party; John Franklin Ammen, an author and actor-manager of some note; H. Hamilton Hess, a member of one of the largest advertising firms in the country and whom, rumor said, had once successfully advertised American-made fire-crackers in China; the only two members missing being the "navy man," Major Alfred Goode, U. S. M. C., retired—"All-fired Good" his friends called him, and Harvey A. Breeze, the Cranberry King. These two last gentlemen had joined the gallery at the golf links, but might be expected to join their friends at any moment as the crowd could be seen streaming across the fields from the tournament.

"I didn't hear any firing, Perley," answered the Congressman. "It couldn't have been a German warship for there's only two in this part of the globe and they're both interned at Norfolk and I don't think it could have been a British or French ship, although there

have been several off this part of the coast for the past fifteen months."

"It might have been a salute of some kind," suggested the broker, "although it was too late in the day and much too irregular to have been an exchange of courtesies, now I come to think of it."

"How about that, Major?" called out Brixton to Goode, who, with the Breeze was approaching the piazza from the direction of the golf links.

"How about what, Stanley?" inquired the person addressed, as he placed one hand on the rail and with the agility of a man many years his junior, vaulted lightly over and among his friends.

"Perley heard heavy gun-firing out there last evening and thinks it was too late and too irregular for a naval salute. What do you say?"

"I heard the firing, too, just after sunset," declared the 'navy man,' as he seated himself and began looking through his pockets for a smoke, "but as I had the pleasure of standing on the quarter-deck until after three o'clock in the morning with my whole guard just to give a departing salute to a certain member of royalty, that sets a precedent for the first doubt, although I don't think that many of the royal blood of Europe would care to risk themselves off the American coast just at this time; as for Perley's second doubt," continued the Major, as he accepted and lighted a silently offered cigar from the banker," the most irregularly timed salute I ever heard was finished after sunset and was borrowed at that!"

"Borrowed!" ejaculated the Congressman. "Say, Goode, that smacks of one of your 'yarns' so you'd better spin it out in the bosom of your friends and before the reporters down there," nodding his head in the direction of the links, "come up for their thirst-quenchers. If it got into the papers it might cause international complications, especially at a time when a private citizen hardly dares to buy a German-made shaving brush without at the same time purchasing a British or French-made mug so as to be strictly neutral."

"Well," began the Major, "once upon a time, as all fairy tales start, during our trip up from the Brazilian revolution, for this is what you fellows are pleased to call my '1894 Vintage,' and when the old New York was moving north by easy stages so as to acclimate our crew to the hardier temperature of New York, where we were ultimately bound, our skipper, 'Captain Jack' Fisher, thought he would run into Fort de France, on the island of Martinique.

We dropped anchor in the beautiful open bay of that port and fired the customary salute of twenty-one guns with the French tri-colors at our fore and we could see, with a telescope, a great deal of commotion in the little old fort on the point; guns being served, ammunition broken out and soldiers, in their blue coats and red trousers, even in that hot place, scurrying here and there, but there was no return to our salute, and, after an hour of waiting, a boat came off from the shore and a personage, who evidently thought well of himself, announced that the port surgeon with our pratique would not be off until the following morning. Nothing was said about the lacking salute and our skipper, who was of a somewhat hasty temper, after waiting another hour, tripped his anchor and left the port."

"Wasn't that considered rather discourteous of the Frenchmen?" asked Brixton.

"So much so, Stanley," continued the Major, "that this affair became the subject of a diplomatic pour parler between Washington and Paris. Captain Fisher reported the matter in full to the Navy Department, and after some weeks had elapsed, while we were at Kingston, Jamaica, we received orders to return to Fort de France, receive the salute that would be made to us and immediately leave the port without dropping anchor or communicating with the shore in any manner."

"Excuse my interrupting your story again, Major," broke in the Congressman, "but did

you ever find out why they failed to return your salute the first time?"

"A year or two later I heard that the then governor of Martinique had previously been an attache of the French legation at Washington and through some foolish interview in the papers, in which he had criticized our President, had become persona non grata to the Administration and his own government had recalled him."

"Did you answer their salute on your return trip, Major?" asked Hess.

"No, for we had already fired one and their salute, under compulsion, was to offset it. Well, we steamed along up the line of small islands of the leeward group, past Dominica, Guadaloupe, Montserrat and Antigua and then we stood across to the westward past St. Christopher to St. Thomas, in the Danish islands, where we coaled. Our next stop, naturally, would have been San Juan, Porto Rico, only our relations with Spain were beginning to be a bit strained, so we passed this last island on our port bow and, turning south again through the Mons Passage, dropped anchor in the port of San Domingo, about three miles off the old castle said to have been built by Columbus and in the dungeon of which history records that he was confined in irons by order of his successor, Bobadilla.

"The castle is built on a high bluff overlooking the bay and river Ozama, a dirty, sluggish stream, navigable by vessels of light draft, only. Commerce must have been but a secondary consideration with that river, which our Jackies promptly christened 'Ooze 'em,' for its principal function seemed to be to carry off the sewerage of the town of San Domingo, and it certainly performed its duty in a very leisurely, not to say careless, manner.

"We were all a little gun-shy on the subject of salutes, owing to our experience at Martinique, so, after we had fired our twenty-one rounds in honor of the Black Republic, we stood around on deck watching for what was or was not going to happen. We were so far off shore that we could not make out what was going on at the castle, which was all we could see of the town, but after a delay of half an hour we saw a puff of white smoke issue from the parapet and in due time the faint report of what proved to be an old-fashioned twenty-pounder field piece.

"In startling contrast to our snappy watch-timed, fifteen-second intervalled salute, came a second discharge after a lapse of perhaps four minutes, a third in six or seven more and thus, for seven rounds at very irregular intervals, after which there was a long pause of twenty more minutes and the captain turned to me with, 'Who in thunder rates seven guns, lieutenant?'

" 'I haven't the least idea, sir, unless I do,' I replied with a laugh. 'Those cannon are rather ancient and perhaps they have put them all out of action.'

" 'We don't seem to be very lucky in getting our share of naval honors,' remarked the officer on duty on the bridge.

" 'Huh,' grunted the skipper. 'We don't appear to be very popular in this end of the ocean, that's a fact. What's that boat pulling off from the shore, quartermaster?' hailing a petty officer, who was on the forecastle searching the shore with his glass.

" 'Looks like the port doctor, sir,' was the answer, after the quartermaster had studied the approaching boat. 'There's a man in uniform at the steerin'-oar, sir.'

"We watched the boat as it tossed over the heavy sea, making but slow progress against an incoming tide and a strong southeast wind, but after a long and seemingly hard pull, finally came to a stop off our port quarter. The oarsmen were evidently soldiers from the garrison, though it would have been almost impossible to assemble a whole uniform among the six of them; two had caps or kepis, two others a nondescript tunic or jacket; five of the six had duck trousers that had once been white; the sixth oarsman's legs were covered with blue denim, such as we use for overalls; all were barefooted, but the 'thing of beauty and a joy forever' in that boat-load of colored humanity, was the officer at the steering-oar. Barely five feet high, he was fairly covered with gold lace, tarnished but

gaudy, and his small head was almost hidden under a general's chapeau bras that bore a huge bullion cockade on one side and two enormous ostrich plumes that hung dejectedly in the moist sea air.

"Rising to the full height of his five foot nothing and carefully balancing himself to the roll and pitch of his cockle-shell boat, he removed his hat with a flourish that went out of date along with the minuet and spinning wheel, and, in very broken English, relieved himself of the following. 'Ze devoirs of ze commandant,' with another flourish toward the shore, 'to ze capitaine de croiseur an' vill he 'ave ze plaisance to len' heem quatorxe—phat you say?—four ten roun's poudre qu'il finir ze salut!'

"Nothing but the inability of the crew to understand what the manikin was after, kept them from laughing in his face and as far as the officers were concerned, we could hardly contain ourselves until the boat was out of hearing, but we 'broke out' the fourteen rounds of brown prismatic powder that he required to finish his salute of twenty-one guns and, with much bowing and scraping he stowed them away in his boat and returned to shore where, a few minutes after sunset, they managed to fire the last charge of that borrowed salute."

Be loyal to the Cape by subscribing for the Cape Cod Magazine and by buying copies and sending them to your friends.



A PROLIFIC FIELD

WINTER BIRDS

By A. WHITMAN HIGGINS

Cape Cod is certainly a winter paradise for the bird world; we have an unlimited supply of the bayberries, the cedar trees covered with their little berries, and the pine trees with their seed laden cones.

Many birds which are supposed to go South stay with us here on Cape Cod. While the rest of the country is buried white with snow our fields and swamps are mostly bare, because so much salt in the air keeps off the snow.

Two large flocks of robins stayed with us here in Sandwich all winter last year; the blue birds were seen every month but February, and one catbird stayed throughout the entire winter.

For a number of winters there has been one mocking bird seen and identified by several of the bird lovers here in Sandwich.

Many of the birds which spend the winter with us will become quite tame, and stay around our homes if food is placed where they can get it.

A piece of suet fastened to a tree will bring the Downy Woodpecker, a pretty black and white bird. The male has a red patch on the back of his head, while the female has none.

A Hairy Woodpecker may also visit you, but they are not so common as the Downy from which they can be easily distinguished by their size, being one half larger.

The White Breasted Nuthatches also come to the suet; these birds are slightly smaller than an English sparrow, with a bluish black crown, a blue gray back and white underparts, and the undertail coverts are chestnut. He can be surely identified by his habit of clambering along the limbs and down the tree trunk head first.

A sunflower nailed to a tree will bring the Chickadees, the saucy little fellows with a

black cap and throat, a pearl gray back, and rusty white underparts.

It is fun to watch them take a seed, fly to a limb, and, holding it with their feet, hammer the shell off with their bills and eat the meat. When they have eaten their fill they will then take more of the seeds and stow them away in cracks and crevices, wherever they can find them for future meals.

A raw shin-bone full of marrow sawed off about four or five inches long with a string drawn through it and tied to a limb so it will hang horizontally, will also attract the Chickadees, and the Golden Crowned Kinglets, too.

These little fellows are the smallest birds we have in the winter time. Their upper parts are olive gray and the under parts grayish white. The crown of the male is orange bordered with yellow and then with black; the female's crown is just yellow bordered with black.

Another winter visitor is the little Brown Creeper which is mottled brown above and the under parts grayish white. He hunts his food on the tree trunks, lighting near the ground and working his way upwards and then flying to another tree and lighting near the ground again. When the snow covers the ground, by sweeping a clear place and scattering hay seed on it you will attract the Song Sparrow, with his streaked breast, with one large spot in the centre.

He can be identified by his long tail and also you will often see him scratching. The Tree Sparrow or Winter Chippy likes the hayseed; he also has a spot in the centre of a clear breast, two white bars across his wings and a reddish brown crown. The Junco will come to the hayseed or to bread crumbs thrown out. His throat and upper parts are very dark gray and his under parts are white, the two outer tail feathers on each side are white, and his bill is flesh colored.

Near the seashore when the snow is extra heavy the Horned Larks may come to the hayseed; these fellows are a little larger than a sparrow and have two tufts of feathers on their heads which stick up like horns; they have a back of reddish brown, a yellow throat with a large black patch on their breasts, and a black blotch running from the base of their bills back under their eyes.

I have enjoyed watching a Golden-Winged Woodpecker or Flicker on some of these cold mornings hunting all over the shingled sides of my barn and house for spiders and flies which have hidden away for the winter. He is so intent with his hunting that you may approach quite near before he becomes frightened.

The male and female of this bird are similar, excepting that the male has a black cheek patch which the female hasn't, the back is dull brown streaked with black, the throat and breast lilac brown with a black crescent, the underparts are thickly marked with black spots, the undersides of the wings are a rich golden yellow, and there is a scarlet band at the back of the head.

On almost any winter's day when the sun is shining and we start for a walk through the fields and come upon a garden plot we scare up a flock of Gold Finches with their undulating flight and their accompanying call—per-chick-a-ree. We may also find another flock which at first sight appears to be the same birds but are much tamer, and when seen at closer range they have a yellow marking in the wings and tail which the Gold Finches lack in their winter plumage, and their note and song is much less musical, having a nasal twang which the others have not; these are Pine Siskins.

In the fields we find scores of Meadow Larks, with a mottled back, bright yellow breast with a heavy black crescent and the outer tail feathers white.

The fence hedges are filled with Myrtle Warblers with their yellow rumps which are plainly seen when they fly.

We find another bird the size of a sparrow, but all washed over with a dull rosy red—these are Purple Finches.

On the sandy stretches near the seashore we find a flock of from one to two hundred birds which, when they turn on the wing in

the sunlight, look like a bank of snowflakes and that is what they are—Snowflakes, or Snow Buntings.

As we reach the ocean's edge we see the Loons and Old Squaws playing off the shore, also the Herring and Great Black-backed Gulls screeching over head.

Possibly we may be lucky enough to see some Shelldrakes, White-winged Coots, Grey Coots and Black Ducks. Although these generally stay further out at sea unless driven in by a storm, they may be seen at times feeding around the rocks near shore.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

By MARGUERITE CUMMINGS

It was once the school-house, that large, white building at the intersection of the Rock Harbor and Skaket roads in the town of Orleans, now known as the Odd Fellows Hall.

About thirty-five years ago, there might have been seen, on a sunny morning in March, groups of children walking up to this same building, with books and slates under their arms.

In a short time, a teacher would appear at the door ringing an old-fashioned dinner bell, with which she called the children to their lessons. They trooped in and sat on wooden benches that were wide enough for two. The boys were seated on one side of the room and the girls on the other side.

It was an odd custom and not always a severe punishment, that, if one of the girls had been bad, she was made to sit on a bench between two boys. But, all the punishments were not easy. For instance, if one of the boys didn't behave, he was often made to balance himself on the back of one of the benches, holding a heavy stick of wood in each hand for a half hour.

The teacher would call the room to order and a general buzz was soon audible, for the pupils were pretending to study very diligently. They were allowed one half hour in the forenoon and in the afternoon for recess, during which intermissions the boys played ball and the girls jumped rope.

The grammar school was up stairs and the primary and intermediate schools were on the first floor. Often, little children in the primary schools would go home during the day, tired of school. The teacher would send one of the pupils of the higher grades after them and to pacify the children they would be allowed to comb the teacher's hair. Usually, the teachers were ladies of the town,



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE

except in the winter when the big boys came to school, and then there was a man.

The children were all glad when summer came, so that the schoolroom could be warm, for during the winter months one of the boys was janitor. The only heating apparatus was a large stove in one corner of the room, so the result was rather cooling.

They recited their a-b-c's standing on the platform beside the teacher and did their examples on the board. The books had to be bought by the pupils and were often very expensive. No doubt many people recall the "Northwest School" as it was then named.

AN INTERESTING POSTSCRIPT

"Your magazine is certainly very interesting reading and I think when the people see what a little gem it is that you will receive many subscriptions. My son is poring over its pages at this moment and thinks it is certainly worth the money."

A RE-DISCOVERY OF CAPE COD

(Continued from page 16)

map." That Cape Cod is better known abroad than most people realize is evidenced by what an American lady, in Europe for her health, was told by a very celebrated specialist there; he told her to return to America, go to the southern part of Cape Cod and remain there and then she would never be in need of him!

Southern Cape Cod is singularly blessed with a winter climate far milder than anything one finds on the Massachusetts Bay side and is really enjoyable at any season, for no matter how low the thermometer drops at night, it climbs high under the rays of the winter's mid-day sun and is generally well above 40°. I remained until the 18th of January for my first winter's try-out and on that date the oldest member of my family, then in his eighty-first year, put an overcoat on for the first time that winter and rode to Boston in an automobile. The next year we were obliged to leave the Cape early but last year remained all winter, had beautiful weather and enjoyed every day. The Sound was as calm as a mill pond and most of the time full of water-fowl, and this year, so far, it has been equally fine, with flowers blooming about my home up to the first week in December.

The east wind is sifted through miles of odorous pines and by the time it reaches here is so mellowed and balmy that one would hardly recognize it, and in all the years I have been coming here I have never seen ice cut on the Cape thicker than eight inches, but I have seen, at the Barnstable County Fair, the largest collection of native wild flowers in Massachusetts and all gathered within a few miles' radius of my home.

From a primitive little place for a two weeks' summer sojourn, I have lived to see a hundred autos, filled with bathers from all parts of the United States, visit our beach daily during the season, and as for myself, I never miss my dip in the salt water, rain or shine, and without the dread of an ache or pain. After sixteen years I met the party who owned the beautiful gardens and for whom the man on the South Shore asked of me the shrub cuttings and he remembered the incident and recalled the man's name.

It may be that the human race has some of the instincts of the homing-pigeon, for my ancestors, on one side of the family, for many generations were born and bred on the islands just across the Sound, but I can honestly say that I have lived in and left, without a regret, many so-called "ideal spots" for which, collectively, I wouldn't exchange the view alone that I get as I look to the south from the windows of my "Cape Cod Home."

Cape Poultry Opportunities

By L. B. BOSTON

The moment one begins to talk or write about opportunities in poultry culture he is sure to have the following question thrown at him: "Why are there so many failures in the poultry business?" In the first place I doubt somewhat as to whether there are any more failures in poultry keeping than in any other line of work. Someone, somewhere, sometime compiled statistics showing that only from 3 to 5 men out of 100 are what might be called business successes. If this is true, I think poultry keeping as a business measures up pretty well with the others.

Those who are best posted in poultry keeping do not wonder at the failures there have been, nor will they be surprised to see many more. Just so long as people outline projects and undertake to conduct a business, the underlying principles and detailed knowledge of which they are wholly ignorant, just so long there will be failures in that particular business. Ignorance in regard to the amount of labor connected with the business, distorted notions as to profits, lack of capital at the crucial moment, and ignorance of the business principles and methods underlying a large poultry project have been the causes of so many failures in the poultry industry.

Does poultry pay? Can a man make a living from poultry? As man is the controlling factor in poultry keeping, no definite answer can be given to these questions. There are a few on the Cape who are making more than a living from poultry; there are many more who are making a good living from the business, and there are scores who keep poultry as a side line and find them very profitable indeed. In all cases success has come to those who began in a modest way, who grew up with the work, and who enlarged their business as their experience developed.

But my subject relates more particularly to the advantages offered by the Cape than to these generalities. What real advantages does the Cape offer to one engaged in poultry keeping? First of all, the soil. In general the light land of the Cape is excellent for this industry. I think all authorities agree that poultry do best year after year on the lighter soils, so in this respect Cape Cod has it all over other areas in New England. Our soil is adapted to the growing of much of the feeds which poultry consume. We can grow the green crops like mangels and rape; much of the corn can be raised here, as well as the straw for litter. We are not crowded for land area, or obliged to pay the price of the better farming soil as is the case in many parts of New England. Our climate is quite ideal. We do not have the extremely cold spells of winter nor the prolonged hot spells of summer found in the more central portions of our country. At first thought, one might suppose that a section of the country having warm winters or, in other words, perpetual summer, is better suited for poultry than ours, but in practice it is found that under such conditions more work is required to keep down such pests as lice and mites, and disease than to care for the poultry. We are more favorably located on the Cape for the winter growing of chickens than are many other sections of our State. With our late falls, and bare ground for the greater part of the winter, the birds have greater access to free range. It has been the climate probably more than anything else which caused the growth of the soft roaster business of the South Shore.

In addition to these above facts we have the best market for poultry products on Cape Cod during the summer months than any other like area in Massachusetts. The broiler trade is seldom supplied here, and then at prices ranging from five to ten cents per pound higher than those quoted in the city markets. Fresh eggs are always in demand and I think I am correct in saying that here again we get from five to ten cents more per dozen than do the city markets. Our poultry market only emphasizes again the urgent demand for all products agricultural. As in all localities, I dare say there are some of us who at times find it difficult to dispose of our products, but the fault is not so much the lack of an outlet as in the lack of co-operation in marketing. It seems to me that first of all we must have a sufficient amount of produce



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to pay us to find our market, or else we must all work together for some sort of a system whereby we can sell as a unit. The market is here, and it is not growing less. Our part is first to produce the goods and then get the market.

We are not by any means compelled to look wholly to our local market. All of Massachusetts does not produce enough eggs to supply Boston alone, and here we are only two to four hours' ride from Boston. The other day I happened to be in a meeting where there were nearly a thousand men from all sections of the State and the orator was speaking of the possibilities Massachusetts had agriculturally. He made the remark that Massachusetts consumed $30,000,000 worth of poultry products annually and only produced $6,000,000 worth. He also said, "Cape Cod should produce $15,000,000 worth alone" and went on to tell of the wonderful opportunities we had here in this respect.

Of course the bulk of poultry products brought into Massachusetts comes from the Western States, and some people think that for this reason we cannot expect to compete with the West where the cost of grain is so much lower, but I happen to have some figures comparing the cost of production of poultry products in Wisconsin with those in Massachusetts and to summarize them I find that here we get nearly twice the price for our products, while the difference in cost of grain ranges from 15% to 25%.

If there is any one branch of farming that should be encouraged on the Cape, a branch which has so very much in its favor, it is without question the poultry industry. And when we all get together, as I believe we will some time, in raising a uniform product and in solving our marketing problem, it will be concentrated in the poultry side of the game, for that is what we must look to if Cape Cod is to produce one-half of all the poultry products Massachusetts consumes in a year.

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The Pageant of Cape Cod

Episode 6: The Bombardment of Falmouth
1814

Falmouth. Down to the shore certain of the men of Falmouth under Capt. Weston Jenkins pull two pieces of artillery which they train on the British cruisers lying in the Bay. People of Falmouth in goodly numbers come out, men, women, and children, and watch the baiting of the enemy with defiant exultation. One shot is fired in return. Then a row-boat approaches the shore containing a British officer with a crew of sailors. The Cannon are pulled back up onto the hill. The people draw back a little as the boat nears, and Capt. Jenkins and some of the militiamen advance to meet it.

British Officer—Who is in command here? Who is responsible for this town?

Captain Jenkins—I am.

A Number of the People—We are. We all are responsible for this town.

One Man—Captain Jenkins here is in command of the militia of Falmouth.

Captain Jenkins—I am in command. What do you want?

British Officer—You are in command, are you? Mm! The commander of His Britannic Majesty's brig, "Nimrod" demands that you release the Nantucket packet sloop, which is detained by your people.

A Number of the People—No! No! We will not! They are Britishers!

British Officer—Silence! You were best—(There is an uproar).

Captain Jenkins—Hear what he has to say, good people. (Quiet is restored).

British Officer—And he demands that you surrender forthwith the several pieces of artillery with which you have annoyed—(Uproar again).

A Number of the People—No! No! Never!

One Man—Annoyed! We will continue to annoy them!

Captain Jenkins—Quiet, my friends. For the Nantucket packet, we will first satisfy ourselves that they are not in collusion with the enemy or at least neutral. If the crew prove themselves good Americans—it will not be necessary to deal with His Majesty. (Shouts and laughter from the crowd).

A Number of the People—That's right! That's the answer to give him!

British Officer—I warn you.

Captain Jenkins—And as for the cannon, well—all right. Tell your commander to come on and get them. (Shouts and cheers of approval from all the people).

British Officer—I admire your courage, sir, but I must warn you that your action will bring the horrors of war immediately to your own town.

Captain Jenkins—We have many among us who well remember the last war, and all of us can remember the three years of this war. We take our stand knowing what we do. War for Cape Cod means poverty and starvation.

A Number of the People—Aye, that it does! That it does!

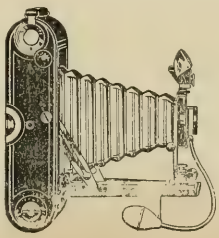
One Man—We stand by what he says. (Loud cheers endorse this declaration).

British Officer—I salute your fortitude (removing his hat) but it is my duty, if you persist in your defiance—

A Number of the People—We do; we do!

British Officer—to warn you by order of

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the commander of the "Nimrod" that he will employ force and will bombard the town until you yield to his demands, and that he gives you two hours, and only two hours, to remove the women and children.

Several Women—Do not wait for us.

The British Officer and Captain Jenkins salute each other. The Englishman returns to his boat and is rowed back to his ship.

Captain Jenkins—Send out the alarm!

Three young men jump onto their horses and speed off at a gallop in different directions, shouting the alarm as they go.

The Alarm—To Falmouth! To Falmouth! All the militia to Falmouth! The British attack!

The crowd cheers again and again as the alarm start off, and as the preparations to resist the attack progress. The women gather the children together and take them off away from the shore up onto the hill and into the woods. The men gather on the field, forming in groups and seeing that their arms are in good condition. The two cannon are again brought forward to an advantageous position behind the militia. A group of soldiers in the middle of the field sing loud and with emphasis;

Ye Parliaments of Engiand, ye Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about, and what you mean to do;
You're now at war with Yankees, I'm sure you'll rue the day,
You've roused the Sons of Liberty in North America.

As the boisterous singing comes to an end, H. B. M. brig, "Nimrod" sails up the water and stops at a position opposite the Americans on the shore. Captain Jenkins draws his men up in advantageous positions, and the two cannon get ready for action. The "Nimrod" opens up with a broadside; the cannon of Falmouth reply. The firing continues, the Americans gradually retiring back to better positions in the edge of the woods.

As the men are wounded or killed, women rush out from the cover of the woods, give them immediate assistance where they lie and help them back to shelter, when the wound is severe, one or two of the men also helping them.

The "Nimrod" ceases firing, and from her side come several rowboats loaded with soldiers to effect a landing,. With angry shout the Americans sweep forward across the field and repel the landing party with a brisk musket fire. The row-boats stop and then go back. Cheers, wild and prolonged, greet this success from the men and also from the women and the children watching the engagement from the hill. The "Nimrod" after a few more shots ceases firing and sails away down the bay, amid the uproarious cheering and shouting of all the people. The orchestra joins in with this jubilation with the refrain of "The Star Spangled Banner," as all the people flock around the men and all march off together to their homes in Falmouth and the surrounding villages.

Thomas H. Nickerson, one of the Board of Selectmen of the Town of Harwich, has just returned from a trip to California.

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TEL. HYANNIS 38-2

A Memory of February

By LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

"In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light."

Those lines from Stevenson kept singing themselves over and over in my brain that morning in February. And when I had finished dressing and rolled up the shade, I looked out on a cold, gray world. The fields, as far as one could see, were covered with snow, the trees in the orchard were dim, bare skeletons of their summer selves, and the houses of the village looked like phantom houses in the early morning light. The sky was dull gray but in the east was a patch of softening gray that marked the place where presently the sun would appear and tinge the somber sky with soft tints of early dawn.

Have you ever seen a winter sunrise? The light, which at first seems only a promise—a suggestion, grows and grows, pink tints appear and then brighten till the sun rises above the hill, a great, glowing globe of gold. It sends out an ever widening radiance and wood and hill, from dim, shadowy things, suddenly become vivid bits of landscape that sparkle in the newly awakened light. The icicles, hanging from the eaves of the barn, glisten like crystal.

As the sun rises higher, it awakens life in the whole village. Voices carry far on the clear, cold air. We hear "Uncle" Tom calling to "Uncle" Cy: "Cold enough for ye? 'Twas six below t' my house las' night"; and "Uncle" Cy answering back: "Huh! 'Twas ten below t' my house. Think 's goin' t' thaw t'day?" "Aunt" Mary tells "Aunt" Jane that all her geraniums froze during the night and "Aunt" Jane advises her to soak them in cold water right off quick and put 'em in a dark place. There are the sounds of children's voices as they trudge towards the little school house, pelting each other with snow balls till the little girls take refuge behind the older ones' skirts. There is the jangle of skates and the clank of dinner pails. Then the sound of the school-bell and the shouts and laughter of the children die away as they enter the school house. But the intermingling village sounds still go on. There are the cheerful shouted greetings of neighbor to neighbor, the jingle of sleigh-bells, the bark of dogs, and the occasional long drawn whistle of a passing train.

From the woods come the ring of woodsman's ax and the bay of hounds. The snow lies deep in the gullies and is crossed here and there by the tracks of rabbit or of fox. Each low pine droops beneath its thatch of snow—a shelter for shivering birds. The little brook winds like a dark thread through a field of white.

The bay is frozen over this morning as far as the eye can see. Only the islands rise dull white and gray and green above the long, cold stretch of glistening ice. Halfway between shore and island is an ice boat, with

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three cornered sail, gliding along before the wind.

The shadows, that in the early morning stretched to the west, grow shorter and shorter until the sun reaches the zenith. Now the icicles drip and shorten and occasionally come crashing down. In the open places in the fields the thawing snow shows frequent patches of the stubble beneath. Stray clouds float across the sun, while, in the west, they are piled up in thin blue windrows.

Again the shadows lengthen. The midday bustle of the village dies away into the late afternoon silence. Suddenly with a shout, the boys appear on the school house hill. Now what is left of the day is made vibrant with children's voices. There are shouts and laughter as sleds descend the chapel hill, and gay chatter as they are drawn up again. Sometimes there is a collision and the coasters are thrown headlong into the snow. Then there is a laugh and, without waiting to brush themselves, they are up and at it again.

One group of boys are busy building a great fort in the field. The walls grow higher and higher and are pounded down into position. Suddenly the coasters discover the fort and, with a whoop, they abandon the sleds and set to work making quantities of snow ammunition, till, with hands and pockets full, they advance on the fort. Now the air is full of flying bullets as they rain volley after volley on the fort. The attacking party advances, are driven back, return to manufacture more ammunition, and advance again. On they come to the very walls of the fort; the besieged fight valiantly, and the advancing army is white with snow. But they heed it not, and, with leaps and bounds, they scale the crumbling walls and are about to topple them over on the heads of the defending army. Suddenly there is a shrill squeal and someone shouts: "Say, fellers, Murray's pig is out—let's go help catch him." And besieged and besiegers race away together, leaving only a tracked and melting field to show the site of the recent battle.

The shadows grow longer and the air grows colder. The icicles cease their dripping as the sun nears the western gate. Now it is hidden by a mass of clouds—red and purple and orange. It slowly descends from them and its reflection on the frozen bay is a path of gold that stretches to the horizon. Gradually the sun disappears, while the pink and lilac afterglow reaches far around to the east. Then that, too, fades. The clouds turn from gold to blue, from blue to black.

"The day is done."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The climate of the Cape must have undergone a considerable change since the time of which Mrs. Brownson writes. It is a fact that will be remembered by many of the older residents of the Cape that the winters years ago were much more severe than they are at present. Whether the Gulf Stream has changed its course, as some have it, or whether it is from some other cause, our winters are very mild and what little snow falls is quickly dissipated by the warm sun and salt breezes. Many people remain in their cottages all winter in preference to going to Florida or seeking other warm climes.

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a delightful place to stop. A Hotel-Home in the heart of Boston exclusively for women. 630 rooms, safe, comfortable, convenient of access, prices reasonable. For particulars and prices address

MISS CASTINE C. SWANSON, Supt.,
11 E. Newton St., Boston, Mass.

"Passive Resistance"

By FRANCES MASON

Ellen tugged with such vigor at the water-sodden bucket that most of its contents were spilled before they reached the tub at her side. For forty long years Ellen had been pulling water from the old well—ever since she had come to be the wife of selfish Silas Wixon in the little white cottage under the pines in a remote corner of Cape Cod.

She had never rebelled until today, when, for the first time, she had heard the thud of a gasoline pump in the kitchen of some "summer people." A sudden twinge in her back awakened the drudge to the meaning of a pump—what a mission it would bring to the washing of dishes and clothes, and to the relief of aching backs. Why should she still heave water to and from the kitchen while the stocking full of dollars lay idly in the ash pan of the parlor stove? Was the saving of money always a virtue? She would ask Silas for a pump before next wash day.

But Silas reminded her that his blue wagon had not yet been painted, and his old sloop was waiting to be calked; then there was the cranberry bog to be sprayed, and if John Taylor's boy was going to have a gold tooth, his Dave must have one, too.

Ellen turned the matter over in her mind. There were the five dollars saved from the sale of milk to the summer people; but her old hat would not do another season. Besides, a pump would cost at least ten dollars. She must go on dragging water from the well. She rubbed her spectacles with the corner of her apron.

There was Mary Bassett coming down the road waving a letter in her hand.

"Say, Ellen, here's a letter for you,—from your daughter, I guess—it's postmarked Boston. Say, Ellen, you ought ter see the new pump Elmer has put in my kitchen. Why, it's that handy you kin draw a drink of water while you're eatin' yer hot buckwheat cakes —and the washin' don't take no time at all. Why don't Silas git you a pump?"

"Oh, you know I could have one right enough if we did not have the bog to spray and the automobile to save for. Mebbe I'll get one anyway," Ellen added with a lofty toss of her head.

She cut the end of the envelope with the kitchen case-knife. These words greeted her eyes:

"Come to me, mother, I need you. Henry has taken to his bed with rheumatism, and I can't nurse him and cook for my boarders, too."

"Jes' you go, Ellen, the change will do you good," advised Mary Bassett, and, her curiosity satisfied, she went on her way.

Ellen sank into her husband's comfortable arm chair, and as the shelled peas plopped into the pot she thought of the many years that she had struggled in the old ruts. Amantha Smith had new fangled self feeders for her chickens; Sarah Brewster washed her

clothes in tubs that let water run out through a pipe; Ann Jonas had a machine that peeled enough potatoes for all her summer boarders in less time than she could peel enough for Silas and Dave, and now even Mary Bassett's kitchen had a pump. For years she had asked Silas to make her work easier, but every time there was something that he had to have first, and so she had continued in her old routine. He had even refused to chop the kindling fine lest she should use too much.

The peas were shelled, and, as she rose, another twinge brought her to a sudden resolve. She tore the margin from a newspaper, scribbled a note to Silas, pinned it to the kitchen clock, and in half an hour was on her way to Boston.

"Mother, you sit down and let me wash the dishes this morning."

"Nonsense, child," laughed Ellen, "dish washing is fun when you have hot and cold water in the same sink. Jes' you go and fix up Henry's leg with red flannel and that liniment I made. I'm afraid if my goin' home depends on Henry's gettin well, I won't be makin any more liniment! I wonder how your father likes his chores."

"Maybe they'll teach him the trials of old-fashioned ways so's he'll take to the fireless cooker that I am going to send back with you."

"Don't see you down at the store much these evenin's," remarked Hiram Saunders casually, as he called in on his neighbor Silas for a tool. "'Pears like the wife's been gone quite a spell—must like Boston pretty well. Land's sake. You've got a pile o' clothes saved for her in that corner." He whistled as he spied the overflowing basket. "I reckon she'll make tracks back to Boston when she sees that. Much obliged for the saw."

Silas grunted "good evening" and dropped into his easy chair. They had been long weeks. The peas were rotting unpicked upon the vines; the milk went sour in the unwashed bottles; one of the calves was sick; the hens showed a relentless persistence to hatch instead of to lay; he had to resort to stove kindling to dry out the green chunks he had split for Ellen, and never before had the path to the well seemed so long. Every time he sent a post card to his wife she would answer briefly that Henry's rheumatism was no better.

Suddenly a light broke over Silas and he slowly put two and two together. He consulted the ash pan in the parlor stove. The following weeks there was much hammering and business in the Wixon cottage, and the hens went undisturbed. Adams Express brought boxes to the village station, but Silas explained nothing when he came to haul them in his shabby blue wagon. It was not until the postmistress read a card that the villagers understood. "Say, Ellen," it ran, "you'll be surprised how them Aladdin lamps light up the set tubs and the green pump in our kitchen."

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Exclusively for Examining the Eyes and the Fitting of Glasses.
Cash Block, Hyannis **Branch at Falmouth**

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REAL ESTATE
Build that Bungalow now, and build it on the shore of beautiful Lake Manomet (Great Herring Pond). I have some excellent lots bordering on the lake. Prices are reasonable.
T. J. COSTELLO, Notary Public
Bournedale, Mass.

THE GRANGES OF CAPE COD



A. W. HIGGINS GRANGE EDITOR

Harwich Grange, No. 349

Harwich Grange, No. 349 met on Dec. 10, when the following Lecturer's program was given:

Reading—Eleanor Berg.

Old-fashion Receipts—Helen Kurtz, Tina Nickerson.

A Talk on Panama Exposition—Thomas H. Nickerson.

The first and second degrees were worked.

DAISY J. ROSE, Lecturer.

* * * *

East Sandwich Grange, No. 139

The meeting of Dec. 14th, coming on the same date as the State Grange meeting, the attendance was small.

During the Lecturer's hour a practical demonstration was given on singeing and cutting up a fowl for cooking by the Worthy Lecturer. A social hour was spent in doing different tricks and a lunch of crackers, cakes and hot coffee was served.

On Dec. 30 was held the Christmas meeting, and after the reports were read from the State Grange by Worthy Secretary Dorothy N. Holway, a farce of the old-time District School was given by twelve of the members, at the close of which there was a Christmas tree laden with bags of home-made candies, a bag for each member present. A very social time was enjoyed by all.

A. W. HIGGINS, Lecturer.

* * * *

Eastham Grange, No. 308

Friday, Dec. 10, first and second degrees worked on two candidates. No Lecturer's program.

Friday, Dec. 17, special meeting. Third and fourth degrees worked on two candidates, after which chicken pie supper was served.

During Lecturer's hour a Christmas tree was enjoyed by all.

Each member brought a present, wrapped up and not addressed. Presents were put on the tree and when Santa Claus arrived they were distributed, each member receiving a gift, most of which were rather amusing, several of the men receiving dolls and mechanical toys.

JULIA M. RYDER, Lecturer.

Megansett Grange, No. 342

Megansett Grange met on the evening of Dec. 2 and worked the third and fourth degrees on eight candidates.

Dec. 16 the Lecturer's hour was in charge of Bro. Wm. F. Bourne. The program consisted of readings and music.

The Grange was saddened by the death of the Worthy Overseer, the past month.

CAROLYN ELDRED, Lecturer.

* * * *

Brewster Grange, No. 272

The program on Dec. 7 for the Lecturer's hour was Debate: "Resolved, that the United States increase its army and navy." Affirmative, Herbert Foster; negative, Nils Nelson. A discussion followed which was quite spirited.

Humorous Readings—Herbert Cahoon.

Song—Harry Southwick.

Violin Solos—Raymond Eldredge.

Report from the State Grange was given by Charles Hall on the Dec. 21st meeting. There was a good attendance in spite of the inclement weather. The entertainment for the Lecturer's hour was in charge of the literary committee.

The stage was effectively dressed with a Christmas tree, and pine branches with red berries.

A large Xmas pie, in charge of Past Master Frank Perry caused much merriment among the patrons; as each officer was called to partake of the pie, a small gift appropriate to each office was each officer's portion.

A very effective star march and drill, given by twelve of the sisters, all dressed alike in white with silver trimmings, and each carrying a silver-starred wand, concluded an enjoyable hour.

MARY S. KEITH, Lecturer.

* * * *

Dennis Grange, No. 260

At the Dec. 2nd meeting of Dennis Grange, the Lecturer's hour opened with a song from the Grange melodies, "Help it on."

Reading—"The Young Man Waited," Mrs. A. L. Crowell.

A lively discussion followed from three male mem-

bers on some of the greater needs of our town.

Piano Solo—Miss Kate Joggenson.

Reading—"Aunt Kesiah's Ideal Grange," Mrs. Burnham.

Vocal Solo, I. D. Armstrong.

Chose a committee of three to look after brown tails in our town.

Voted to send the Master and Lecturer to State Grange at Springfield.

MRS. JOSEPHINE GREENLEAF, Lecturer.

Cape Cod Cookery

Doughnuts in Rhyme

One cup of sugar, one cup of milk,
Two eggs beaten fine as silk;
Salt and nutmeg (cinnamon'll do)
Of baking powder teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in;
Roll on pie-board, not too thin,
Cut in diamonds, twists and rings;
Drop with care the doughy things
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells.
Watch with care the time for turning;
Fry them brown—just short of burning,
Roll in sugar—serve when cool.
Price—a quarter for this rule.

This receipt was sold at a fair and was so unusual it proved a great success.

Cranberry Conserve—Boil until well done, 1 quart cranberries, ¾ cup cold water. Put through colander, add 1 cup walnut meats chopped coarsely, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 orange sliced very thin, ¾-cup cold water, 1¼ pounds sugar. Cook until it jells Care must be taken that it does not stick. This makes about 12 glasses and is good served with turkey, chicken or cold meats. Very nice made into sandwiches.

We made this Christmas and it was very good. Will send in other conserves when fruit is in season.

Indian Pudding—Pour slowly 1 cup Indian meal into 3 cups boiling water (spider is best). Stir and cook well. Butter well a deep pudding dish, pour in the meal, add two well-beaten eggs, 1 cup molasses, ½ cup brown sugar, ginger and salt to taste, handful raisins and, lastly, 1 quart rich milk. Place in moderate oven. After pudding has baked about two hours add 2 large cups milk; do not stir. Bake slowly all day.

This recipe was given by a friend and it is very good. The secret is slow, even heat. It is both rich in color and taste.

Amber Marmalade—Shave very thinly 1½ orange, 1½ lemon, 1 large grape fruit, rejecting only seeds and white of grape fruit. Measure fruit and add three times as much water. Place in earthen bowl, let stand over night. In morning boil hard for 10 minutes. Let stand again until next morning. On second morning add pint for pint of sugar. Boil slowly for two hours or until it jells. This makes about 14 glasses. Care should be taken to shave the skins very thinly.



Beautiful Leather Skins

For Home Fancy Work

These fine quality ooze leather skins come in various colors and are widely used for making leather novelties; they can also be used for table covers and wall hangers. Price for good sized skin, $1.25, postpaid.

SPECIAL OFFER For 50c we will send you a leather framed desk calendar, one small leather glove purse and a shoe polisher

Send for free catalogue showing line of Bags and Pocketbooks.

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We CLEAN, PRESS and REPAIR LADIES' and GENTS' GARMENTS

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Maxwell Five-Passenger Touring Car

1911 MODEL

in good condition, all equipped; has been used so carefully and well that the paint originally applied in the factory is hardly scratched. Owner has another car which serves his purpose better, and will dispose of this machine at an unusually low price; for particulars address

AUTOMOBILE, BOX F.

SANDWICH

"The Cafe that's the Talk of the Town"

---and we all met and dined at the most exclusive Italian Restaurant in town

The Hotel Napoli

where we had an excellent dinner for seventy-five cents and enjoyed classical and popular selections rendered by Signor Palladino's orchestra.

Table d' Hote Lunch, 11 to 3 p. m., **50 cents**
Table d' Hote Dinner, 5 to 9 p. m., **75 cents**
Daily Specials, **45 cents**

Yours truly,

84 to 96 Friend Street
Boston, Mass

M. DI PESA & SON.

Chronology of Events

1812. Oct., Congregational society, Chatham, voted to enlarge the meeting-house and increase the number of pews.—An act passed by the Legislature to protect the lobster fishery of Provincetown.

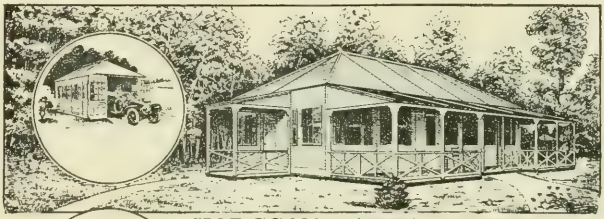
1813. The First parish, Sandwich, in 1811, dismissed the pastor, Rev. Mr. Burr. The society, by a very large majority, voted for the dismissal, while the church sustained the pastor, by an equally large vote. The pastor brought action for his salary, and to decide whether the church or the society controlled the temporalities, i. e., the funds, records, etc. The Supreme court this year sustained the society, which retained possession of these. 159 persons thereupon seceded, and formed the Calvinistic Congregational society, retaining Mr. Burr for their pastor. Rev. Ezra S. Goodwin succeeded Mr. Burr as pastor of the First Congregational society. This case served as a test in subsequent actions growing out of the division between the Orthodox and Unitarian Congregational bodies in this state, which occurred about this time, the prevailing party in this case being of the latter faith.—March 21, Rev. Caleb Holmes of First parish, Dennis, died, aged 33.

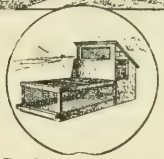
1814. Rev. Joseph Haven invited to the First parish, Dennis.—Nobscussett Pier Co. in same town incorporated.

1815. Wellfleet Manufacturing Co. incorporated, with capital of $6,000, for the purpose of manufacturing cotton and woolen yarn.—Rev. Jotham Waterman was dismissed from East parish in Barnstable, and was succeeded by Rev. Oliver Hayward.—Sept. 23 a great gale swept over that part of the country contiguous to Buzzards Bay. The tides were the highest ever before known, exceeding the memorable gale of 1635. Trees were uprooted, salt-works destroyed, vessels driven from their moorings and landed high upon the shore, and vegetation in many places destroyed. Had the tide risen 15 inches higher it would have swept over the Cape. Lower down on the Cape it was much less severe and destructive.

1816. Proprietors of Bass River Bridge, between Yarmouth and South Dennis, incorporated.—Jurisdiction ceded to the United States for sites of lighthouses on Race Point Gammon.—Dennis divided into North and South parishes.—Hon. James Freeman of Sandwich, sheriff of the county, died July 3.—A proposal for building a country poor-house was agitated.

1817. The Eastham and Orleans canal proprietors incorporated, for opening a canal from the head of Nauset Cove to Boat Meadow Creek.—Yarmouth Society for Suppression of Intemperance (the second in the country) formed.





A Poultry House for 12 Laying Hens, complete with Nests, Fountain, Feed Hopper, Yard, etc. The most up-to-date accommodations and will give the best results. Price $20.00.

HODGSON PORTABLE HOUSES

COTTAGES GARAGES POULTRY HOUSES

More desirable than you could build and will save you lots of trouble.

Made for many uses—Play Houses, Sunparlors, Garden Houses, as well as for Cottages, Garages and Poultry.

We have shipped hundreds of our Portable Houses throughout Cape Cod and they have stood the test of years. We would be pleased to quote you prices on any of our buildings delivered and erected on the Cape ready to move into.

Send for our illustrated catalog.

E. F. HODGSON CO., 116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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The Graduating Classes

Of the Cape Cod High Schools

Are working hard to win the Washington Trips offered by the Cape Cod Magazine, particulars of which were announced in the January issue. If your class has not already entered the contest it is not too late to do so now. If every member of the class will make a canvass among their neighbors and friends one or more of the prizes can easily be secured. If further particulars are needed, address

BUSINESS MANAGER

Cape Cod Publishing Company, Sandwich, Mass.



SEA PINES

Home School for Girls

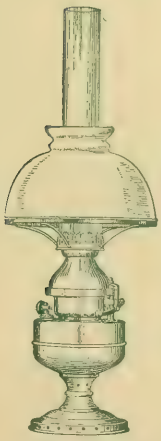
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Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P. O. Box L.

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For full particulars write

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For use in Deodorizing the ordinary Living Room, Sick Room, Dining Room, Saloon, Office, School Room, Theatre, Etc.

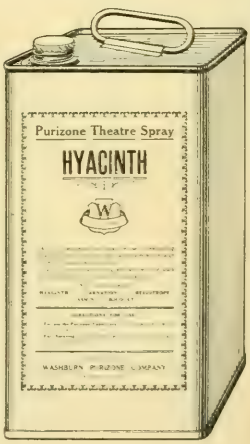
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A highly perfumed liquid spray for use in deodorizing the atmosphere in theatres, halls, and all places where large numbers of people are gathered.

It gives a pleasant and lasting odor, and will not stain the finest furniture, upholstery or decorations.

Purizone Theatre Spray used in the Purizone Vaporizer makes the ideal deodorant for use in bath room, living room, halls, kitchen and any place where a pleasant odor is desired.

Purizone Theatre Spray is made in odors of Carnation, Hyacinth, Jasmin, Heliotrope, Geranium and Bouquet, of which you can obtain samples and prices upon application.



As a Special Offer we will upon receipt of $1.00 mail Parcel Post Prepaid to any address, one of these Purizone Vaporizers and one Pint of Purizone Hyacinth Theatre Spray.

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Largest Manufacturers of Products of This Kind in the East



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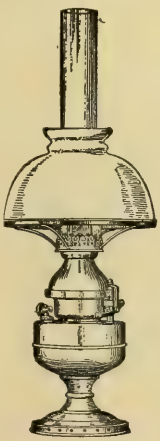
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Brewster Cape Cod Massachusetts

The Baynes Incandescent Lamp



THE SAFEST, MOST BRILLIANT, MOST ECONOMICAL LAMP EVER INVENTED

Absolutely odorless, noiseless (no pressure), does not smoke, and therefore cannot blacken up the mantle or chimney. Manufactured by the Welsbach Company, and fully guaranteed by them.

The only kerosene oil lamp using a mantle that ever received GRAND Prize at any World's Fair. Pronounced a 100 points perfect product by the International Jury of Awards at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which proves its superiority over every other product of the kind in the world.

Every lamp burning in a home is a positive delight to the user. Everyone who sees the lamp in operation will order one. We want live people in every town to distribute our lamps. You don't have to peddle them; they sell themselves.

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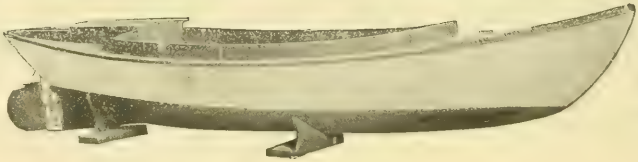
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RIDES THE SEA LIKE A DUCK BUT NEVER DIVES

Safe and Seaworthy

A Good Family Boat



20-ft. Special Dory---Will Stand the Ocean Waters



17-ft Launch, a Safe Family Boat, Capacity 7 Persons

Cabin Boats from 24 to 35-foot
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Cape Cod Power Dory Company

Wareham, Mass.



ORDER BY MAIL We have the most completely stocked Drug Store on Cape Cod, embracing everything necessary in the sick room as well as the general stock that the up-to-date drug store is supposed to carry. If you cannot come to our store, we can send you what you want by parcel post.

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CAPE COD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO CAPE COD INTERESTS



This Number Completes the First Volume of this Magazine

Map of Cape Cod in Center Section

Interesting Articles and Stories by Cape Cod Authors

April, 1916

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YOU DO NOT KNOW THE FULL ENJOYMENT OF CAPE COD CRANBERRIES UNLESS YOU ARE USING

MAKEPEACE'S EVAPORATED CRANBERRIES

Made from the finest, full-flavored, vine-ripened, red Cape Cod Cranberries. Prepared by our own process, without preservatives, retaining the full flavor and permitting the enjoyment of this delicious health-giving fruit every month in the year.

FLAVOR: Superior to fresh fruit because fully vine-ripened.

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Send forty cents (stamps or money order) and receive by parcel post four ten-cent cartons with recipe book

or

Send one dollar and receive a tin package equal in cooking value to a peck of fresh fruit.

Prepared by

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One of the new, up-to-date hotels

At

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Spring water, unrivalled for its purity.
Perfect bathing beach—no undertow.

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LAWN OR GARDEN

On a poor, leachy and sandy soil you must add something to the soil that will make it hold moisture and prevent the fertilizing elements from leaching.

And that **something** is **Humus.**

No lawn fertilizer is complete without Humus. In sandy soil the first rain carries a chemical fertilizer down in the soil past the roots to be lost forever. Humus holds it until the plants need it.

Boston Humus

Is a clean, dry and odorless fertilizer, free from weed seeds and properly prepared with just the right plant foods. Its use in the sandy soil on the Cape has given wonderful results. Write us for information.

The Boston Humus Company

97 Massachusetts Avenue **East Lexington, Mass.**

Cape Cod Magazine

VOL. 1 APRIL, 1916 NO. 12

From the Publishers' Desk

TO complete the first year by adding nearly a thousand subscribers to our list seems a fitting manner in which to celebrate the anniversary. During the month of March more than 800 names have been added to the subscription list, making a total of very nearly 2,000 copies mailed each month to our regular subscribers, besides an almost equal number sold on the news stands in New England, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large Western cities.

This issue has a circulation of more than 3,500 copies: when it is considered that nearly every copy is read by a number of people, it can be seen what a widespread means of publicity the magazine has become. And the pride engendered by this thought is due more to the fact that from 10,000 to 20,000 people are interested enough in the Cape Cod district to look forward to reading about it each month, than to the actual circulation of the magazine itself; although it would be unnatural to deny a certain satisfaction in feeling that one's efforts are appreciated.

But the main purpose of such satisfaction should be to spur one's efforts on to better and bigger accomplishments; we faithfully promise that to be the case in this instance. As our work is appreciated, so will we strive to make this little magazine a better advertisement and more of a credit to Cape Cod, so that, as it goes out broadcast, spreading its message, it will inspire in more people each month the desire to come to Cape Cod.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has in previous years conducted a series of advertisements in the newspapers of New York, Philadelphia, and many large middle Western cities, and in some periodicals of national circulation, extolling the advantages of parts of New England as Summer vacation spots.

Cape Cod has received certainly its share of this publicity. As a result, the information bureau of the Railroad receives annually replies numbering up into the thousands, requesting booklets and other information about Cape Cod and vicinity. The letters received in response to the advertising last year, have been kindly loaned to us, and we have mailed them sample copies of this magazine.

Some of these people have probably already been to Cape Cod: in these cases it has served as a reminder of happy hours spent here, and perhaps prompted the desire to repeat the trip. Some of those who were not fortunate enough to have picked Cape Cod last year, may thus be induced to do so this year. In any case we feel that this is desirable advertising for Cape Cod; and that is, as we have already emphasized many times before, the main purpose for which this magazine was created. That more people are beginning to appreciate this fact is becoming more evident every month.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE UNDER WAY SO THAT THE NEXT TWO OR THREE ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE ARE TO HAVE A CIRCULATION OF MORE THAN 5,000 COPIES EACH.



HYANNIS NORMAL SCHOOL

THE HYANNIS NORMAL SCHOOL

In 1894 the legislature of the state of Massachusetts authorized the establishment of a Normal School in Barnstable County.

No definite location was chosen by the legislature, but in order to obtain the school, two conditions must be met—a suitable plot of ground must be acquired, and a training school, in which the Normal School students might observe and practice, must be provided.

The village of Hyannis purchased twelve acres of land for the purpose, and the town of Barnstable—which Hyannis is a part of—built the training school required; and with the approval of the State Board of Education the State began the erection of the Normal School buildings.

The Normal School group consists of the dormitory, the Normal School building and the Hyannis Training School building. They are all of brick and built with special regard for the comfort and health of their occupants.

The dormitory is a four story building with a basement, in which are the kitchen, dining room, store rooms and laundry. The laundry is used by the students on Saturdays and much is the chaffing and fun while waiting their turn at the tubs or the ironing boards.

The care of the dining room is taken by students who wish to earn spending money, or in this way, to help pay their expenses at the school.

The girls wait on the tables, wash the silver and glassware and keep the dining room swept and garnished. A two-fold end is thus accomplished—worthy students are helped and efficient service is maintained.

The first floor of the dormitory is largely taken by the parlor and the long corridor, where, often after dinner, the students dance until study hour.

Formerly the sleeping rooms on the first floor were used by the young men of the school—this year only young women live at the dormitory. The boys come there for meals and for the after-dinner social hour. The entire care of each room is taken by the occupants—two students or a Normal or Training School teacher.

A course in euthenics and the physical training teaches the students the proper care of sleeping rooms—fresh air is in abundance, and on Saturdays mops, brooms and dust clothes are in great demand, and muscular students depart to the back yard with their rugs and beat them soundly. However, this beating is not a required part in the curricula of the school, and the practice thus obtained is to be applied as nearly as possible to rugs only. Each room is well furnished and always presents a look of clean comfort.

In the basement of the Normal School building is the gymnasium, with adjoining shower baths. Every Normal School graduate looks back to many happy hours of basket ball, captain ball and folk dancing, beside the formal gymnastic work. All this work is only supplementary in the big hygienic scheme of the school. Students are brought to realize that out of doors is the real place for healthful exercise. An out of doors basket ball court and tennis courts, and a large field which may be used for base ball, encourage the students toward habits of regular exercise.

The manual training room, presided over by that awful, but beloved genius of carpentry, is also in the basement—here young men and young women alike become absorbed in making real things for real use; picture frames, book racks, trays, tables and the like.

The heating and lighting plants are also on this floor.

The three main floors of this building are

taken up by recitation rooms and laboratories. All the rooms are large, airy and well lighted and each is especially equipped for its purpose.

On the second floor is the main hall. On every school day all the students and faculty convene here for morning exercises. No one who has not attended the school can ever realize the tremendous influence for good which these morning talks have on the student body. At this time the whole family gets together to start the day aright. Here, every morning, some member of a careful faculty give something helpful to the rest of the school —here questions of importance are brought up, discussed and settled—here is the very heart of the school.

Through the untiring efforts of the principal, the faculty and the student body, the Normal School grounds are now a charming sight at any season. To the left of the shrub bordered paths and driveway by which one approaches the campus, is one of the most magnificent clumps of willows on Cape Cod. In many parts of the campus are clumps of shrubs and a varied arrangement of flower beds which offer their bright blossoms from earliest spring-time throughout the season. Nor are the brick buildings bare and offensive—the custom of the graduating class of planting ivy on Commencement day has provided a waving mass of green in Spring and Summer and a flaming splendor in the Fall.

The lawns are always well kept. No students long feel irresponsible for loose papers and the like, and the early morning dandelion-green parties prevent the conquest of these obnoxious weeds. To everyone at the Normal School dandelion greens for dinner are much better than dandelion greens on the campus.

Most of the students are young men and women who have recently graduated from high schools, but often during the winter session at Hyannis there are a number of special students—people who have worked elsewhere or who come for some special training.

There is a summer session at the Hyannis Normal School offering many courses.

Practically all of the Winter school courses may be followed, and many others designed for advance study are offered. One feature is a special superintendent's course.

Hundreds of teachers from far and near come in the Summer for the double purpose of gaining new knowledge and inspiration for their work and to spend a month or more of delightful, out-of-doors life at the seashore.

The dormitory will accommodate only a few of the Summer students, but the rest find lodgings about the town or live in tent-houses. The tent houses are made by the young men of the Winter school, and are so constructed that the sides may be raised and the room converted into a healthful out-of-doors sleeping apartment.

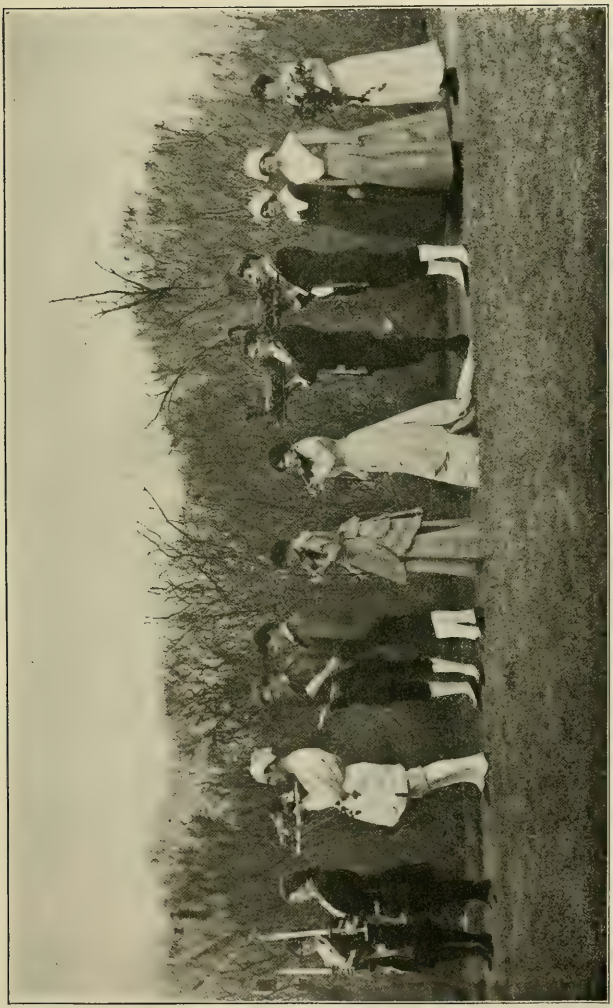
Some of these tent-houses are in the field back of the dormitory, and there are others at some distance from the school, at the beach.

These houses are arranged to form a small community, with streets and a water supply. Some instructors and students who are attending the Summer session at the Normal School bring their families to spend these weeks in the little settlement of tent-houses at the beach.

The Summer faculty is augmented by specialists in their particular lines and work done by students during this time is credited to them at Hyannis or at other schools and colleges.

The purpose of the normal school is to educate and train students to teach efficiently in the schools of the state.

At Hyannis this is done. The method is most subtle. The faculty at Hyannis desire not wholly to produce teachers, but to send into the schools of the state healthy, capable, well balanced people who can teach efficiently. So the desire and aim of the faculty is to mold the raw material in a way which will



BOAR'S HEAD PROCESSION

produce this end. Therefore the life at Hyannis is planned to suit this purpose.

The student in the Normal School has as an asset, more or less academic knowledge which he has gained in the lower schools, and a multitude of unformed ideas. As soon as he enters the school, he begins to get into the swing of things.

The student government which regulates affairs at the dormitory, makes him respect himself as a unit in a democratic system. The discussion and settlement of problems in morning exercises strengthens this feeling.

Then as a result of the freedom allowed, comes a feeling of responsibility— that is one of the finest attributes of a citizen and teacher—responsibility for doing the thing at hand in the best way. No cut and dried talks on the virtue of responsibility are necessary;—at the dormitory one feels it one's duty to be at meals—otherwise the students who attend to the dining-room service are incommoded;—study hour is kept because the standard of work is maintained; and earnest students soon realize that this quiet time is a more wise provision,—she who violates the study hours harms not only herself, but her neighbor and her room-mate.

Each student also soon realizes her responsibility in keeping her room in order—her natural sense of order and neatness is bolstered up by a desire to make the room a cheerful place for the room-mate.

The committee work is, maybe, one of the most important features in the faculty's plan for inculcating responsibility. Committees of the junior cooking class serve the Sunday evening meal at the dormitory. Squads are sent out to gather moth nests; volunteer committees attend to the tennis courts; a few students are selected, whose duty it is to bring from the Normal School building to the dormitory, on Friday afternoons, the magazines to be enjoyed by the students over the week-end. Specially delegated students dust the class rooms; on special occasions decoration committees attend to the arrangements for receptions, dances and the like.

In these divers ways the student becomes strengthened in his early appreciation of belonging to a working body and realizes that only by doing the thing required of him in the best way, can he best serve himself and the rest of the school.

Now for another item which helps to develop well-balanced persons—recreation. A large part of the recreation is really part of the physical training course; games, walks, skating and coasting parties are very popular. The dancing in the dormitory corridor and in the gymnasium have many joyous participants.

Every other Wednesday afternoon the two societies of the school,—the Iyanough and Masshantampaigne, hold their meeting. The work of these societies is managed entirely by students; a member of the faculty is the advisor of the executive committee of each society. Sometime during the year, each society presents to the rest of the school, and often to the public, something showing the work of the society for that year.

Often special celebrations of holidays are planned and managed by a society—Washington's birthday dinners in costumes, May-day celebrations under the willows, and Christmas customs and observances have been very successfully executed by the societies.

Graduates of the school have analysed the feeling of service and responsibility which comes to them, and have called it the "Hyannis spirit". It is something which they get at the school that goes with them and fills them with a desire to give to the public and particularly to the children in their care, the best that is in them—cheerfully. The principal and faculty of the school are regarded by graduates as representing the essence of this spirit—cheerful, indefatigable givers for the welfare of the students.

The annual gathering of the big Hyannis Normal School Alumni Association in May of

(Continued on page 30)

THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS

By WILLIAM G. WILSON

ONE sees quite a few articles relating to the "Boy Scout" movement, but not very much about the "Camp Fire Girls." It is safe to say, that in a very short while, there will be more "Camp Fire Girls" than there are "Boy Scouts," owing to the work they are doing, which is simply wonderful.



GATHERED AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

There are several "Camps" on Cape Cod, but the one that seems to be drawing the most attention is "Camp Sonoewe," at Orleans, Mass., which was organized by Miss Helen E. Nute, in January, 1915. The good they have been doing, not only to themselves, but to others they come in contact with, has brought forth great admiration and praise from their parents and friends.

It will be proper here to mention some of the things the "girls" do to obtain "Honors": Cooking, scrub a floor once a week for two months, do marketing, laundering, housekeeping, take care of the sick, take long hikes, take care of a baby of an average of an hour a day for a month, participate in sports, hand craft, nature lore, learn something about business and showing their patriotism to their country; in all there are 747 items a girl can do to obtain one of these "honors."

The "Camp" is the means of organizing a

girl's daily life. It deliberately intends to promote happy social life. It interprets daily things in terms of poetry, symbolism, color and imagination. Weekly meetings are held to help the girls formulate their daily work and to teach them new activities.

The "girls" all look forward to the summertime with great anticipation, when they can go "camping," and this being an expensive venture, entertainments and suppers are given during the Winter months to help defray expenses.



"EATS"

Last Spring the writer had the pleasure of accompanying some of the "girls" on one of their long "hikes" to Harwich, a distance of ten miles. A stop was made at Pleasant Lake, where all hands partook of lunches that were brought along and, judging by the way these lunches were stowed away, one could see the benefits derived from these long "hikes."

If you get the chance to visit one of these "Camps," do so, for you will be well repaid by seeing the happiest and healthiest crowd of girls you ever laid your eyes on.

The girls of "Camp Sonoewe" are:

Miss Helen E. Nute, guardian, Margerie Moulton, Gertrude Rogers, Katherine Nute, Bertha Marvel, Nora Sparrow, Thelma Nickerson, Rebecca Knowles, Lucy Mayo, Edith Smith, Ruth Smith, Gladys Smith, Mertice Taylor, Clara Rich, Patia Potter, Marion Rich, Eva Ellis, Gladys Daniels.

"Upon your arm a charm I place,
A charm of unseen fire.
To burn within your heart of hearts
And light your soul to its desire,
Upon your arm, this silver charm."

A MEMORY OF APRIL

By LYDIA BURGESS BROWNSON

IT was Springtime in the country. Spring time and growing time, mating time and nesting time!

I was awakened in the early morning by the sun's shining in my face through the open window and lay for a while, half awake and half asleep, listening to the birds in the near-by trees, singing in the sunshine. Not even the raucous "caw, caw" of a mocking crow could spoil the feathered songster's symphony. Everything seemed magically different. Even the distant crowing of a cock sounded musical.

The first thing I saw as I stepped out doors was the burrows in the moist earth, made by the worms. The robins had evidently also discovered them for they were hopping around on the lawn, looking investigatingly about. When one discovered a worm, he would make a sudden dart, seize it and pull energetically until he had captured it, oftentimes nearly falling over backwards from his strenuous efforts.

There was a feeling of suppressed excitement in the air. The day was full of wonder —the wonder of awakening Nature. She had heard the call of Spring and was stirring after her long Winter's sleep. The grass was green on the southern slope of the hill. The little white pussy-willows had come out of their brown cradles. All the dear little green things were beginning to grow. The lawn in front of the house was dotted with purple and orange crocuses. In the woods the Mayflowers had begun to open their eyes and turn their little pink faces upward to the sun. The trees were preparing to "hang all their leafy banners out." And in a few more weeks our next door neighbors would be hidden from our sight by a trembling curtain of green.

Although it was early April, most of our birds had come back from the South. A saucy bluejay, perched on the top of a scrub pine, screamed at me as I passed. A robin called a cheerful "Good morning." And the orioles were so busy deciding just where this year's nest should be built that they hardly saw me. Soon there would be soft twitterings from the boughs of the trees where there would be whole families of baby birds.

The bay was transcendently beautiful that spring day. The blue of the water was rivalled only by the blue of the sky and was crossed, here and there, by those mysterious light-streaks that seem like paths leading to no place in particular. From the bay rose the wooded islands, their dark evergreens silhouetted against the sky. And beyond them was the shore of the mainland, clothed in the amber hue of swelling leaf-buds.

Suddenly the sun was hidden by a cloud, and, in a moment, there came one of those gentle showers that helps to awaken life in every little seed lying in the garden, the grass, the trees, the wild flowers and the tall shrubs by the house. There was a soft whispering as the drops fell, and a twittering from the sparrows that were enjoying their bath in the flooded gutters. Scarcely fifteen minutes later, the sun was shining again, glistening on the rain drops which clung to the grass and shrubs and trees, the robins were hunting worms on the lawn, and the atmosphere had a clean, clear feeling as if it had just been washed.

At noon I sat out of doors for an hour in the warm sunshine. I heard the calling of the birds, the cooing of the doves from the dove-cote on the barn, the subdued cackle of the fowl and an occasional cock crow repeated from yard to yard till the last echo was scarcely audible. I heard the shouts of children and the hum of men's voices from the nearby gardens. At my feet the dog lay, nose on paws, lazily comfortable in the sunshine. And the air was pungent with the smell of fresh earth.

It was the time when men turn to the gardens and plow and plant; when women tuck up their skirts and, armed with mops and brooms, scrub the house from cellar to

attic; when children make mud pies in the streets and play hop-scotch on the sidewalks; and when youths and maidens build castles in the clouds, happy, they hardly know why.

In the afternoon I went to the beach. The row of cottages, just under the shadow of the pines, was closed and lonely. Shutters were up at doors and windows and sand was drifted about the steps. There were no happy children digging holes in the sand and making forts and castles for the tide to wash away, as there would be a few weeks later. It was completely deserted, but along the beach, just below high-water mark, where the tide had swept it smooth, were the tracks of a man and a dog—the tracks of the man proceeding in a nearly straight line—those of the dog showing various side excursions up and down the beach to investigate bunches of grass or crevices in the rocks.

I found a sheltered spot between two boulders and waited for the sunset. At first a path of glory trembled on the waves, then gradually the sun, a big, red disc, descended until it slipped over the edge of the islands and out of sight. Then came that wonderful time that is more beautiful than sunset itself. The sky was suffused with a golden glow that slowly faded into a delicate pink, against which the well-defined outlines of the islands stood out sharply. A cat boat, with triangular sail, appeared, glided out of sight behind the islands, then reappeared again. It came nearer so that I could hear the voices of the two men on board. It turned gracefully, the sail came down with a rush in a pile of white canvas. I watched while it was fastened down in place and everything made ship-shape. Then the two men stepped over the side, into the waiting small boat, and rowed off toward shore. I heard the dip of their oars and finally the grating of the boat on the beach. Meanwhile, it had grown darker. There was a lisping sound as each little wave broke on the pebbles. The last of the pink glow had vanished from the sky. As I slowly retraced my way up the beach and neared the village, I could hear the peeping of frogs in the swamps. The air was odorous with a faint tang of smoke. Then, slowly the stars came out, one by one, and it was night.

How can I describe that night of the Spring-time? The mystery and beauty and wonder of the day was trebled. The moon rose behind the crossed branches of the trees, and shone bright in the clear sky overhead. The stars were dimmed by its brighter glow and showed only as faint points of light against a silvery blue back-ground. Mysterious shadows lurked in the corners of the stone walls and under the apple trees in the orchard. Lamps shone cheerfully from windows, sending a yellowish gleam across the white roadway. There is a magical fascination about an April night that holds one in a spell, and it was with reluctance that I slowly entered the house and closed the door.

During the recent great storm, Keeper Fred Franzen's station crew at Provincetown made a thrilling rescue of barge Ashland's crew, hauling them from the top of the deck house after the breaking up of the vessel. This calls to mind the saving of the survivors of the bark Monte Tabor, wrecked on Peaked Hill Bar in September, 1896, when six of the seven who escaped with life came ashore in similar fashion.

When patronizing advertisers mention this Magazine.



ON THE HIKE

SI NICHOLS' LOVE STORY

By GENEVA A. ELDREDGE.

"All aboard," the cry of the driver of the Harrit Corners Stage rang out loud and clear on the frosty evening air, as I tucked the old bear-skin robe tighter about my ankles and settled myself on the front seat of the vehicle, ready for the long drive to Harrit Corners. It had been five years since I had been to the corners, but the stage, horse, harness and even old Si Nichols himself looked not a day older than when I last saw them. Cape Cod air seems to keep the men young when well into the eighties.

Si had a good "gift of gab," even for a true son of the old Cape, and I've noticed that all of them are naturally gifted in conversational arts, even if they do tell you that they leave the "gabbin' tew the wimmin folks." And that old road to the Corners needed a good gift of gab to make it at all interesting to ride over, back in the eighties. It was through dwarfed growths of scrub pines, a few oaks now and then, whose brown leaves still clinging to the boughs, rustled raspingly. Sometimes we would hear a peculiar raking sound against the spokes of the wheels as we passed a clump of bayberry bushes, or a pungent odor would greet our nostrils from a few juniper trees scattered among the other growths. The road itself was deep of horse-path and hubbly of rut.

Si carried the mail, in fact, passengers were just a side issue with him. He left the mail-bags at various post-offices along the road. The first one we came to the men were just gathering for a social chat and to wait for the mail and they greeted Si's advent jovially.

"Seem's tho' yew wus earlier then usual tewnight, Si, hain't ye?"

Si was busy fishing around in the back of the wagon and made no reply. Suddenly he emerged from the inky blackness in the rear of the stage and flinging a mail-bag to the ground, called out, "Here yew, Lem Bevins, mitten on tew that an' give it tew th' post-marster. I'm a-goin' tew set right here an' see ef yew dew it right. My rheumatiz is so everlastin' flighty this frosty weather thet I don't dew narthin' but steer th' craft an' boss the crew, ef I can help it."

Lem "mittened on" and disappeared within the little post-office, whose windows were reeking with steam and stale tobacco smoke.

"G'lang thar, Dolly,' and Si flapped the reins on the mare's back which started her into a steady jog that slackened only at the long, sandy hills just before we reached the Corners.

The stars twinkled in the clear sky and the baying of a hound echoed across the valley where the road dipped near Silver Spring.

"That's Amasa Winslow's houn'. He's got the mournfullest howl of any dog hereabouts. But thet dawg is the apple of Amasa's eye. Amasa says he knows ez much, ef not more, then some human bein's he's met, an' what's more, he alwuz keeps his thoughts tew hisself. Yew've maybe seen the critter when yew wus 'round here gunnin' a few years back. See thet light over yonder, crost the mill road thar? Wall, thet's where Amasa an' Hepsie live. Most likely he'll be daown by th' big tree at th' fork of th' roads a-waitin' fur his mail. I alus bring it. Him an' me wus boys tewgether, an' what wus mine wus his'n an' what wus his'n wus mine,—'cept in one instance."

"Whoa! Sh, thar Dolly. Don't run Amasa daown ef he hez gota apple for yew. Whoa I say! Hello, Amasa."

"Hello yerself, Si. S'pose yew'm drivin' this fiery steed raoun' for yew health same's ever, hain't ye? This frosty weather makes

ye feel like jumpin' a four-rail fence don't et? Hey?"

Si was rummaging under the seat cushions during this salutation. Rising from his stooping posture, he handed out the paper and a package, saying as he did so, "Don't be castin' any insinuations, Amasa. Ef I wasn't in sich a powerful hurry tew land th' U. S. mail on time at th' Corners, I'd race yew acrost tew Turner's Pond an' give ye a few lessons in cuttin' a double pigeon's wing. But I shall be obliged tew forego thet pleasure tew-night on account of bein' a servant tew th' Government." And then both old men roared with laughter.

Si resumed his seat stiffly and Amasa, cane in hand, hobbled up the road towards home. As Dolly started off again, Si remarked, "Amasa an' me are both workin' along towards eighty, but sometimes 't seems ez ef we wus jest as young an' foolish ez ever. We've had lots uv good times together, me an' Amasa hes, lots uv 'em. Sailed a good many v'yges tew th' Banks, off an' on, an' once, when we wuz both 'bout twenty, we shipped 'board a square-rigger an' made a trip tew South Americy. Ez I remember thet old tub naow, I wouldn't resk sailin' raound Sandy P'int in her."

And Si began to wander on in a reminiscent vein, of other days and other lands, in all of which he and Amasa were boon companions, who shared and shared alike.

"But what was it," I inquired, "that Amasa didn't share with you, Si?"

Silence followed my question and I wondered if a blundering fool had stepped where angels feared to tread. Suddenly he looked at me in the glimmering moonlight and said, "Mister, I hain't never told any man before, but the treasure thet we both coveted wus a woman's love, an' thet woman was Hepsie. Neither me nor Amasa look very romantic or sentimental these days, but there wus a time when nights like these wus made up of skatin' parties, an' candy pulls, an' seein' yewr best gal home arter the festivities wus over. Then, come summer, we wus on th' Gran' Banks fishin' tewgether, with aour hearts back here with the folks tew home. Me an' Amasa worked tewgether an' played tewgether, an' never hed no regular fallin' aout tell we both fell in love with Hepsie Burgess.

"Hepsie wus the purtiest gal hereabouts. Her black hair curled in little rings all over her head, an' her cheeks wus red as the June roses in mother's garden. But her eyes! I've hearn tell of eyes thet wus like limpid pools, an' I dunno ez they wus ever anybody in this world hed any more limpider ones then Hepsie. All th' young fellers wus crazy tew beau her raound, but she didn't pay no great regard tew any of 'em, ceptin' me an' Amasa. Yew could see she wus a little might on th' anxious seat concernin' which of us tew take fer a steady feller. The feller thet asked fust tew see her home alwus got her, an' yew bet ye boots Si Nichols wus alwus posted clost tew th' meetin'-house door Sunday nights when she come aout.

"Things run on like this for some time; first me an' then Amasa would seem tew be th' favored one. An' all th' time him an' me wus driftin' further apart. Come Thanksgivin', I took her tew a ball over tew Barnstable. I tell yew, I felt mighty grand escortin' her raound. An' I made up my mind thet drivin' home I'd ask her ef they wus any show fer me.

"Well, we got intew the chaise an' started fer home. 'Twas dark ez Egyptian darkness, an' I got courage enough tew ask her ef she'd hev me fer her steady feller, comin' Thursday an' Sunday evenin's fer th' rest a' th' winter. I can remember naow jest how her voice trembled when she answered, 'I like yew, Si, but I'll hev tew think it over a few days.'

"While Hepsie wus a-thinkin' of it over, Mister, I lived three of the happiest, an' also th' uncomfortablest days of my life. First I'd think tew myself, 'Yewm th' feller Si. Yew'll git her, sure pop,' an' I'd walk raound on air. Then the next hour cold chills would be a-racin' an' a-chasin' up an' down my back-

bone an' my knees would knock tewgether, an' I'd think, 'Lord, Si. Don't be a fool. Hepsie won't never hev a lumberin' jackass like yew. She an' Amasa's made fur one another, an' why don't yew git aout th' way so's he can go in an' win? They hain't no show fur yew, Si, an' never will be.' Then I'd begin tew feel ole Satan a-gittin' his jealous oar in agin' Amasa, an' I'd feel like kickin' myself fur havin' sech ugly thoughts 'bout Amasa. Them wus a wearin' three days, naow I tell ye, but long 'bout th' middle o' the fourth day come a break in th' monotony.

"Amasa hed gone daown the bay in his punt a-gunnin' thet mornin'. I see him a-launchin' his boat an' I wanted tew go myself like blazes, but I wus so tarnal mad at him I wouldn't holler tew him tew wait till I got ready, but I kep' right on a-splittin' wood tew th' choppin' log fur all I wus worth. I'd hear him bang away, off there in th' bay, an' then I'd give th' stick I wus splittin' a good whelt an' think tew myself how ez I wished 'twas Amasa's head I wus bastin'.

"Long 'bout ten o'clock I wus busy with my tho'ts, when a long, slitherin', wailin' screech broke in on my reverie. I listened. Once, twice, three times it come, an' then it sounded like somebody hollerin' 'Si-i-i' thru chatterin' teeth. I dropped th' axe into th' log an' made a bee-line fur the shore. 'Twant many minutes 'fore I wus aboard my dory a-pullin' for a black thing thet wus risin' an' a-fallin' away off there in the grey-green water; an' a-listenin' fur thet shudderin' screech, hopin' an' prayin' it wouldn't stop tell I got there.

"I hearn somebuddy else's oars a-twistin' in the row-locks in another direction, but I never turned my head a hair's breadth to look one way nor t'other. Amasa wus off there a-callin' me thru th' mist thet hung over th' icy waters, an' I wus a-rowin' to snatch him from the jaws o' death.

"An' I got him tew, jest as his poor numb fingers slipped off the bottom of his boat. When I hauled him over th' side o' my dory he wus pritty near a goner. But thinks I tew myself, 'Josiah Nichols, his life is in yewr hands,' an' I'm proud tew say, Mister, thet no jealous feelin's wus in my heart then. 'Twas th' best friend I hed in th' world a-layin' in th' bottom o' thet dory, an' I gripped them oars an' pulled fer th' shore.

"When th' dory grounded, I fainted, they tell me. All I remember is thet I see th' folks standin' on shore a-waitin' fer me, an' then I didn't know no more till I woke up an' found Amasa an' me layin' side by side in Hepsie's mother's best bed-room. An' Hepsie wus a-standin' on Amasa's side o' the bed, a-strokin' his face! I 'most wished I could close my eyes forever, my heart wus so near tew breakin'. Hepsie seen me stir an' come with suthin' hot fer me tew take. Amasa hadn't come tew his senses then. I pushed th' cup away an' s'I, 'Hepsie, yew needn't bother tew think it over no more. Amasa's th' best feller, anyhow, an' allus will be.'

"An thet, Mister, is th' only time when Amasa an' me couldn't share with one another."

"But, Si," I asked, "What about Aunt Lucy. Where did she come in to this love story?"

Si chuckled. "Guess I might's well tell th' whole story, seein's we won't be tew th' Corners fer some little time yet. When Amasa recovered from his duckin' th' courtin' progressed rapidly. Want no philanderin' round with he an' Hepsie then. No sir-ree. 'Twas the real thing. 'Twa'n't long 'for their banns wus up in th' old meetin'-house an' th' whole neighborhood wus a-talkin' uv a weddin', soon tew be.

"Amasa begun tew git ready for his new house over on th' Mill Road, an' everybudy pitched in an' helped. 'Bout three weeks 'fore th' weddin' day, Hepsie's cousin, Lucy Atkins come up from Provincetown in Cap'n Atkins' sailin' paket tew help Hepsie an' her mother with gittin' ready for th' weddin'. 'Twas 'long in May then, an' everything was jest beginnin' tew bud an' blossom an' th' first time I sot eyes on Lucy I thought she looked jest like th' pink an' white blossoms on aour

honey-sweet apple tree. Lor' sakes, man, Hepsie couldn't hold a candle tew her on th' weddin' day. Amasa stood up there, proud as could be with Hepsie on his arm, her face all blushes, an' a silk dress on thet her father brung from over-seas when she wus jest a baby. But when I looked acrost tew Lucy Atkins in her sprigged muslin, all tucks an' ruffles, a-standin' by the open winder where great clumps of purple laylocks wus a-wavin' like plumes, an' see her hair a-shinin' like spun gold, sez I tew myself, 'Si, ez long ez Lucy is around tew assuage yewr grief, I guess yer heart won't break quite yet.'

"It didn't neither. Provincetown wus a good ways away from Harrit Corners then, an' ways of conveyance wus scase, but come Thanksgivin', Lucy wus a-standin' side a me changin' her name tew Lucy Nichols, an' I guess she hain't never been sorry. I'm sure I hain't.

"Well, here we be tew th' Corners' post-office. Some folks think a Cape Cod man's heart is most all gizzard, but I dunno, Mister, I guess we've got 'bout's much sentiment ez the average." And I thought so too.

In the "History of the Cape Cod Canal" published in the March issue mention was made of the fact that Dr. Samuel Crowell's yacht was the first to pay toll to the canal company. Dr. Crowell states that the yacht in question was once the flag-ship of the Boston Yacht Club and that it started from Dennis the day before the opening of the canal, anchored in the canal over night and passed through the next morning. It cruised along shore to Marion, went through Woods Hole to the Vineyard, Nantucket, Hyannis and Falmouth and back through the canal to Boston. Dr. Crowell was accompanied on the trip by Hon. Louis C. Southrose, a Boston lawyer and Charles Crosby, a native of Brewster and now a real estate dealer in New York city.

Mr. T. T. Hallett and Dr. Gorham Bacon of Yarmouth are taking a trip to Cuba.

The Sparrowhawk

Two hundred and thirty-seven years after the wreck of the Sparrowhawk, by one of the geological changes on the coast which are characteristic of Cape Cod, her hull, in a remarkable state of preservation, was uncovered from the drifting sands and removed. These interesting relics were exhibited on Boston Common and are now to be seen in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. The accompanying picture shows the hull of the Sparrowhawk at the time it was uncovered.



Mrs. Helen A. Nye, the oldest resident in Falmouth, observed her ninety-fifth birthday March 3.

Show copies of this magazine to your friends. You will be doing them a favor by calling their attention to it.

A REAL CAMP FOR REAL GIRLS

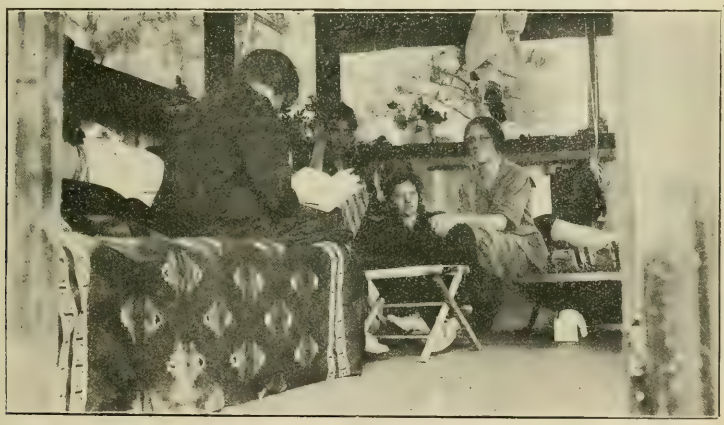
By ROBERT H. CAHOON

THERE were blondes and brunettes, tall ones and short ones, pretty ones and others almost as good looking.

Last Summer I took a trip down to "Camp Chequessett," at Wellfleet. Camp life, by the way, is an interesting Summer feature of the Cape. I wanted to find out what a real girls' camp was like. I wanted to ascertain why girls came to Cape Cod for their vacations from as far away as Texas and Louisiana. Camp Chequessett is known as "the real camp for real girls."

A big bungalow, located on a high hill overlooking Wellfleet Bay, is camp headquarters. Arriving there, I found more than a score of merry maids disporting in bloomers and evidently enjoying themselves immensely. I felt rather timid until Mrs. Belding, one of the directors, came forward and told the girls that I was a newspaper man, anxious to learn a little something about camp life; after that, everything was all right, and I felt more at ease.

Two years ago Mr. William G. Vinal, instructor in nature study in the Rhode Island Normal School at Providence, decided to make Wellfleet his Summer home. He had no idea of starting a girls' camp. During the season three or four girls were invited to the camp for a few days, and they liked the location so well that they wanted to come again the next year and spend the Summer. So last year, more than a score of girls came from New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Texas and various parts of this State.



A COSY DORMITORY CORNER

Fair maidens from inland States enjoy novel experiences in sailing and canoeing at Camp Chequesset. For this camp offers all sorts of water sports in addition to land sports. For instance, the girls call the back side of the Cape the "O. S. B." (outside beach). So when you hear them speak of an

O. S. B. party, you may know that there is nothing mysterious about it, but that they are going to the good, old Atlantic shore for an outing. Equipped with plenty of clothing and a sleeping bag, perhaps they will "hike" over—as it is only about two miles away—making the trip in two parties, the Scouts laying an Indian trail for the trailers to follow. Arriving at the beach in the early evening, they build a big camp fire, eat a lunch, and then sit around the fire and sing merry songs and tell stories. Then along about 9 p. m. they crawl into their canvas sleeping bags, stretch out on the clean beach sand and spend the night in peaceful slumber, while the restless sea at their feet rumbles on. They awake in the early morning to see the sun rise over the Atlantic, unobscured by buildings or even tree tops. After cooking an appetizing breakfast on the beach, they spend the day visiting some old wreck or life saving station nearby. Could anything be more delightful?

Then there is fishing. Not only do the Chequesset girls catch tautog off the bars, but they also haul in monster perch in the fresh-water lakes a short distance away. Oh, my, yes! You ought to have seen that string of fifteen white perch Alice Allen caught last Summer. And little (?) Miss Dorothy Ford took first prize for big fish when she landed a perch weighing exactly 2.5 pounds. (Note—This is no fish yarn). Some of the girls are good archers, having revived this ancient pastime.

Camp Chequesset maids take many special trips, such as to historic Plymouth, landing at Plymouth Rock just as their Pilgrim forefathers did in 1620; to search for Indian relics on Great Island; to picturesque High-



WORKING IN THE CAMP GARDEN

land Light and the North Truro cliffs, which the sea is wearing away; and to quaint Provincetown, with its famous monument and fishing fleet.

Special attention is paid to domestic science here, as the directors realize that perhaps some day the girls will be married (who knows?) and, so twice a week the kitchen becomes a laboratory and supper is prepared by campers. There is folk dancing, gardening, nature study, photography, instruction in arts and crafts, bowling, field athletics and tennis. Basket ball and volley ball are popular, and if there is a better base-

ball team among girl campers on Cape Cod, I would like to see it. Captain William Taylor, sailing master, has charge of the camp's own motor boat, the "Romp." The campers have some merry sailing parties aboard this craft. Captain Taylor is listed as a "graduate of the school of hard knocks in Cape Cod Bay."

No camper ever left Chequesset without being able to swim! That is saying something. Last Summer Miss Mary Holden, of Providence, swam a distance of two miles across the bay and back in an hour and a half. She was not trying for any record. those showing the best all-round development, rather than for a single attainment.

How would you like to live where clambakes, apple roasts, plays, songs and stories become regular parts of daily life? That is what they do at Camp Chequesset. It seemed a shame to leave that happy throng, but I assured them that I would come again.

Senator Gifford of the Cape is kept busy delivering lectures upon the taxation question throughout the state.



AN O. S. B. PARTY

But this shows that they have some real water nymphs down there.

Several cozy dormitory houses are connected with the camp. Each house holds four, and the occupants get the full benefit of outdoor sleeping, with protection from storms and insects. Camp Chequesset has a full force of competent teachers and councillors. Mr. Vinal is assisted by Mrs. Alice H. Belding, instructor in physical education of the Randolph-Macon Women's College of Lynchburg, Va. Mrs. Belding is one of the directors, while Mrs. Vinal is the camp mother. Prizes and medals are awarded for

An acquaintance in Boston recently told the editor that although he had never visited the Cape, he had a high opinion of the character of its inhabitants through having come in contact with so many natives of that locality who had "made good' in responsible business positions.

W. F. Sears, a native of Harwich, is prominent in affairs in Providence, R. I., being much interested in all that pertains to the welfare of that city.

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Editorial

CLEAN-UP TIME

WITH the coming of April, Spring is dawning throughout Cape Cod land and the season for work is at hand. The Winter, in many parts of the Cape, is a season of rest and recuperation for the strenuous days to come. With the advent of Spring the work of preparing the towns for the summer season is commenced. Road officials commence to repair and make smooth the highways in order that the thousands of tourists who will come later may find no grounds for complaint concerning them; the citizens, generally, occupy themselves in the burning of the accumulated rubbish, in freshening up with paint, overhauling boats, etc., preparatory to having everything spick and span when the summer visitors arrive. This period of out-door housecleaning is an important one. It is essential that citizens give considerable attention to the making of their premises presentable. One of the chief charms of the Cape is in its appearance of sweetness and healthfulness due to the care that is taken in making it so.

There is work for every citizen to do upon his own premises and upon the roadsides adjacent. Not only should he see to it that his own property is presentable, but he should see that its surroundings are likewise. A few hours spent on the roadside are well worth while when results are considered.

Cape Cod is a land of flowers. Tourists comment upon the fact. Every home should have its flower bed and see that it is kept blooming throughout the season. School authorities should foster the home garden spirit by interesting the school children in it, and in this way results may be achieved that will be of great benefit to the Cape.

Town authorities should see, not only that the roads are good, but that the weeds and rubbish alongside them are removed. The town of Barnstable has set a good example in this respect by brushing out the roadsides, not only adding to the beauty of them, but lessening the danger from fires.

The Springtime is clean-up time and everyone should engage in the work with enthusiasm and spirit. The example set by one person is quickly followed by others, and if the public spirit which prompts it is allowed to spread in time the Cape will become more noted than it is today for its clean and sweet appearance.

Towns might with profit appropriate a little money for the purpose of enhancing the physical appearance of the community. We can conceive of no better expenditure of public funds. If the town is not in a position to do it there is the local improvement society. It is time to get busy.

OUR COMMUNITY

OUR community is a good community. Let us get all the good out of it we can. The way to get the good out of it is to be useful to it. We should help to develop it. He is a poor citizen who is content to take merely

A Few Suggestions

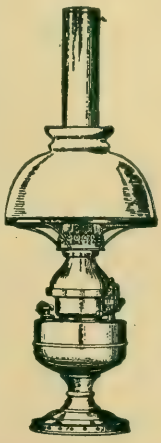
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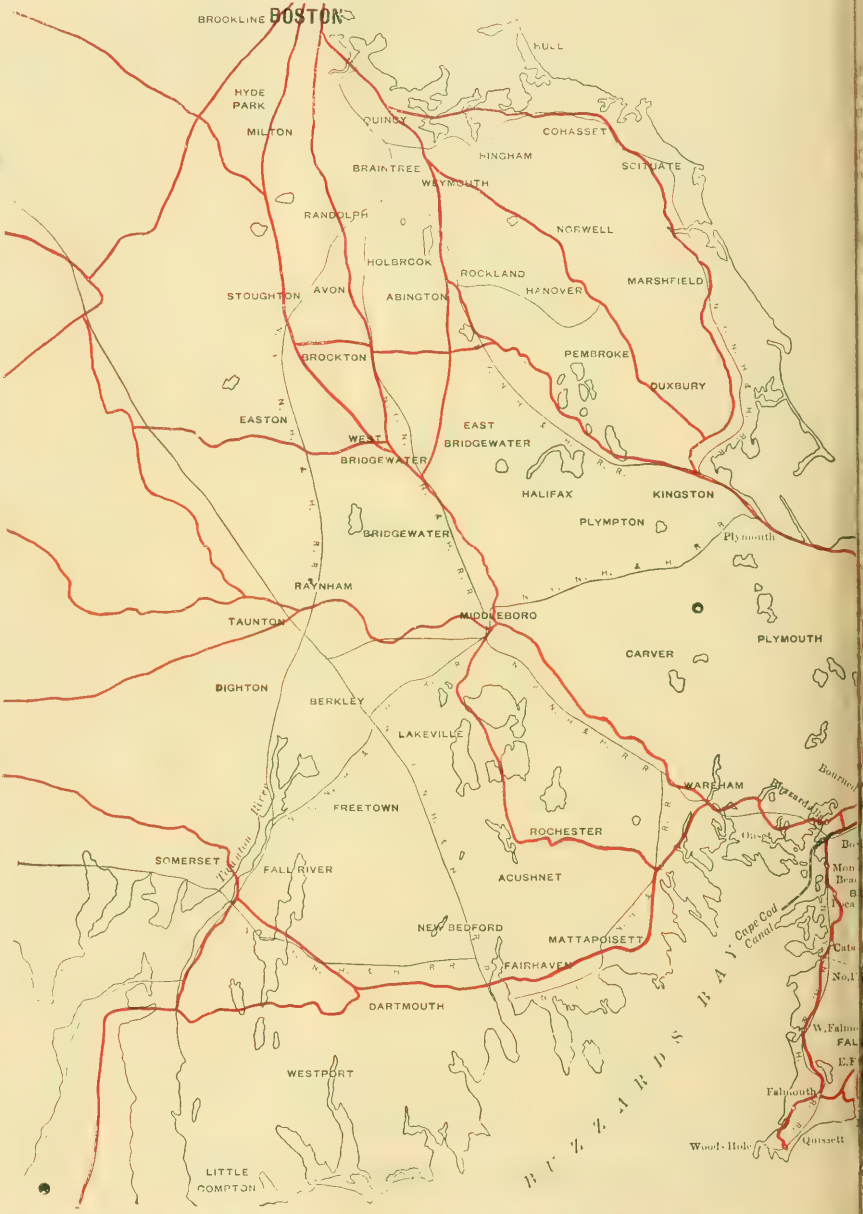
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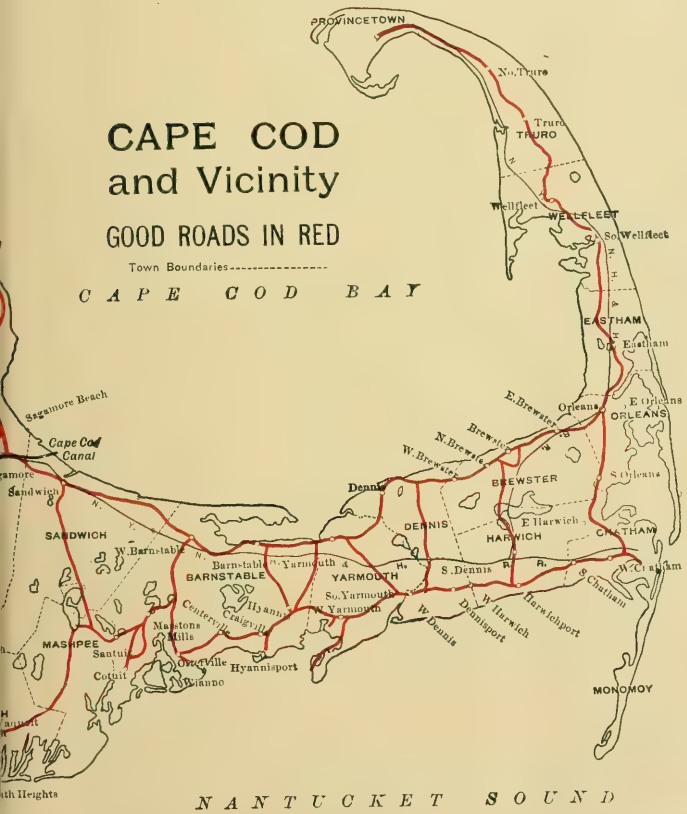

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what nature sends. He is a poor citizen who is willing to let the community shift for itself, taking such benefits as come to him through no effort of his own. The good citizen is a useful citizen. He does not have a chronic grouch against his neighbors, nor speak disparagingly of them or of the community in which he lives. He willingly assists all movements for the benefit of the whole and always stands ready to do his part in any uplift movement that comes along. The good of the community is the most important thing in a citizen's life. The good that he gets out of it depends upon the good that he does to it. If you want to see your town improve, remember that you are a part of it, and that its improvement depends as much upon you as upon your neighbors. Don't get the idea that future prosperity rests with a few, for it is the business of the many. Above all don't criticize those who are trying to upbuild the community and do nothing yourself. They, at least, have the proper spirit and just as long as you deny them your support, just so much harder their work will be.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THE people of the town of Orleans feel that an injustice has been done them in the characterization of the town as an asylum for tax dodgers. They maintain that the town has never done anything to deserve such a name. It has never offered any inducements to people of wealth to locate there and such as have come have done so because they desired to make that place their residence. The town offers superior advantages as a place for summer residence and so many have come there that it has been possible to keep the tax rate lower than in other towns. The money received from taxation is carefully expended and none of it squandered in extravagances.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

WITHIN a few weeks the Mayflower, or trailing arbutus will be in full bloom and the fragrance of their perfume will testify to the actual presence of Spring.

IT IS unfortunate for the Cape that while its summer population is so large, its permanent population is so small. The effect of this is felt when political questions are being discussed and representatives and delegates apportioned. The Cape is really a much more populous place than it seems to be. The real Cape should be judged according to what it is the greater part of the year, rather than what it is during those months when so many of its inhabitants are elsewhere, temporarily.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

ONE who visits the High Schools maintained by the towns of the Cape cannot help but realize that the younger generation are receiving educational advantages second to no other section of the state. The towns are liberal in their school appropriations and employ superintendents and teachers of acknowledged ability.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

STRANGE as it may seem, there are people who continue to believe that Cape Cod still remains as described in the writings of Thoreau and Green. To such it will come as a surprise to learn that the much talked of book "Cape Cod Folks" was not written about Cape Cod people at all, the scene being laid in a little hamlet within the confines of the town of Plymouth.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

HARWICH has recently organized a Board of Trade for the purpose of promoting the interests of that thriving town and it is proposed to resort to publicity as a means of letting people know about the possibilities of the town as a place of summer residence.

"Your magazine should be of interest to all descendents of Cape settlers and pioneers, especially your references to the old landmarks and history of the Cape."

By advising your friends to subscribe for this magazine you will be doing them a favor which will be much appreciated.

THE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL

By ELLEN E. V. FREEMAN

THE hill seemed very high and the house very large, to the little boy who was born there in the year 1852.

Tom Goodwin was the youngest of the eight children, who on cold frosty nights, gathered "the clean-winged hearth about" in the great kitchen, to listen to his grandfather's tales of the sea.

The kitchen floor was painted in soft tones of brown and green, flecked here and there with tiny splotches of white.

This gave a suggestion of the sanded floors of an earlier period on the Cape. It also stirred the imagination to thoughts of the water when the waves broke gently on the rugged coast which Thoreau has called "The bare and bended arm of Massachusetts."

Far out on the cliffs, this brown and green and white had repetition in wheeling seagulls above the spray of emerald waves, and this color scheme repeated all over Cape Cod.

Silhouetted against the blue sky, the wooden wind-mills trail their gray wings. The fragrant pines rise high above the lovely bayberry bushes, with their clustered gray-green berries and spicy leaves. Here, amid wealth of oak and cedar, the beach-plum bushes burst forth in foamy whiteness at the touch of Spring. The harvest of green and red berries turns purple in September, amid the soft-brown grasses.

When Winter snows lay deep on the sandy shores and spread like a mantle of ermine over the pines which grew everywhere, Tom would climb with his sled to the top of the hill and gaze with delight at the blue, ever-changing sea that he thought seemed always calling to him, even in his dreams. As he glided swiftly down the long slope, through the orchard, across the road, and out over the salt meadows, where the tall grass of Summer now lay bowed down and locked under wind-swept drifts, he would stretch out his hands and shout, "I am coming."

When roaring winds made music in the pine needles of the great tree which had sheltered the schoolhouse where Tom and his sisters went to school, the boys took turns at bringing in the cut wood for the stove which stood in the center of the room.

Why Tom should have been so different from his gentle sisters and two brothers, who were models in deportment, was a mystery to his mother. He was full of adventure and his wild genius got him into many scrapes and oftimes into deep disgrace. No one thought, in Tom's day, of turning the channels of destructiveness into those of constructiveness. They were dealt with by rod and rule.

As I have said, the school-room stove stood in the center of the floor. The stove-pipe went up straight, to a proper height, then with many an elbow, held in place by wire, ran horizontally around three sides of the room.

Tom's desk-mate, John Ellis, a boy about his own age, which was ten years, also possessed an "inquiring mind."

It was Tom's and John's day to bring in the wood and put it in the stove.

John's father had at home a large powder horn full of powder which he kept for an occasional outing in the game season. It was a source of great curiosity to John, who wanted to know more about it, so he brought a small quantity, tied up in his handkerchief, to show it to Tom and to impart to him his limited knowledge of gun powder. They were rehearsing its powers and longing to learn more of its possibilities. It occurred to Tom that the monotony of the day might be broken up by an experiment.

They selected a piece of wood. With their

pen knives they dug some holes and carefully filled them with powder, then plugged them up. When school was assembled, and the fire was dying to embers, a very alert boy was on hand to replenish it. In went the plugged stick, a very innocent looking piece of oak.

Results are not slow when embers and wood and gun powder are the ingredients.

The drowsy hum of the school-room was suddenly broken by a loud explosion. The stove lids flew up in the air. Joint after joint of sooty stove pipe tumbled apart and hung suspended by a wire, like the sword of Damocles.

Confusion reigned. Some of the children ran out at the door, some out of the low windows. Tom and John jumped out of a window, landing on the sandy slope that looked toward the seashore. School was over for that day at least. Tom's last look had shown him a picture he was slow to forget. The pretty teacher stood there among the hastily flung books, soot on her face and pretty blue dress, bravely holding the fort. Tom confessed, but in spite of Alice Reed's forgiveness, her father, who was trustee, informed him that his education was finished at that particular seat of learning.

The winter term was near its close. Mrs. Goodwin had faithfully tried to show Tom the gravity of his offense and the errors of his ways. She talked to him of his dead father, of his grandfathers and their fathers back to the seventh generation.

They were among the pioneers of Cape Cod; had come over in the good ship "Abigail" in 1635; had been co-workers with Governor Bradford and Miles Standish; her son must grow to be a good and great man, to be worthy of his forefathers; to all of which Tom listened attentively.

When the Fall term opened Mrs. Goodwin wrote a note to trustee Reed, requesting him to allow Tom to attend and explaining her efforts to correct his mistakes. Tom was to take the note.

One bright morning he started on his errand. His brown hair was neatly combed; his blue eyes sparkling; his checked gingham blouse spotless. It was harvest time and peaches were ripe. As Tom approached the house he forgot the importance of the errand he was on. He was passing by the peach and apple trees, now loaded with luscious fruit, in the orchard. He climbed into a low tree and had stowed away several fine peaches in his loose blouse as Mr. Reed, coming from the big barn door, caught sight of him. He hastened into the orchard and called out, "What are you doing there?"

"I was afraid of your dog" said Tom as he slid down, the tell-tale peaches dropping out as he patted Towser's head in a very contradictory manner indeed.

"Afraid of the dog, were you? Well, you just come right along with me to the barn and I will see that Towser does not bite you."

As they went along Mr. Reed stopped and cut a tall straight shoot from the base of an apple tree. He continued to do this at every tree they passed until he had quite a formidable bunch of twigs in his right hand.

Tom was looking at them with very round eyes as he said, "Here is a note from mother. She wants me to go to school again."

"Wants you to go to school again, does she? Well, tell her you have had your last lesson right here and now. Spare the rod and spoil the child."

He proceeded to thoroughly demonstrate the old proverb. They parted in anger, and Tom in some physical discomfort also. He had failed in his first diplomatic mission. What would his mother say to him now?

He wondered down to the sea shore and sat down on a rock to think it over. The waves were breaking at his feet and the tide receding ere he returned to the house that stood under the hill. His mother met him at the door. Explanation was not necessary. She kissed Tom and said quickly, "Come in now, dinner is ready and we were waiting for you."

That night Mrs. Goodwin again told her

son how important it was that he should return to school. She could see only one way out of the difficulty. His Uncle Prince and Aunt Sally lived alone in a big white house overlooking the sea in a neighboring village. There was a good school near and they could see him often. In a few days Tom had joined the Quakers, for his uncle and aunt belonged to that sect, and he was entered at church and school.

Sunday services were held in the quaint old white meeting house. Lovely faces filled the high back pews of its interior, where often they met in spiritual silence.

Outside, the hum of great black and yellow bumble bees could sometimes be heard as they hovered in and out and above the purple blossoms of lupine, or Quaker-bonnets, that plenteously adorn and beautify the soil of Cape Cod. The sweet arbutus had given its fragrance, as incense from a lowly shrine, and retired under its thick evergreen leaves to rest.

At the age of ten, Tom did not see this wealth of beauty at his feet. He liked better the clash of church bells than the hum of poised bumble bees. He looked far out at the restless waves. He missed his mother and brothers and sisters. He was home-sick and had not made much progress with his education.

It was nearly time for the quarterly meeting which was to be held at his uncle's house.

This was somewhat of a social function, as refreshments were served after business matters were disposed of.

One pleasant Saturday he was very happy, even if tomorrow would be Sunday and he would have to sit still for an hour on a high bench, where his feet could not touch the floor and he must not even swing his legs. He was happy, for his brother Frank had come to spend the day with him.

His uncle was to be away for the greater part of the day and his aunt was to accompany him. A certain amount of work at the wood-pile was apportioned him and he was cautioned many times to do this and not do that.

His uncle kept an old blunderbuss in the kitchen. Of course this was one of the forbidden things.

Every year when the wild geese flew in migratory clouds over the farm, Uncle Prince would run for this gun. If any stragglers came within firing distance he would blaze away, but he seldom brought down one. Only a few days before, one tired wanderer had dropped to earth by a well directed aim. Here was an illustrated sum which Tom had learned quickly—powder, plus buck shot, as added strength.

His first experience with powder had, figuratively speaking, blown him out of school; away from his home and his family. He might never again live in the house under the hill, yet he must show Frank that he could fire off the gun.

Placing it rather unsteadily to his shoulder he took aim at the old cherry tree between the house and the barn and pulled the trigger. The old gun kicked and he found himself sprawling on the ground. Frank insisted they put it away before doing any harm, but he, of course, didn't know Tom had been told never to touch it.

Tom yielded to the suggestion, and they ate their dinner, which had been left on the kitchen table for them.

They went down to the beach to see the men come in with their dories and scallop dredges. Some had baskets filled with quahaugs, clean and white, from their sandy beds. They went for a row and watched several big crabs as they made off sidewise through the tall eelgrass and disappeared in dark deep places. This was fascinating and hard to leave, but it was train time and they must go to the station. Uncle Prince would return on the train that Frank was to leave on. Tom thought of the woodpile and the disturbed gun. He was sad also because his brother was leaving.

Uncle Prince remarked that the woodpile did not seem to have grown any smaller as

they crossed the yard, but it was several days before he discovered the gun had been tampered with. Tom's natural light heartedness had returned before he was called to account. Again by rod, and rule that was not golden. Uncle Prince thought the iron rule of discipline also required that Tom should stay in the attic all day without food.

The views from the attic windows were charming. Early Autumn tinted the woodbine. Wild and cultivated grape vines hung over the fences and arbors with yellowing leaves and purple gleams. Over a rail fence a squirrel was coming from the woodlot into the garden where corn was still standing. Golden squashes and pumpkins were lying on the ground. The highway traveller found a pear on a low-hanging branch and retired into a thicket. Far out beyond the breakwater a schooner was tacking its way into harbor. Tom wished himself aboard, and outward bound.

The hours lagged. He would explore the attic which was large and held the accumulation of years. There was a bed set up and neatly made ready. An old fashioned bake oven at the head of the stairs was the first object to attract. Perhaps some faint odor, fragrant and appetizing hung 'round it still.

Tom opened the door and looked within. Two nice loaves of fruit cake met his gaze. These had been made and put away for quarterly meeting. Here was dinner and dessert in plenty. Tom took them to the bed and sat down as if he had found manna especially prepared for him. His fasting had turned to feasting.

To remove all trace of crumbs, he threw the broken remnants out the window, and it was quite entertaining to see the hens scramble for them. He finally shook the spread out of the window.

Quarterly meeting came next day. Tom never knew if the refreshments were spiritual or temporal or both.

Early the following day he overheard his aunt and uncle talking. "He deserves a good thrashing, and you give it to him, Prince, as soon as he finishes his breakfast."

Tom had a short time in which to decide upon his half formed plans. He would take one look at his uncle's face. The second picture which he was to hang on memory's walls showed a tall, stern man in high stock collar, advancing, closely followed by his aunt's angry face, and firmly grasping a cat-o'-nine-tails in his right hand. The long kitchen had two doors, one at each side of the room. Making a wild dash out of the farther one, he ran at full speed across the sloping meadow until he reached the railroad station.

Old Pete was a great favorite of his and he had often watched him flag the trains. He saw him come out with his flag in hand, so he knew a train must be nearly due. It proved to be a passenger train with three freight cars and a caboose on the end. It stopped.

Near where he stood was the open door of the caboose and Tom silently stepped aboard as the bell rang. No one had spoken to him but old Pete and he did not think he had seen him get on.

He hid under the back seat and was many miles away when he heard the conductor say to another trainman, "Hello, what have we here? Where does this little shaver come from?"

"Little shaver" stood up, hatless and coatless.

"Where's your ticket?" said the conductor.

Tom shook his head. "I haven't any, but please let me go to Portsmouth. I want to see my cousin Phillip who lives there."

"That is a long way for you to go alone, and this train only goes as far as Middleborough, but we will see what we can do for you when we get there" said his new friend.

He spoke to his friend on the Portsmouth division, as he suspected Tom had run away, but it so happened that this conductor knew his uncle, and Tom had readily given his

name as Ira Davis. He had been foreman at the mines, but when they were not mining coal he found plenty to do in his carpenter shop.

These trainmen were very kind hearted. They had children at home, so they fed Tom from their dinner pails and fixed a place for him to sleep.

It was hardly light the next morning as they pointed out Mr. Davis' carpenter shop to Tom and told him to wait there until his uncle came, which would be in less than an hour.

Tom walked up and down surveying this new "Promised Land". In half an hour he felt like a shipwrecked sailor.

At one side of the shop door was a big barrel filled about half full of nice, clean shavings. Tom got in, for the morning air was chilly. It was very quiet and before he knew it he was sound asleep. A hand on his head awakened him. The surprised face of his best loved uncle was bending over him. He was so heartily welcomed by all the cousins at the family residence that he soon felt at home. With his mother's consent he lived many years with them.

In time the sea called another captain from Cape Cod. He sailed from sea to sea with many adventures. At last the good bark "Sea Mist" was under his command and homeward bound.

As the years had passed, time had made many changes in the house that was under the hill.

The "Sea Mist" was nearing port. A heavy fog shut out the harbor lights, so they had come to anchor. As Tom paced the decks that day he saw a pigeon light high up on the mast. When dusk came on it was still clinging there. Slowly and carefully did Captain Tom climb up and take the tired wanderer in his hand. It was very tame and ate readily from his hand, but ere he let it go he wrote a note and tied it to one of its legs. When the bark was under way he released the bird and it flew in the direction of the house under the hill.

Alice Reed and her younger sister, Cynthia now lived in the old home, with their mother. They had solved the problem of bread winning by their energy and ingenuity in converting the natural resources all around them into lucrative channels.

As Cynthia stood by the rose-covered window Tom's pigeon circled round and lighted on the sill. She removed the note which said; "Greetings to my old school friend Cynthia. I will be at your home in time to have dinner with you all."

As Tom once more walked along the old half-forgotten way, he drank in the beauty of foliage and flower. He noted the splendid road that stretched away to Provincetown.

As he neared the house he was greatly surprised to see, under the old quince trees that were now a bower of white and pink blossoms, a dainty tea room had been built. It was presided over by a pretty little lady in a white dress, which fluttered in the breeze from the ocean. A modest sign on a tree informed the uninitiated that tea could be had at any hour of the day. Quick service and the quality of the beverage had made this enterprise a great success.

Tom wondered if Cynthia would remember him, so many years had passed since they went with lagging feet, in at the old school house door and came rushing out at the last bell.

She did. Her first question was "Shall I give you a cup of tea? One spoonful of gun powder or two?"

Tom said, "I think I will take it clear this time."

Tom came many times in the following years to see his friends who made him so welcome, now, at his own old home. In fact he developed such a thirst for tea as was seldom ever before observed in a sea captain.

Of his eventful life and amazing adventures I will say no more, for in time he came to live again with his dear Cynthia on the beautiful shores of Cape Cod.

Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine.



NELSON ELDREDGE

"Everybody Knows Nelson"

By GEORGE B. STEELE

"Peanuts! Peanuts! Five a bag!"

Yes, Nelson was there. There are mighty few gatherings on Cape Cod which are not graced by the presence of Nelson Eldredge with his inevitable basket of peanuts. At the Barnstable Fair he is as much a part of the show as the president of the society, at the camp meetings, old home week gatherings and celebrations of every kind, one expects to see Nelson.

The picture shown herewith was taken by the writer at the Old Home Week celebration at Harwich last summer. Nelson willingly posed for the photograph and said: "Send me one if they are any good." I asked him where to send it and his reply was, "Oh, send it to Nelson Eldredge, Harwich. Everybody knows me." He was right, everybody knows him.

Nelson was born in Sandwich some sixty years ago. To the knowledge of the writer he has seldom been off the Cape, yet he is a stranger in no part of it and summer visitors delight in having him pose for their cameras. He has many friends who keep him supplied with clothing. Everything seems to fit him, regardless of the size of the person that they belonged to originally.

Although Nelson's regular occupation is vender of peanuts, pop corn and like eatables, he does more or less light work among his friends for small wages which gives him a little spending money. Last summer, during a stay in Orleans, he engaged in the light teaming business (with a wheel-barrow). He conveyed light articles from the freight house for the storekeepers and did some delivery work for them. He was asked one day what his price would be to take a box from the freight house (weighing 500 pounds) and carry it a distance of one-half mile. His reply was, "Well, I am not very busy today and I will take it down for a quarter if you will pay me before I start." The owner of the box handed Nelson a quarter, but told him he needn't bother about the box.

Nelson enjoys a joke, even if he is the object of it. The boys often treat him to cigars, sometimes of the "loaded" variety which explode when they have been smoked to a certain point, and the more the boys laugh at the performance, the better our friend enjoys the exciting smoke.

Nelson is of a friendly disposition and always responds cheerily to the greetings of acquaintances and strangers alike. The picture will doubtless recall him to the mind of many of the readers of this magazine, who, next summer, will again hear his voice calling, "Peanuts! Peanuts! Five a bag!"

Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine.

THE GRANGES OF CAPE COD

A. W. HIGGINS GRANGE EDITOR

Cape Cod Pomona Grange, No. 24

Cape Cod Pomona Grange assembled at Town Hall, Eastham, February 9, 1916. Representatives from East Sandwich, Dennis, Brewster, Yarmouth, Eastham and Harwich Granges were present to the number of 89; also two Patrons from outside the County. A public Farmers' Institute was held in the afternoon, addressed by Dr. Twitchell of Maine, on "The Man and the Soil."

The Hon. Thomas C. Thacher spoke of the work of the several organizations for rural improvement on the Cape, urging mutual co-operation and helpfulness.

At five o'clock Pomona Grange assembled in the fifth degree, and transacted business in the usual order, after which a recess was taken to enjoy the generous hospitality of Eastham Grange.

At 7.30 the Grange re-opened in the fourth degree and the following program was presented:

Address on Vocational Education—Hon. Thomas C. Thacher.

Address: Are You Satisfied with Yourself? Are You Satisfied with Your Farm? Are You Satisfied with Your Home? Are You Satisfied with Your Grange?—Dr. Twitchell.

Vocal and Instrumental Solos—Mrs. Knowles and Mrs. Wiley of Eastham Grange.

Harwich Grange presented:

Violin Solo—Miss Murray.

Recitations—Mrs. Barnes.

From Brewster came Recitations by Miss Hassard and Mr. Tubman, while Worthy Lecturer Frank Willis Howes of Dennis several times stirred the assembly with his collection of lively songs.

The meeting was declared success number two for this year.

* * * *

Cotuit Grange, No. 318

The program for Feb. 10. was given by members with their names beginning with B.

Piano Solo, two selections—Sister Louise Burlingame.

Reading—Sister Estella Bates.

Reading on Preparedness—The Worthy Lecturer.

Recitation—Sister Marion Perry.

The game of "Telegrams" was also greatly enjoyed.

Feb. 24 being a very stormy night, only ten members were present. It was to have been an Experience meeting, which was postponed until our next meeting.

The attendance to the Grange has been rather small on account of the severe weather. Hope we will have a better report for the month of March.

GENEVE S. BEARSE, Lecturer.

* * * *

East Sandwich Grange, No. 139

East Sandwich Grange held a corn supper on the evening of Feb. 8, when everything for the supper was made from corn; corn chowder, hulled corn, Johnnie bread and gems, Indian pudding and corn balls. It was also a masquerade affair and some very funny and also pleasing costumes were worn.

A Recitation, "The Sillickman."

On the evening of Washington's birthday the Grange held a patriotic meeting with the following program:

Pomona Grange Report—J. E. Holway.

Reading, "Taxation"—J. F. Carleton.

Patriotism and Preparedness, with Discussion—L. B. Boston.

Reading—John F. Carleton.

Extract from the Colonial Records of the Use of Fish as Fertilizer—John Bursley.

Patrictic Reading—Elva E. Holway.

Paper, "Mount Vernon"—Dorothy Nye Holway.

Quotation—Minnie G. Dunbar.

Reading—Mary Carleton.

Reading, "Washington, The Man in General"—L. B. Boston.

S. FREMONT CROCKER, Lecturer.

* * * *

Harwich Grange, No. 349

Feb. 11. Echoes from Cape Cod Pomona.

Meeting at Eastham—Arthur Cahoon.

Reading—Abbie Nickerson.

Mandolin Solo—Hope Doane.

Recitation—Mary Atkins.

Violin Solo—Lotta Murray.

Question Box, for Agricultural Questions.

Feb. 25. Guest night. G. A. R. and W. R. C. Patriotic program.

Processional, "Marching Through Georgia."

Address of Welcome—Charles Hammond.

Quartette, "Tenting Tonight."

Tableau, "Uncle Sam and Columbia"—E. H. Bearse and Lucy Ellis.
Remarks—Members of G. A. R.
Quartette, "The Vacant Chair."
Reading—Lillian A. Cook.
Chorus, "Battle Cry of Freedom."
Tableau, "Goddess of Liberty"—Christine Nickerson.
"The Raw Recruits"—Brothers Buck, Williams, Hall, Phillips, Clark and Cook.
Tableau, "Soldier's Dream"—Brothers Clark and Williams; Sisters Murray and Ellis.
Charades.
Chorus, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."
Reading, "Wounded"—C. E. Hamer.
War Songs.
Close, "America."

DAISY J. ROSE, Lecturer

* * * *

Eastham Grange, No. 308

Feb. 11. Valentine party. Each member brought an unaddressed valentine which were distributed each person reading aloud his or her valentine, some being quite amusing.

Singing—Misses Leona Sparrow and Eliza Smith

Feb. 25. Clipping night. Each member bringing some interesting or amusing clipping. Owing to the storm, only nineteen members were present, but a good time was enjoyed by all. Lunch served by feast committee.

JULIA M. RYDER, Lecturer

* * * *

Pocasset Grange, No. 280

On the evening of Feb. 10, Pocasset Grange confered first and second degrees on two candidates The lecturer's hour was short and consisted of:

A Paper, "Winter Birds at the Farm"—Mrs. Mira Merritt.
Reading—Thomas Gordan.
The Educational Aid Fund—Chester S. Wright.
Reading, "Avoid Self-Indulgence in the Winter"—Mrs. Phinney.

Mr. Chadwick sent the Grange a surprise treat of delicious molasses candy.

On the evening of Feb. 24, Pocasset Grange conferred the third and fourth degrees upon four candidates. Dr. A. W. Gorham of North Hanson was present and inspected the Grange. There was no literary program.

MRS. EDNA S. HANDY, Lecturer

* * * *

Yarmouth Grange, No. 289

Yarmouth Grange held its first meeting of the year Jan. 4., when the following officers were installed for the year 1916:

Master—Gorham Pulsifer.
Overseer—C. H. Howes.
Lecturer—Margaret F. Coffey.
Steward—James Ellis.
Assistant Steward—William F. Morgan.
Chaplain—Mrs. James Priestnal.
Treasurer—Harry C. Davis.
Secretary—A. Leland Edron.
Gate Keeper—John P. Hefferman.
Ceres—Mrs. Edith Burritt.
Pomona—Mrs. Wm. F. Morgan.
Flora—Sarah W. Thacher.
L. A. S.—Mrs. Mary A. Knowles.
Ex. Com.—John H. Brice.

On the evening of Jan. 18 the Parlor concert during the Lecturer's hour consisted of music and readings.

Reading—Mrs. Burritt.
Solo—Mrs. T. T. Hallet.
Reading—C. H. Howes.
Solo—Miss Marchant.
Reading—Herbert Davis.

Feb. 1st Yarmouth Grange held its regular meeting, fifty members being present. The Lecturer's hour was in charge of Miss Carrie D. Bray, consisting of a Mother Goose Art Gallery and Autograph party, Miss Hannah A. Knowles and Miss Mildred Darling winning the prizes. After which the members enjoyed a chafing-dish lunch.

Feb. 15, the Grange worked the first and second degrees on a class of three candidates.

MARGARET F. COFFEY, Lecturer

* * * *

Megansett Grange, No. 342

Feb. 17, Patriotic night.
Song, "Star Spangled Banner"—Grange.
Sketch of Life of Washington—J. D. Wood.
Recitation, "Paul Revere's Ride"—H. F. Hall.
Sketch of Life of Lincoln—Ethel Cahoon.
Memory Pictures of Lincoln—Etta Wood.
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HYANNIS NORMAL SCHOOL

(Continued from page 8)

each year brings back into the school family many eager, enthusiastic alumnae who are glad to be back to greet old friends and to partake of the hospitality of the faculty; and those younger members of the family, the students of the school who welcome the returning alumnae at trains, share with them their rooms at the dormitory, decorate the gymnasium for the reception and dance, and plan and serve the alumnae banquet.

At this time the spirit of unselfish service is uppermost in the student, and the alumnae feel joy at the return and a grateful interest in the workings of the school.

The ideal arrangements at Hyannis are possible because of the size of the school. With sixty to seventy students during the winter session, the present faculty has ample opportunity to study the individual needs of the students and help them personally toward right habits of living.

Academic work at the school is planned as nearly as possible in accordance with the adjustment and attitude toward life which the faculty intend the students to get. The work is made real in every possible way. The work in psychology goes beyond the text books and class rooms—the student grows there in power to think and to look into himself. The power gained in this course is a tremendous factor in fixing the student in right habits and in giving him a sane attitude and outlook toward life.

Real things are made in the manual training and chemistry courses (in the latter, soap, silver polish and baking powder) and real things are done in physical training and hygiene, real practice in habits of living. The sewing is made useful, because in this class real clothes are made. So on through every course—each depending on the other.

Teachers who go out into school having been so trained are the ones who, in real school teaching, separate the real from the unreal, the useful from the useless and give to children the things which they need and can use to make them efficient children and to fix on them habits which will lead them to be efficient citizens.

The method work of the student,—that by which he gets his basis for real practice in the training schools,—is in the hands of specialists in those lines. After the student is in training he consults often with the teacher of the subject at the Normal School who criticises his plans and helps him in every possible way.

When students go into the training school they are responsible and eager to serve, beside having the required amount of school subjects and methods.

In the training school the student-teachers help to make work real for the pupils. There are training school as well as Normal school gardens, and industrial work in which real things are made for the children, as well as at the Normal school for the students.

A part of the students from the Normal

school now go for training to the school in West Yarmouth. West Yarmouth adjoins Hyannis and offers a chance for training in two school rooms in each of which there are children of four grades. This rural school gives valuable training to those who intend to teach in similar schools on Cape Cod or elsewhere.

Faculty

W. A. Baldwin, B. S., Principal. Psychology, pedagogy, school management, history of education. Educated at Oswego Normal School, Harvard University, Cornell University, Chicago University.

Julia A. Haynes, A. B. Biology, English. Educated at Wellesley College, Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, University of Michigan.

Edmund F. Sawyer, music. Educated at Wesleyan University, New England Conservatory of Music.

Charles H. Morrill, B. S. Geography, physics, manual training. Educated at Bridgewater Normal School, Harvard University.

Minerva A. Laing. Chemistry, geology, minerals, drawing. Educated at Oswego Normal School, Institute of Technology.

Hannah Margaret Harris, Ph. B. History, literature. Educated at Farmington Normal School, Cornell University, University of Pennsylvania.

Annie S. Crowell, B. S. Physical training, physiology. Educated at Hyannis Normal School, Harvard University, Columbia University.

Mabel Kimball Baker. Basketry. Educated at Salem Normal School, Hyannis Normal School.

Bessie E. Goff, B. S. Euthenics, cooking, sewing. Educated at Simmons College.

Martha N. Soule, secretary and librarian. Educated at New Bedford Business College.

TRAINING SCHOOL

William G. Currier, B. H., principal, grades eight and nine. Educated at International Young Men's Christian Association College, Hyannis Normal School.

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Bessie A. Morse, grade two. Educated at Hyannis Normal School.

Carrie B. Dean, grade three. Educated at Framingham Normal School.

Grace V. Rowland, principal of primary grades, grade one. Educated at North Adams Normal School.

WEST YARMOUTH

Josephine DeWolfe, grades five, six, seven and eight. Educated at Hyannis Normal School.

Beatrice E. Larry, grades one, two, three and four. Educated at Hyannis Normal School.

The Normal School at Hyannis is primarily a Cape school and presents a most favorable opportunity for Cape boys and girls to become worthy, helpful, self-supporting citizens of the Commonwealth.

Worthy students who have not sufficient money to pay their boarding expenses, are given a chance to earn at least a part of them by working at the dormitory. Boys do the sweeping at the Normal School, tend the school poultry, and do carpentering work. Then, too, the school has what is called a 'Student's Loan Fund". This, however, is quite insufficient for all occasions, and contributions from interested persons would help toward the special training of worthy young people.

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LETTERS FROM THE WINNERS

The members of the Senior Class of the Orleans High School, the winners of the First Prize in the contest, wish to extend their hearty thanks to those who so kindly subscribed or renewed their subscriptions to the Cape Cod magazine.

Hyannis, Mass.,
March 23, 1916.

Mr. Samuel B. Corr,
Sandwich, Mass.
Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 22nd, enclosing check for sixty-six dollars and two cents, received. Please accept the thanks of the Class of 1916 for your promptness.

If it is not asking too much of you, will you kindly, through the columns of your magazine, allow us to thank, most sincerely, those friends of ours who subscribed so readily to the Cape Cod magazine. We assure them that we thoroughly appreciate their interest and aid.

Yours truly,
Belle R. Baxter,
For the Class

Provincetown, Mass.
March 22, 1916.

Cape Cod Publishing Co.,
Sandwich, Mass.
Dear Sirs:—

The Senior Class wish to thank you for the nice little sum which will go into the treasury at little cost.

Very truly yours,
Julia M. Perry,
Secretary, Senior Class,
Provincetown High School

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Carpenter have recently returned from a trip in which they covered 11,580 miles and which took six months. On their way to California and the exposition, they stopped at the large cities on the way; then by way of the southern route to Florida, where Mr. Carpenter has a winter home. On their way to California, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter stopped at Henrietta, Oklahoma, where they had their thanksgiving dinner with their son, Charles H. Carpenter, who has settled there. Mr. Carpenter says he is glad to get to New England, which he thinks the most beautiful place in the entire country.



FINE RESIDENCE FOR SALE

This property overlooks a beautiful lake, three miles long, and is within easy distance of both shores of the Cape. Seven-room house, all in good order, finished in hard wood. Large barn, excellent water supply, modern plumbing. Near railroad station, post office and store. About six acres of land, mostly wooded with thrifty pines. Lawn, gardens and shrubbery have made the place famed for its beauty. It is ideally located as an all the year or summer residence. Pleasant Lake is one of the Cape's beauty spots. Good fishing, boating and bathing. A bargain if taken at once. Address,

JOSEPH L. BUTLER, Pleasant Lake, Mass.

AT LAST!

TEA AND COFFEE

BY PARCEL POST
FROM
ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

Please send for Complete Price List.

The old-fashioned Winter which has been experienced this year is believed by many of the weather-wise to be a prelude to a warm Spring and a hot Summer. There are some pessimists who point out that it is leap year, when all weather signs are said to go by contraries, and that it is just one hundred years ago when frost was present during every month of the year.

When patronizing advertisers mention this Magazine.

A MIRACULOUS RESTORATION

THE pranks of the youngsters of a generation ago were just as keen as those of the present day and the following incident, related by a reader of this magazine, proves the case in point:

Captain Doane had a penchant for raising watermelons and sometimes, by careful nurture, succeeded in producing one or more of unusual size and attraction. In order to save such a one from the depredations of boys who loved watermelon he was obliged to keep a careful watch over his patch. One Fall he had one that was a particularly fine specimen and he took unusual care in bringing it to maturity. He had a mischievous son, who, knowing his father's anxiety in the matter, determined to play a practical joke upon him. So one dark night he went to the melon patch with a shovel and carefully sunk the melon into a hole which he dug for its reception, being careful not to detach it from its vine. The next morning when Captain Doane visited the place he was greatly shocked to find that it had disappeared during the night.

He grieved all day over his loss and had much to say about the personal character of the neighbors' young hopefuls. That night his son again stealthily crept forth and resurrected the melon and lo, and behold, in the morning it appeared again, still attached to the vine and bearing no indication that it had ever been otherwise. The event remained a mystery for many years until he finally told his father the secret of the apparent miracle.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your publication. I have been a steady reader since the first number appeared and enjoy being thus kept in touch with the Cape. I feel as though I was a native of the Cape myself, having been there three summers since 1897 and two entire winters."

Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine.



THE FLAG SHOP

Of New England

All wool and cotton Bunting Flags, Burgees and Streamers, Yacht Ensigns and Club Signals, Poles and Halyards.

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The Harding Uniform & Regalia Co.

22 School St. BOSTON

Established 1900

SPICED MACKEREL

Our working place is right on the Cape Cod Beach, the sea runs up under it fresh breezes have free play through it our fish come in fresh from the water and they are put up almost immediately.

Our little **Mackerel** are spiced appetizingly and make a most tasty dish 20 cents the can; 6 cans $1, postpaid in New England; outside of New England, 6 cans $1.15.

Two Special Trial Combinations, Each $1
Postpaid in New England

No. 1—One can each fresh Butterfish, little Mackerel (spiced), Kippered Silver Hake, Kippered Herrings, Tomatoes, sweet little Beets, New Zealand variety Spinach, Cranberry, one fragrant Bayberry Bag for polishing flatirons, one Bayberry Wax "Thimble" for thread.

No. 2—One can each Butterfish, Mackerel (spiced), Kippered Silver Hake, Kippered Herrings, one fragrant Bayberry bag, one Bayberry Wax "Thimble", and 12 little 3 1-2 inch, hand-dipped Bayberry Candles, with candle holder for same.

CAPE COD PRODUCTS CO., North Truro, Mass.

FOR SALE

Home-made Preserves, Jellies, Jams, Sweet Pickles and Marmalades.

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Barnstable, Cape Cod, Mass.

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William G. Vinal

R. I. Normal School, Providence, R. I.

WILD FLOWERS OF CAPE COD

By ELLEN F. CROCKER

Anemone

About the time the Mayflower blooms upon the hills, we may find, along the margin of the woods and swamps the tremulous blossoms of the slender stemmed Wind Flower or Wood Anemone. The flower is solitary; white, pink or purplish, and about an inch in diameter. The Rue Anemone blooms at the same time, and differs from it in that it bears its flowers in clusters. Both seem to linger about the spreading roots of old trees.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

This interesting plant is a cousin to the Skunk Cabbage and Calla Lily, and all belong to the Arum family. Jack is a fleshy spike or spadix of small, closely clustered flowers, and his pulpit is a particolored spathe, which arches over his head like a sounding board. The green spathe, veined with a deeper green, indicates the males: those stained with purple indicate the females. There are two erect leaves divided into three leaflets. After losing his pulpit, Jack is changed into a thick-set club, studded over with bright red berries.

The thick root was boiled by the Indians for food; hence its name, Indian Turnip. The plant may be found in boggy places in April and May.

Violets

Of the thirty species common in the United States, I have found only three on the Cape. The common Purple Hooded or Meadow Violet blooms everywhere; North, South, East and West, but with large, finer blossoms and leaves in cool shady dells. This violet, like many of its relatives, bears also a peculiar greenish flower that never opens, but is self fertilized and ripens its seed, if not underground, then just above it.

The Bird's Foot Violet has leaves on long petioles, or stems, which are divided into three to five long lobes which look like the toes of a bird's foot.

This handsome flower has two velvety vio-



Commonwealth Hotel

Opposite State House Boston, Mass.

Offers room with hot and cold water for **$1.00** per day and up, which includes free use of public shower baths.

Nothing to Equal This in New England

Rooms with private baths for **$1.50** per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for **$4.00** per day and up.

Absolutely Fireproof

Strictly a Temperance Hotel

Send for Booklet

Storer F. Crafts, General Manager

NICKERSON DETECTIVE AGENCY

Albert E. Nickerson, General Superintendent

Formerly Captain of Inspectors Providence Police Department

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Build that Bungalow now, and build it on the shore of beautiful Lake Manomet (Great Herring Pond). I have some excellent lots bordering on the lake. Prices are reasonable.

T. J. COSTELLO, Notary Public
Bournedale, Mass.

let petals, the three others a bluish purple, with a heart of gold.

The Lance-leaved Violet grows in moist meadows and along streams, and bears a slightly fragrant white flower.

Poets, prophets and warriors have favored the violet. Mahomet preferred it to all other flowers, and it was chosen by the Bonapartes as their emblem.

THE "SOUNDING" SEA SHELL

By EUGENIE ELDREDGE

From the "far-off flashing Azores"
Was this sea-shell brought to me—
With its wondrous, mystic murmur
Of the ever-flowing sea.

Delicate, and pearly-tinted;
Fashioned with supremest care;
Hand Divine this shell implanted,
Wrought it beautiful and fair.

Little sea-shell, art thou telling
Of thy home o'er distant seas?
Of the lovely flowers there blooming,
Fanned by ocean's every breeze?

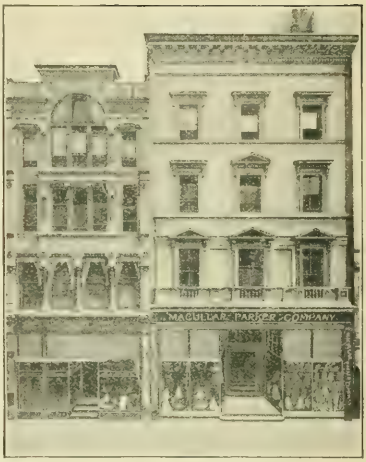
Art thou murmuring of the sea-nymphs
Down the dark green waves among;
Or of Dolphins, darting skyward;
Or of mermaids' 'wildering song?

Or, perchance in voiceless caverns
Of the vast and mighty deep,
Thou art chanting of the sailor
Resting in his last, long sleep?

Whatsoever thou art sounding
With thy never ceasing tone;
We but catch the ocean's echo;
Distant, hollow and alone.

And that echo, who can answer;
Why, or wherefore, who may tell?
Never yet has human wisdom
Framed a reason for this shell.

The Dennis High School publishes a little magazine called "The Enterprise" which contains a number of excellent articles by the pupils, showing much literary merit in their composition.



We Invite You
To Inspect the Displays of
SPRING CLOTHING
For Men, Young Men and Boys. Correct styles, reliable fabrics, fine tailoring and moderate prices
Macullar Parker Company
400 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

For Sale—25-Acre Farm
Including valuable cranberry property and young orchard. One mile from West Barnstable Depot, on State Highway. Buildings are worth all we ask for the property. Will sell property as a whole, or any part to suit purchaser. Also beach property. Telephone connections.
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An unusual opportunity for tired, invalid, feeble-minded or elderly persons to secure a temporary or permanent home. Reasonable charges. Highest references given.
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Graduate Nurse
Telephone Connection FOREST DALE, MASS.

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HARWICHPORT, MASS.
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Of Every Description
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Write for Prices

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UPHOLSTERER
HYANNIS, MASS.
Mattress, Cushion, Shade and Drapery Work
Work Called for and Delivered

RESULT OF HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST

The contest among the Senior Classes of the High Schools closed at midnight, March 20th; and at that time the standing was as follows:

Orleans High	162
Barnstable High	107
Provincetown High	91
Harwich High	82
Wellfleet High	72
Dennis High	43
Brewster High	29
Yarmouth High	26
Elizabeth Lowell High, Cotuit	26
Bourne High	7

Thus: Orleans won the first prize (three round trip tickets to Washington and 10% commission on subscriptions obtained) which amounted to $101.52; Barnstable won second prize (two round trip tickets to Washington and 10% commission) which amounted to $66.02; and Provincetown won third prize (one round trip ticket to Washington and 10% commission) which amounted to $36.20.

The other classes were each presented with 20% commission on the subscriptions obtained instead of 10%, as was originally offered; owing to the excitement which the contest aroused, and the narrow margin separating some of the contesting classes at the finish.

The contest has been the means of bringing about several very desirable ends; it has added materially to the funds of some of the High School graduating classes, and has brought the Cape Cod magazine to the attention of many people who otherwise would probably not have heard of it so soon.

A line of freight steamers between Boston and New Bedford, via the Cape Cod Canal, will be in operation this month, according to announcements received by New Bedford shippers, recently.

Charles M. Robbins of West Harwich is named as an alternate delegate to the National Republican Convention from the Sixteenth District, favoring Theodore Roosevelt for President.

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FIRE, MARINE
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INSURANCE
1916 and 1917 Models
1 Per Cent or Less

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LOBSTER AND CHICKEN DINNERS
Special attention given Week End and Auto Parties. Guests will be met at West Barnstable on arrival of train, if notified.
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DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS
Enlargements made from Amateur Negatives.
Studio in Rear of First National Bank

CHAMPION YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

Miss Effie M. Cahoon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cahoon of Pleasant Lake, has just returned from a trip to Washington, her expenses being paid by the state as a reward for winning the first prize in the contest started by the Home Economics Club connected with the Massachusetts State Agricultural College.

Miss Cahoon is 16 years of age and a junior in the Harwich high school. She excelled all other contestants in the state in cooking, sewing, sweeping, bread making, ironing, dusting and other household duties. She was also awarded prizes of $3.00 and $4.00 for the best written description of her work and for the best loaf of cake.

Over one thousand girls from all over the state, between the ages of 10 and 18 years, were in the competition. Cape Cod proudly dubbs her its "champion young housewife" and is proud of the distinction she has achieved.

The recipe which won the prize in the cake-making contest was as follows:

Recipe for making Chocolate Cake—Take 4 eggs and beat well, beating yolks separately; add 1 cup sugar and 2 squares of chocolate; 2 teaspoonsful of baking powder, added to ½ cupful of potato flour; ½ cup of white flour; 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Bake in moderate oven.

Mr. Charles H. Ward, formerly of Chatham, was recently given a reception by the Providence Journal Co., of Providence, R. I., in honor of his success of sixteen years ago, in being the first person to report the loss of the steamer Portland. It will be remembered that Mr. Ward walked most of the way to Boston to accomplish his feat. Mr. Ward was introduced to the managers, editors and reporters, by Councilman William F. Sears, formerly of Harwich.

Show copies of this magazine to your friends. You will be doing them a favor by calling their attention to it.



Could be owned by **you** for the small sum of twenty nine hundred dollars! It contains a big living room, dining room, pantry and kitchen, three chambers and bathroom, good cellar, open fireplace. Large porch, sundial for the garden and a mural painting for the living room. Write to see the plans.

We make a specialty of beauty

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"Ship's Bell" for Sale

South Harwich

Ship's Bell and Guest house; two houses, completely and well furnished, including eleven beds. Fire places, bath, two large screened piazzas (with two Gloucester hammocks). Acre of land. Wonderful view, unsurpassed: lake and ocean. Fishing, boating, sea bathing. Photo if interested. $2300. Apply

Dr. C. D. THORE

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Barnstable, Cape Cod

FOR SALE—50 acres of land on the shores of Wequaquet Lake, suitable for golf links. Easy access from R. R. station.

HOWARD MARSTON

Centerville, Mass.

Subscribe for the Cape Cod Magazine.

Cape Cod Cookery

Spanish Rice

Heaping tablespoon butter, put in hot spider, add 1 large onion chopped fine, fry a light brown, add 1 can tomato soup, boil five minutes. Pour over 2 large cups boiled rice, place in buttered pudding dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and cracker crumbs, bake ten minutes.

Vegetable Salad

One large cup cold diced potatoes, ½ cup boiled beats, 1 small onion chopped fine, ½ cup celery cut small. Mix with French dressing, chill. Mayonnaise on this salad is very good.

Mayonnaise Dressing

One teaspoon powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, drop in the yolks of 2 eggs. Beat with silver fork or egg beater, add scant teaspoon vinegar; then add, drop by drop, chilled olive oil. As it thickens, thin out with vinegar, added slowly. The mixture will curdle if oil is added too rapidly. Mayonnaise should be creamy and smooth and quite stiff.

Club Potato Salad

Bake 5 medium sized potatoes; when done remove skins. When cold, slice very thin, add 1 small onion chopped fine, 8 walnut meats broken coarsely, chop fine 3 sprigs of parsley. Mix all together with French dressing. Chill thoroughly, place on lettuce.

French Dressing

One teaspoon sugar, ½teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper. Mix all with little vinegar, using silver fork. Add, drop by drop, chilled olive oil, beating constantly. When thick, add few more drops of vinegar, alternating with oil. It should be quite thick. Keep cold.

Tomato Beef Stew

Cut coarsely, 1 large onion; place in stew kettle with heaping tablespoon butter; fry until light brown. Cut into large cubes, 1½ pounds of beef; place into kettle; add 2 large carrots cut fine; ½ turnip also cut into small cubes; place in kettle. Cover all with 1 can tomato soup, 1 quart cold water; cook slowly. Add 4 medium sized potatoes, diced. Cook until done. Pepper and salt to taste Add more water as the original boils away, only little at a time, as stew should be a little thick. This is very good.

Barnstable County donated liberally to the fund for the Washington Memorial building at the national capitol.

BEST SHEET MUSIC
You can now get any of the 2000 standard and classical foreign and American compositions in
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Why pay more? Finest edition published! All grades; for teaching, drawing-room and concert. Used and recommended in leading schools and conservatories.
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At Morn (Au Matin)..... Godard.....$ .50
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OSTERVILLE
MASS.

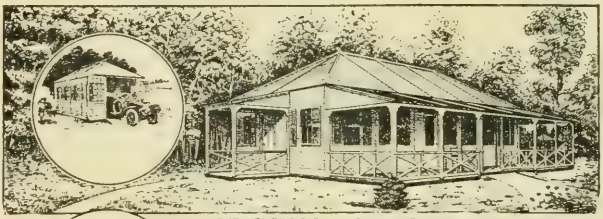
The Daniel Webster Inn at Sandwich is one of the oldest hotels on the Cape. It was formerly the Central House, its name having been recently changed. Daniel Webster and many other notables used to frequent this hostelry and many famous names have been recorded upon the registers which are still preserved.

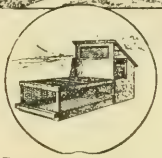
Vinal N. Edwards of Woods Hole, who celebrated his 76th birthday recently, is the oldest living employee of the United States Bureau of Fisheries and Game, having been in the service of the Government since he was seventeen years of age.

A Retail Grocers' Association for Barnstable County has recently been formed.

Bank Commissioner Augustus L. Thorndike, is a resident and voter in Brewster.

Show copies of this magazine to your friends. You will be doing them a favor by calling their attention to it.





A Poultry House for 12 Laying Hens, complete with Nests, Fountain, Feed Hopper, Yard, etc. The most up-to-date accommodations and will give the best results. Price **$20.00.**

HODGSON PORTABLE HOUSES

COTTAGES GARAGES POULTRY HOUSES

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Made for many uses—Play Houses, Sunparlors, Garden Houses, as well as for Cottages, Garages and Poultry.

We have shipped hundreds of our Portable Houses throughout Cape Cod and they have stood the test of years. We would be pleased to quote you prices on any of our buildings delivered and erected on the Cape ready to move into.

Send for our illustrated catalog.

E. F. HODGSON CO., 116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Advertisers in this magazine get a circulation many times in excess of the number of copies actually printed. No copy is ever destroyed and every one is read from cover to cover. There is no waste circulation and it reaches the people who have purchasing power.

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---and we all met and dined at the most exclusive Italian Restaurant in town

The Hotel Napoli

where we had an excellent dinner for seventy-five cents and enjoyed classical and popular selections rendered by Signor Palladino's orchestra.

Table d' Hote Lunch, 11 to 3 p. m., **50 cents**
Table d' Hote Dinner, 5 to 9 p. m., **75 cents**
Daily Specials, **45 cents**

Yours truly,

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It gives a pleasant and lasting odor, and will not stain the finest furniture, upholstery or decorations.

Purizone Theatre Spray used in the Purizone Vaporizer makes the ideal deodorant for use in bath room, living room, halls, kitchen and any place where a pleasant odor is desired.

Purizone Theatre Spray is made in odors of Carnation, Hyacinth, Jasmin, Heliotrope, Geranium and Bouquet, of which you can obtain samples and prices upon application.



As a Special Offer we will upon receipt of $1.00 mail Parcel Post Prepaid to any address, one of these Purizone Vaporizers and one Pint of Purizone Hyacinth Theatre Spray.

We manufacture twenty-seven Sanitary Products which will care for all kinds of disinfecting, deodorizing, sanitizing, etc., of which you can obtain booklet and prices upon application.

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Largest Manufacturers of Products of This Kind in the East

THE CAPE COD POWER DORY

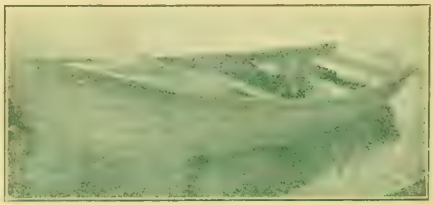
RIDES THE SEA LIKE A DUCK BUT NEVER DIVES

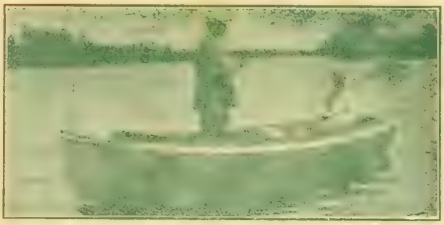


This 20 ft. Special will stand the ocean water. The safest small boat built. Quiet running, clean and comfortable. Send for Folder No. 105.

This 16 ft. Shallow Draft Lake and River Boat designed especially for Sportsman's use. A nice boat to fish out of, and not expensive.

Folder No. 102





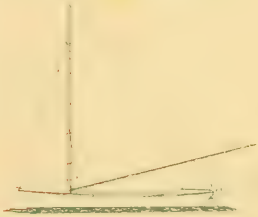
This 17 ft. Launch especially built for Lake, River and Harbor use. An elegant little craft, seats high and wide. Motor enclosed, yet accessible. Folder No. 109.

This Boat designed especially for **outboard** motor, with thick, heavy, hard wood stern; capacity, seven people.

Also 10 ft. and 12 ft. rowboats.

The 10 ft. varnished makes an elegant tender. Folder No. 102.





This 17 ft. Sail Boat has liberal beam; is an elegant sailer in a light breeze or blow. Folder No. 106.

The Cape Cod Power Dory Company,

Wareham, Mass.

MEMBER